Collier's

MARCH 13, 1948

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Beginning: MADAM PRESIDENT

The Love Story of a Woman in The White House

By JAY FRANKLIN

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Joan Hyldoft's smile wins her a spotlight on the glittering ice –

The Smile that Wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

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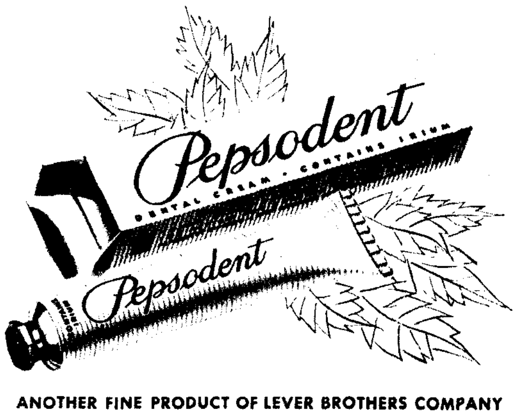
over any other tooth paste!

You'll find people all over America agree with Joan Hyldoft. New Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles. In recent tests, families from coast to coast were asked to compare New Pepsodent Tooth Paste with the brands they'd been using at home. By an overwhelming majority . . . by an average of 3 to 1 . . . they preferred New Pepsodent over any other leading brand they tried!

Yes, New Pepsodent won 3 to 1 for its cool, minty flavor . . . for making breath cleaner, and making teeth brighter! *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

Picture
OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents
B. F.'s DAUGHTER
Starring
BARBARA STANWYCK
VAN HEFLIN
CHARLES COBURN
RICHARD HART • KEENAN WYNN
A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION
Screen Play by LUTHER DAVIS
Based on the Novel by JOHN P. MARQUAND
Directed by....ROBERT Z. LEONARD
Produced by........EDWIN H. KNOPF

Did you ever play "casting"? It's kind of like picking winners at the track, only not as expensive. We're pretty good at it. For instance: You read a great best-seller—and then sit around and suggest who you would like to see play the principal roles. We did all right with John P. Marquand's fascinating novel. M-G-M did much better than we did. They cast it magnificently.

Whom would you choose for the title role ... B. F.'s Daughter? First of all she had to be lovely, and high-spirited, and very glamorous, a role that combined emotional fire and ice. We smote our forehead when we learned that M-G-M had cast brilliant Barbara Stanwyck. That was the *perfect* choice indeed. Then there are the two men in her life; Tom Brett, the romantic but two-fisted intellectual who sweeps the heiress off her feet . . . and, Bob Tasmin, the elegant, and extremely handsome young gentleman with whom B. F.'s daughter is in and out of love at various times. We scored two bull's eyes there.

Van Heflin is, of course, exactly right for Tom, easy-going, terribly attractive, yet knowing exactly what he expects from the enchanting woman he marries. And Bob is played perfectly by talented Richard Hart. As "B. F." himself, steely, yet sentimental, we chose one of Hollywood's finest performers, Charles Coburn. And we're happy to say so did M-G-M. Finally, as the gay, fast-talking radio commentator, Martin Ainsley, M-G-M enlisted the services of Keenan Wynn.

Cast and story, right down the line, "B.F.'s Daughter" spells Entertainment; sophisticated, breath-takingly tense . . . a great love story, penned by John P. Marquand, Pulitzer-prize winner, produced with the sure-fire touch of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Luther Davis (who wrote "The Hucksters" screenplay) has provided a corking script . . . One of Hollywood's finest directors, Robert Z. Leonard, has brought it glowingly to life. For over-all showmanship, the spotlight falls on Producer Edwin H. Knopf.

If you want to know what B.F. stands for, we suggest "Best Film." And we're sure you'll agree.

COLLIER'S
March 13, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

LOVE VS. ROMANCE

DEAR EDITOR: Your Professor Burgess in The End of Romantic Marriage (Jan. 31st) evidently doesn't know what romance is, what causes it, or what kills it.

My wife and I had a three-year romance, so beautiful that it seemed out of this world.

That has been almost forty years ago, and she becomes more precious to me with each passing day. She is the only girl I ever courted.

No romance in marriage . . . phooey!
C. E. STAMPS, Ft. Smith, Ark.

. . . When the professor wants a companion (female) as he wants food, or a good horse to ride, or a good bed on which to lie, or as much as the very air he breathes, then he shall find what he basically missed in his sixteen years of experimentation. It is called romantic love.
RICHARD HARRIS, Washington, D. C.

. . . As an attorney, I believe the increase in divorce is due to one of the parties' primary loyalty to some factor which exceeds the loyalty to the marriage:—to the parental home, to relatives, to a job, to a church, or to some former suitor. With wartime marriages, it is often a loyalty to a geographical location.

Yet, I have seen many happy marriages in which there appears no mutuality of interest except the interest in the home, the diverse interests apparently acting as a balance wheel to keep either party from becoming too one-sided.
ARTHUR L. HOLLAND, Belton, Texas

. . . I heartily agree with Mr. Burgess when he says that love alone is not enough for a successful marriage. But when he hints that a person should marry for companionship with the hope that love will ensue, I think he is looking at the problem too much from a man's viewpoint.

If I had such an outlook on life, I'd become an "old maid."
MISS ELEANOR LANGLAIS, Cohoes, N. Y.

. . . The trouble today is not so much in the way mates are chosen but in the general selfish attitude of all young people. They have all been brought up with the idea the world owes them a luxurious living. Until this situation is corrected we cannot have the right relations either in marriage, in industry or in the world in general, the way I see it.
A READER

(Continued on page 60)

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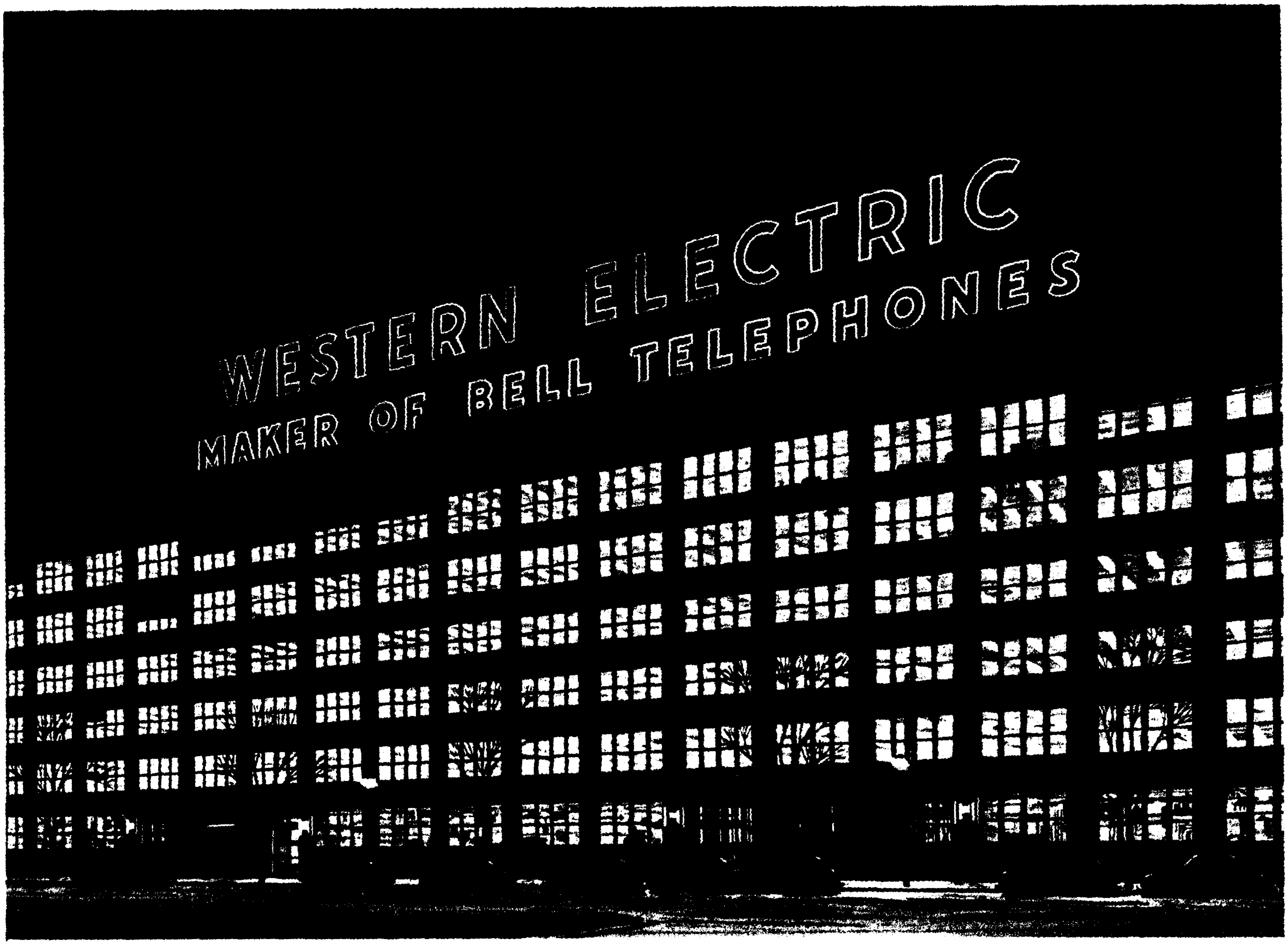

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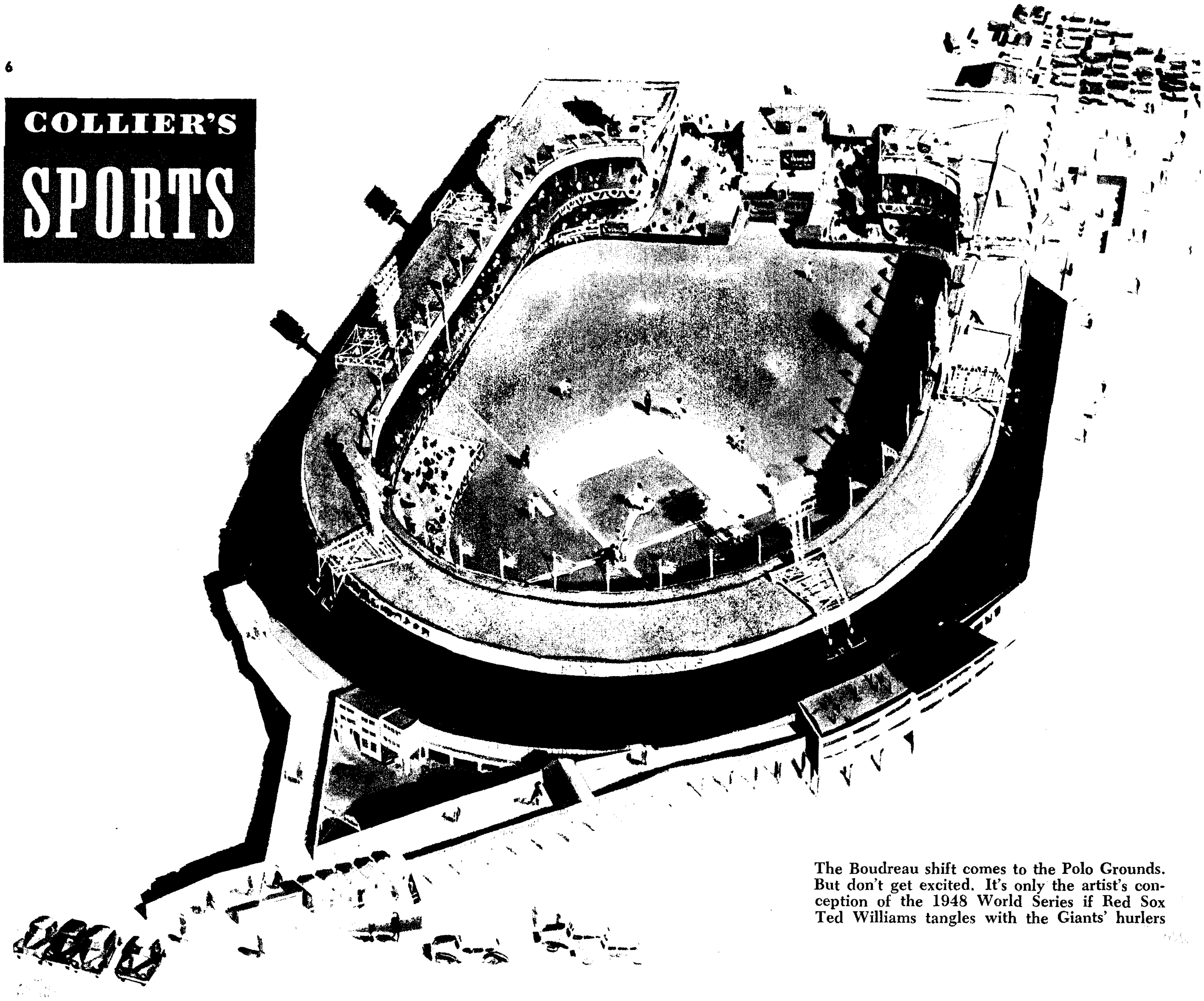
COLLIER'S

SPORTS



The Boudreau shift comes to the Polo Grounds. But don't get excited. It's only the artist's conception of the 1948 World Series if Red Sox Ted Williams tangles with the Giants' hurlers

HITTING THE CRYSTAL BALL

BY BILL FAY

WILBERT ROBINSON, 300-pound manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, volunteered to catch a baseball dropped from an airplane before a spring exhibition game at Fort Lauderdale, Florida, in 1917. The pilot made his bomb run at 200 feet and—*Whop.* Down went Robbie, flat on his back in the dirt near second base. Several Dodgers—noticing red splotches on Robbie's chest and face—sorrowfully removed their caps and placed them over their hearts.

Then Robbie's lips moved. "K-k-ket-chup." Sure enough, resting only a short bounce from Robbie's splattered chest was a squashed grapefruit. "Somebody," Robbie ranted, "filled that grapefruit with ketchup and substituted it for the ball, and I'll ship him to Peoria if it's the last thing I ever do."

Robbie never identified the culprit. However, the incident was recalled when Casey Stengel, a clubhouse comedian, moved to Pittsburgh. Stengel was partial to ketchup on his breakfast eggs. Robbie traded Casey on circumstantial evidence.

Unfortunately, spring training has lost some of its informal charm since Robbie's day. Nobody throws grapefruit at the managers any more. The modern managers confine their newsworthy actions to issuing optimistic statements at press conferences. Which reminds us. It won't be long now until Ford Frick and Will Harridge, the presidents of the National and American Leagues respectively, utter their perennial spring statements.

They'll point out, again, that the greatest baseball year in history is in immediate prospect, and that it looks as if at least six teams will be in the pennant race right down to the finish. The other two clubs in both leagues are listed as dark horses—not to be counted out because (don't forget) the Boston Braves of 1914 won the pennant after being in last place on the Fourth of July.

There is no intention here to question the wisdom and foresight of Mr. Harridge and Mr. Frick in their impending optimism. However, just for fun, let's see whether we can uncover six contenders in either circuit, starting at the bottom of the American League (the St. Louis Browns) and working up.

The Browns nose-dived to last place in 1947, then sold the few talented holdovers from their 1944 pennant winner for $400,000. Now they're in player bankruptcy. Paul Lehner, who covers more ground (outside the park) than any living outfielder, is a picturesque sample of what remains. After Paul went A.W.O.L. at a night game last summer, Manager Muddy Ruel checked the Browns' hotel. Yes, the clerk said, Mr. Lehner *had* left a telephone number where he could be reached.

Manager Ruel dialed the number—a west side tavern. Sorry, the barkeep said, but Mr. Lehner had *just* left and was on his way to the ball park. Ruel looked at his watch. It was 12:03 A.M.

The Chicago White Sox have two competent pitchers, Joe Haynes and Ed Lopat, and a highly rated outfielder from Hollywood, Jim Delsing, but they are more likely to finish seventh than sixth—their 1947 spot. The punchless Washington Senators are counting on two rookies—Gil Coan, Chattanooga outfielder and Al Kozar, New Orleans second baseman—but they'll have a hard time topping sixth place, even though their new manager, Joe Kuhel, is a member of the American Society of Magicians.

The Philadelphia Athletics finished fifth last year, two games behind the Cleveland Indians. The A's could squeeze past Cleveland this year. It's up to Sam Chapman, the center fielder who slugged .398 in 23 games last September after slumping to .223 at midseason. Connie Mack believes that Chapman regained his prewar batting stride in September. The Indians

(Continued on page 34)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

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It's that famous
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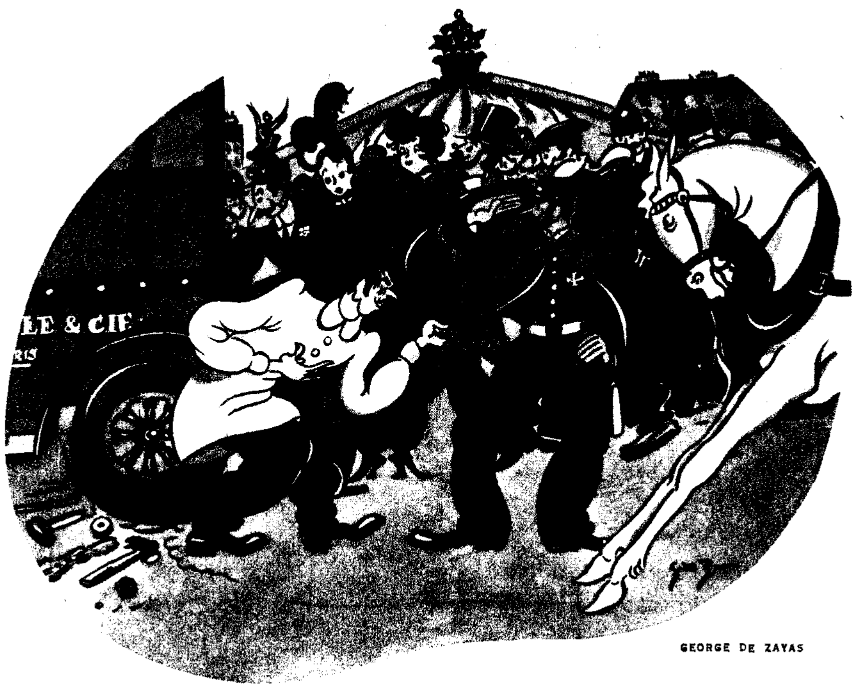


GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

At noon on a spring day in Paris 40 years ago, an old motor truck broke down in the center of the Place de l'Opéra, requiring the driver to spend a half hour under it to make the repair. After apologizing for the trouble he had caused the policemen who had been directing the traffic around him, the truckman drove away—to collect several thousand dollars from friends who had bet that he could not lie on his back for 30 minutes at the busiest hour in the middle of the busiest street in Paris. He was the late Horace De-Vere Cole, England's great practical joker who died in 1936.

Between the time of death and the onset of *rigor mortis* in a human body, the contraction of the muscles has, in a number of cases, caused the body to twist its mouth, move its fingers, raise an arm or leg or turn over on its side. These contractions, when occurring in the stomach, have been known to force gas up the esophagus and against the vocal cords in such a way that it caused the corpse to moan.—*By Roy Harwood, New York City.*

On the island of Crete, many men still wear the age-old Moslem costume, the trousers of which, while tight-fitting below the knee, are quite voluminous and have a large pouch in front. According to Mohammedan tradition, the original purpose of the pouch was to accommodate the promised Messiah who is to be born of man.

Among the rarest of physical powers found in man is the ability to accelerate the heart beat at will, suddenly and without any perceptible muscular effort. Only 21 such cases have been recorded in medical literature.

A recent study of hundreds of accredited zoological records reveals that the generally accepted statements on the longevity of animals have been grossly exaggerated. With the exception of a few species of giant tortoise, no animal was found to have a normal life span longer than man.

A Japanese fortuneteller in Tokyo has developed a clever but expensive system of predicting future events and answering questions such as, "Will the atom bomb be used again?" Having organized Japan's 1,000 most outstanding fortunetellers for the purpose, he pays them to work on each problem and then he summarizes and analyzes their forecasts in one report.

Not long ago in Minnesota, an auctioneer sold a house for $675, after being offered $680, because he was disgusted with the trifling increase of $5 made by the second and only other bidder. Believing that an auctioneer is required by law to sell to the highest bidder, the man sued but lost his case. In an auction, no contract exists until the offer to purchase is accepted by the auctioneer.

Surveys made by the American Association of Teachers of Slavic Languages show that the number of U.S. colleges and universities giving courses in Russian has increased from 19 to 153 in the past six years.

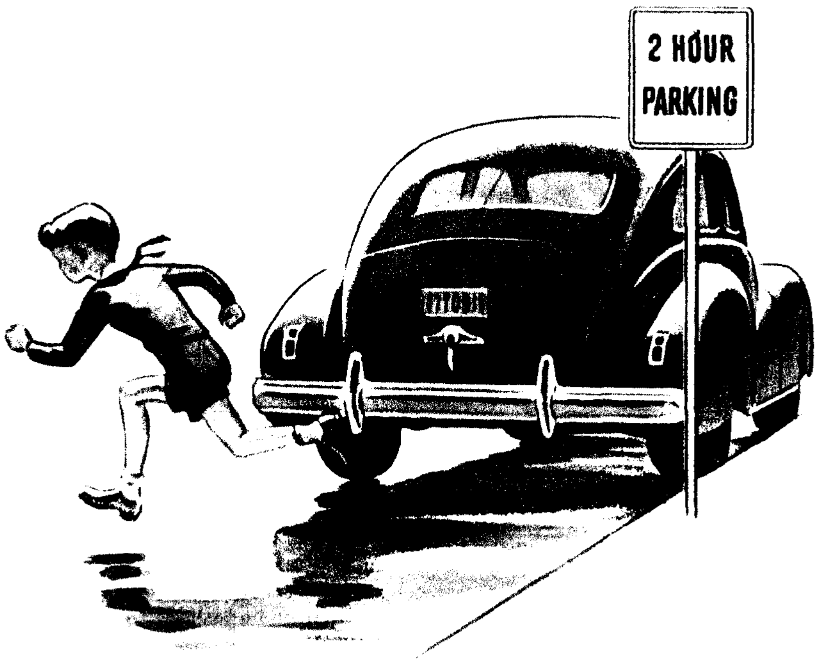
As the railroads of the United States now use many new types of passenger cars and often add special features to them, an average of only seven of these cars is built today to the same specifications.

International air travel has grown so rapidly since the war that, today in the United States, a plane starts on or completes a scheduled transoceanic crossing on an average of every 53 minutes.

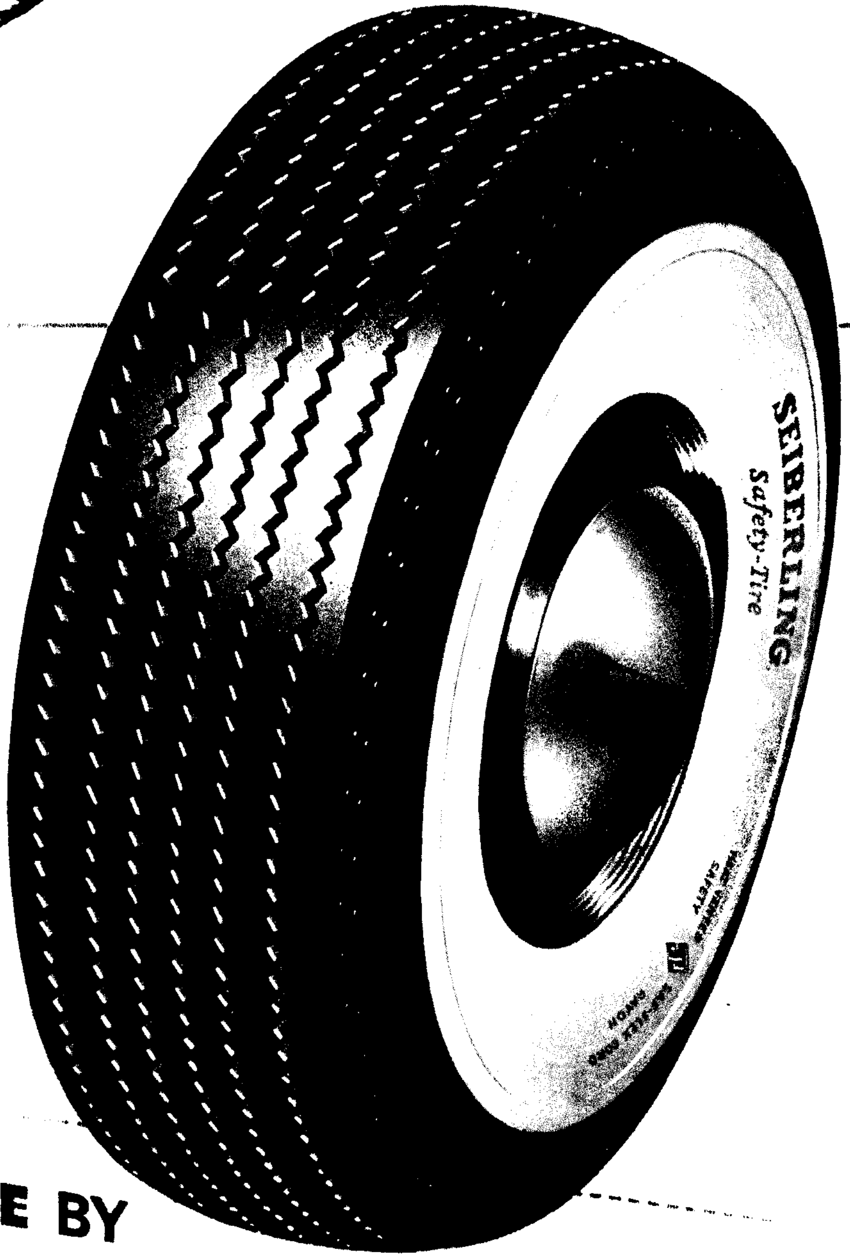
Probably no secular personage in history is more famous, or the subject of more literature, than Napoleon Bonaparte. Yet his portrait has never appeared on any postage stamp of any country.—*By Lillian Hill, New York City.*

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. *This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission*

SAFETY IS YOUR BEST INVESTMENT



DANGEROUS: Running from between parked cars is playing "Blind Man's Buff" with death! The National Safety Council says that during 1946, in the 5 to 14 year age group, *one out of every six* children killed or injured by motor vehicles came from between parked cars! Teach children to cross streets only at intersections, to look both ways, to watch out for turning traffic. *Teach them to play safe!*



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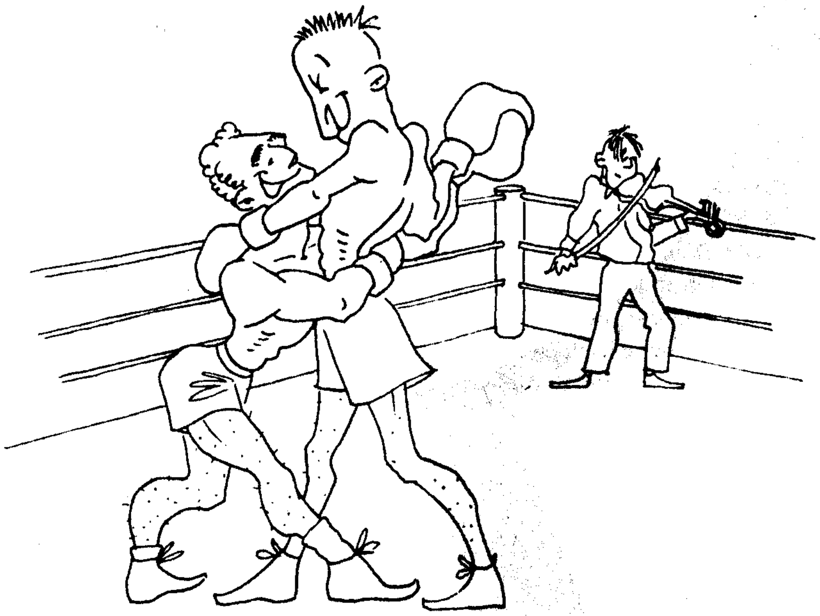
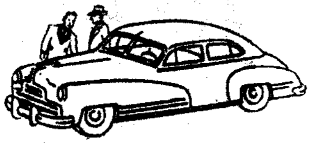


Want More Action

...have your car battery checked at your neighborhood United Motors Service station



When you push the starter button on your car, you want *fast action* . . . not the sluggish, groaning response of a run-down battery. That's why it's so worthwhile to *have your battery checked regularly at your nearby* United Motors Service station. They'll keep connections clean and tight, make sure the generator is "charging" properly, and keep the battery properly filled with water and fully-charged. When the time comes for a new battery, your United Motors station has a powerful sure-starting DELCO for the job. Depend on the United Motors man for *friendly* service, *original-equipment* parts.

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KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
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Tassie, 8, and May, 7, help Shipp to come in

CAMERON SHIPP, of Glendale, California, and responsible for the Santa Anita track story (The Track That Doc Built, p. 13), suffers from AWA—Article Writer's Anonymity. "I've written over 200 articles," he moans, "yet even close friends have quoted and made fun of my product without the slightest idea I wrote 'em. Nobody ever believes I've been in Collier's."

The unappreciated Mr. Shipp is a reporter from way back in South Cahlina and has served time in the Hollywood studio publicity mills, quitting recently to free-lance. "Getting out of the studios was like a banshee escaping hell on a skyrocket, hitting ground at intervals of 200 yards only," he claims, adding hastily that he got on very well with the stars. "Maybe it was because I've always felt like a country boy trying to be a city chap about them. Anyway, please run one line about me which says: 'Listen, Glendale. Cameron Shipp is *so* a writer!' "

PUTTING together The Long View (p. 20) evidently aroused a philosophic pulse in D. D. Beauchamp, for he confesses the older he gets, the less inclined he is to look back on his youth with satisfaction. An Indianian of '08 vintage, he grew up normally in Montana, having his nose broken eight times and getting shot once. "Which I imagine," he says, "is about par for the course."

He was finally released from education in 1929, became a writer because all other jobs involved his chief worldly dislike: labor. He sold the second story he ever wrote. During the war he was in the AAF, in two years never quite making his dream rank: private first class. "There was a precedent for it," he points out. "I was a Boy Scout for two years, and never got beyond tenderfoot." Beauchamp now lives in California, writes for magazines with one hand, movies with the other.

THE author of The Fallacies of Palestine (p. 30), Lessing J. Rosenwald, is the son of Julius Rosenwald, the merchant and philanthropist. A Cornellian, and Doctor of Humane Letters (U. of Penn. '47), Mr. Rosenwald served as seaman 2/c in World War I, was with the War Production Board from '41 to '43, in World War II. He was chairman of the board of Sears Roebuck from '32-'39 when he retired. Mr. Rosenwald has been among groups of businessmen sent on economic missions to the Far East and to Germany by the Navy and War Departments. While in Germany he became interested in DP camps.

He is on many educational and philanthropic boards of directors; collects rare books and prints, many of which have been presented to the Library of Congress and the National Gallery of Art. He has five children and ten grandchildren. Five times president of the American Council for Judaism (since its inception in 1943), he wrote The Fallacies of Palestine, he says, because: "It is my sincere belief there have been too many false premises and too much muddled thinking behind the theory that the establishment of a national state in Palestine will be the cure-all for the problems of the Jews of Europe as well as the world."

ON THIS week's trip abroad at home, John Kord Lagemann takes you into Charleston and the Carolina Low Country (The Mermaid in the Bottle, p. 26). His nonrecorded observations include a visit to Monck's Corner, a quaint, sand-hill village on the Low Country border, where a citizen recently bedecked his car with a large sign reading: "Come to Monck's Corner Where We Take Life Easy." It should be explained a feud had just wiped out an even half dozen of Monck's townfolks.

Otherwise Mr. L. discovered that Southerners keep appointments late; that it doesn't really matter, because you invariably meet them on the way, and then talk about something else; that there is nothing so tyrannical as an old manse in need of repairs; that Spanish moss is not a moss but a member of the pineapple family; that the Easter moon brings a frost which gives the azalea chilblains.

This week's cover: Eye Full. "The lovely creature applying the eye shadow," reveals Artist Jon Whitcomb, "is a nonprofessional model, my kid sister Flossie. I could think of no one more appropriate for the routine, since I have been interested in Flossie's passion for endless experimentation with the goldurnedest stuff on her face ever since she stopped drinking my paint water. This cover situation is only a pale version of what I've seen her go through before a big date.". . . TED SHANE

The greatest improvement IN RECORD PLAYING *since the invention of the phonograph*

It's the Miracle tone arm . . . bringing a new high in record listening pleasure. This remarkable electronic invention uses no coil, crystal, filament or special tubes . . . bans needle scratch, "talk-back" and other surface noise. Bass tones are richer, fuller . . . treble tones vividly brilliant. And for static-free radio listening, you'll thrill to Admiral's famous "ratio-detector" FM . . . an engineering triumph that provides positive, instantaneous tuning and silences between-station noises. Four popular models . . . all with Miracle tone arm . . . are illustrated below. Prices quoted are for walnut cabinet . . . also available in exquisite mahogany or blonde at slightly higher prices. See! Hear! Compare! . . . and you'll choose an Admiral.

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America's Smart Set

Model 60. Automatic Radio-Phonograph. A smartly styled console at table model price. Plays up to 12 records automatically. Slide-rule dial with 4 knob control just like highest priced consoles. Storage space for 108 records in albums. Walnut cabinet without grille, only . . . $\$99^{\underline{95}}$

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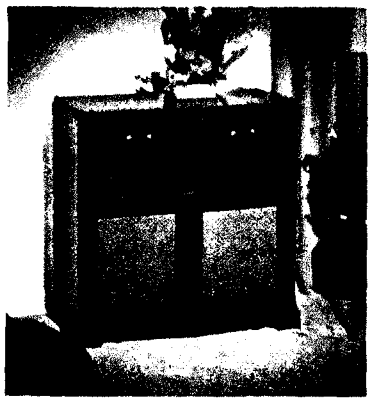

Model 65. Automatic Radio-Phonograph. A sensational value in an exquisite cabinet. New pull-out panel for easy record loading. Powerful AC superhet radio. Beautiful "picture-frame" dial.

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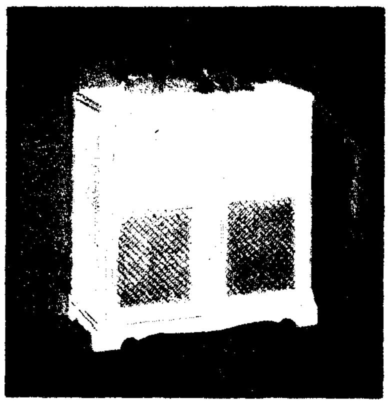

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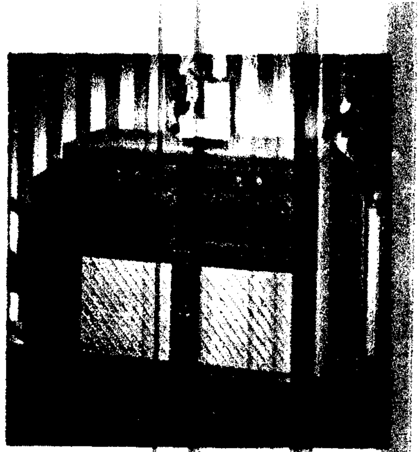

Model 73. The finest in furniture styling and beautiful music. New pull-out panel for easy record loading. The tuning pull-out dial. Static-free FM radio. Compartment for 14[illegible] records in albums.

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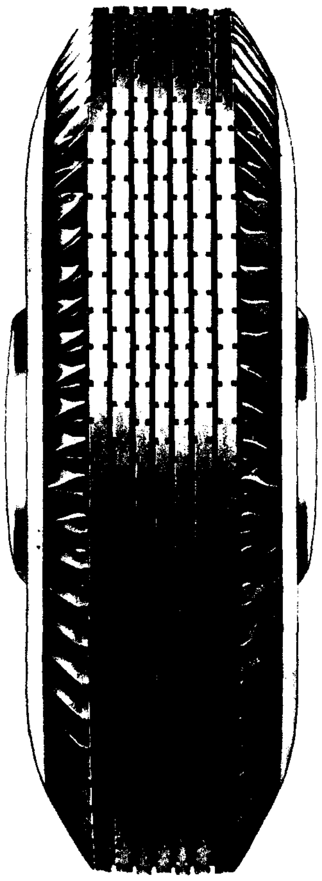
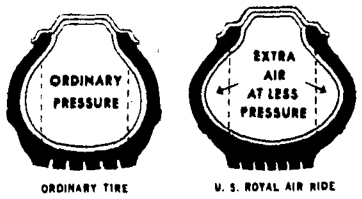
THE NEW COMFORT AND DRIVING EASE IN TIRES IS A U.S. RUBBER DEVELOPMENT



A whole new kind of driving comfort and ease began with the U. S. Royal Air Ride tire.

This great "U. S." development introduced a completely new tire principle. It combined for the first time amazing low-pressure comfort and remarkable steering ease. And, in just one short year, it has put America on low-pressure tires.

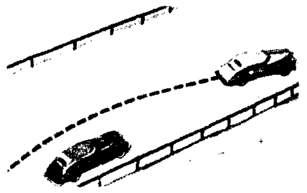


Thousands of car-owners have changed to the U. S. Royal Air Ride. Car engineers are making the Air Ride original equipment on many of America's finest new cars. The tire industry is seeking to adopt its low-pressure feature.

But only the Air Ride's great "U. S." principle gives you *all* these advances in better, smoother, easier driving:

New Comfort on Low-Pressure—The U. S. Royal Air Ride fits your present wheel-rim size—yet carries far more air volume at much lower pressure. Its soft, yielding ai cushions soak up bumps *before* they can joggle your car–remarkably increase riding comfort.

Easier Driving on Steer-Easy Tread—The new "U. S. principle has created a new kind of Steer-Easy Treac On the sharpest corners, you'll find an easier, swifte response to your steering touch. You actually *feel* fa more relaxed *as* you ride—far more rested *after* you rid



Steadier Riding—Better Car Control—After passing a car when you're on ordinary tires, you have to jockey your wheel to straighten away again. The U. S. Royal Air Ride has wider outer tread rows tha steady your car—reduce the steering you have to dc Change to smoother, easier Air Riding—see your nearb U. S. Tire Dealer.

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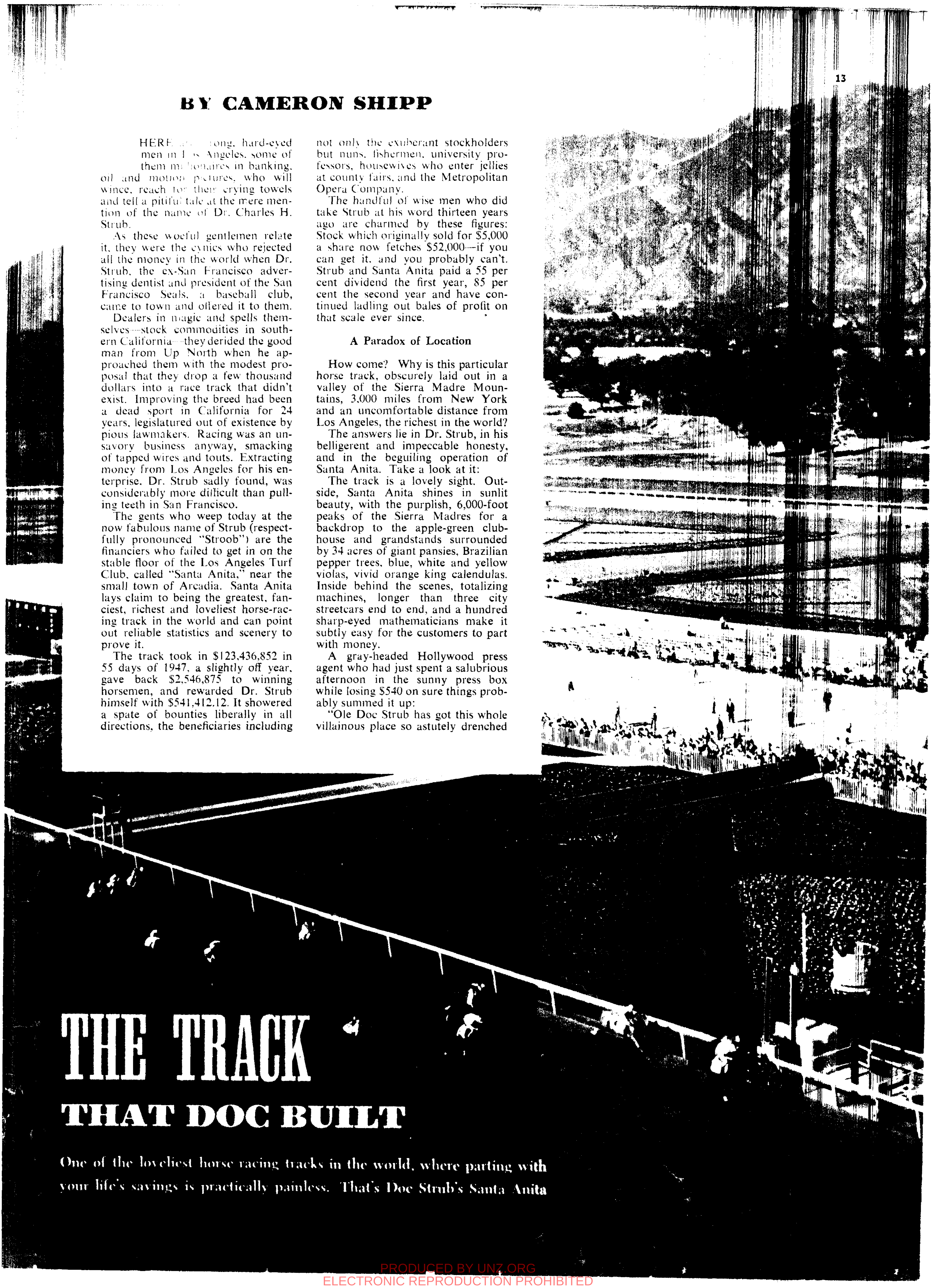


THE TRACK
THAT DOC BUILT

One of the loveliest horse racing tracks in the world, where parting with your life's savings is practically painless. That's Doc Strub's Santa Anita

BY CAMERON SHIPP

HERE are strong, hard-eyed men in Los Angeles, some of them millionaires in banking, oil and motion pictures, who will wince, reach for their crying towels and tell a pitiful tale at the mere mention of the name of Dr. Charles H. Strub.

As these woeful gentlemen relate it, they were the cynics who rejected all the money in the world when Dr. Strub, the ex-San Francisco advertising dentist and president of the San Francisco Seals, a baseball club, came to town and offered it to them.

Dealers in magic and spells themselves—stock commodities in southern California—they derided the good man from Up North when he approached them with the modest proposal that they drop a few thousand dollars into a race track that didn't exist. Improving the breed had been a dead sport in California for 24 years, legislatured out of existence by pious lawmakers. Racing was an unsavory business anyway, smacking of tapped wires and touts. Extracting money from Los Angeles for his enterprise, Dr. Strub sadly found, was considerably more difficult than pulling teeth in San Francisco.

The gents who weep today at the now fabulous name of Strub (respectfully pronounced "Stroob") are the financiers who failed to get in on the stable floor of the Los Angeles Turf Club, called "Santa Anita," near the small town of Arcadia. Santa Anita lays claim to being the greatest, fanciest, richest and loveliest horse-racing track in the world and can point out reliable statistics and scenery to prove it.

The track took in $123,436,852 in 55 days of 1947, a slightly off year, gave back $2,546,875 to winning horsemen, and rewarded Dr. Strub himself with $541,412.12. It showered a spate of bounties liberally in all directions, the beneficiaries including not only the exuberant stockholders but nuns, fishermen, university professors, housewives who enter jellies at county fairs, and the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The handful of wise men who did take Strub at his word thirteen years ago are charmed by these figures: Stock which originally sold for $5,000 a share now fetches $52,000—if you can get it, and you probably can't. Strub and Santa Anita paid a 55 per cent dividend the first year, 85 per cent the second year and have continued ladling out bales of profit on that scale ever since.

A Paradox of Location

How come? Why is this particular horse track, obscurely laid out in a valley of the Sierra Madre Mountains, 3,000 miles from New York and an uncomfortable distance from Los Angeles, the richest in the world?

The answers lie in Dr. Strub, in his belligerent and impeccable honesty, and in the beguiling operation of Santa Anita. Take a look at it:

The track is a lovely sight. Outside, Santa Anita shines in sunlit beauty, with the purplish, 6,000-foot peaks of the Sierra Madres for a backdrop to the apple-green clubhouse and grandstands surrounded by 34 acres of giant pansies, Brazilian pepper trees, blue, white and yellow violas, vivid orange king calendulas. Inside behind the scenes, totalizing machines, longer than three city streetcars end to end, and a hundred sharp-eyed mathematicians make it subtly easy for the customers to part with money.

A gray-headed Hollywood press agent who had just spent a salubrious afternoon in the sunny press box while losing $540 on sure things probably summed it up:

"Ole Doc Strub has got this whole villainous place so astutely drenched in beauty and efficiency," he declaimed, "that parting with your life's savings is positively painless. Why, bless your little pointed head, it's positively a pleasure!"

The idle rich and the idle poor, old ladies from Pasadena, movie stars and young married couples with sunburned children in tow mingle contentedly and spend happily, enjoying a wholesome day in the country and something like a Ziegfeld show at the same time. Santa Anita smells good, looks good and treats the folks like ladies and gentlemen.

Where the Elite Gather

The real fancy folk, the movie stars, retired beer barons who live in Pasadena, and Los Angeles society sit at their ease in boxes in the clubhouse, a glory spot inaccesible to the commonality. They eat high-priced luncheons during the racing, bet at private $100 windows and patronize a swank bar. It is more difficult to be a club member at Santa Anita than for a damyankee to be invited to the St. Cecilia Ball in Charleston, but Doc Strub treats great folk such as Harry Warner and Louis B. Mayer, Fred Astaire, Randolph Scott, Cecil B. de Mille, Don Ameche and Abbott and Costello somewhat cavalierly. They and their ladies have to wear celluloid wristbands, like prize chickens, in order to get in and out.

The clubhouse and the grandstand are likely to be awash with movie stars, all patronizing the $100 window. But the movie folk are not the stars of the show. They are not hounded for autographs, and even week-end tourists pay little attention to them. The stars at Santa Anita are the owners, jockeys Johnny Longden and Johnny Adams, and such popular performers as Knockdown, Texas Sandman, War Knight, Triplicate, Paperboy, Galla Damion, Honeymoon and Busher. Until her retirement to the maternity ward, Louis B. Mayer's Busher was the sweetheart of California, easily the most glamorous filly in the state, next to Lana.

Santa Anita's Grand Old Man is Seabiscuit, whose full-sized statue, surrounded by flowers, stands in the patio.

Strub brought these things about, stepping on important toes with every stride until he achieved colossus status. Now he merely nods and his high-priced assistants scurry to pass miracles.

The big fellow first called attention to himself in 1902 when he studied dentistry at the University of California. As a sport, he chose baseball and exuded so much excess energy around the diamond that to use up his full capacities a wise coach called on him to pitch, play third and to catch. Often as not, he would alternate between these three positions in a single game.

For such an energetic young man, the tedium of filling two-dollar cavities in San Francisco was pretty awful, but he was rescued by the earthquake, which shook him thoroughly out of business. He wound up playing second base for Sacramento on Saturdays and Sundays, pitching when needed, and pulling the teeth of baseball players betweentimes. This was profitable, and Strub moved back to San Francisco, opened three dental offices, and began to prosper. He had a good deal of money when Charles H. Graham and George A. Putnam came to town to organize a baseball club and was in a position to ask a question that has been typical of his business deals ever since: "Will I be head man?"

From 1918 to 1933, Doc Strub and Company engineered a spectacle that became the talk of the Pacific Coast—the San Francisco Seals are still one of the showpieces of the West. Players such as Paul Waner, Lefty Gomez, Frankie Crosetti, Earl Averill, Lefty O'Doul and the DiMaggios began to appear in Seal uniforms. And Strub began to sell them.

He was the first minor-league owner to jump big-league prices from $17,500 to $100,000. He sold Jimmy O'Donnell to the Giants for $75,000, then got $100,000 for Billy Kamm. All told, Strub took the big leagues for more than a million dollars' worth of fancy talent, being careful meanwhile to lay by a fortune for himself. But fame almost ruined him. Odd things began to happen.

Characters who dropped in to Strub dental offices merely to have a silver filling filed began to scream that they had been lethally attacked. Their bellows were conveniently heard by lawyers lurking just outside, who subsequently argued in court that the fragile sensibilities of their clients had been well-nigh destroyed by excruciating agony.

Strub invariably won his cases, but court costs and legal fees often ran as high as $2,000. To save money, Strub began settling for $500, a strategy which revealed that several hundred San Francisco citizens had sore gums which they wanted Dr. Strub to solace out of court.

Strub thereupon closed his office doors and said the hell with San Francisco's teeth. He had a million dollars anyway.

He was on a ship returning from Europe when the 1929 crash wiped out his million, leaving him holding sections of San Francisco's sky line and pieces of engraved paper for collateral. Instead of taking bankruptcy, Strub fought it out, paid off his debts, made another smaller but sounder fortune and emerged in 1933 as president of the St. Francis Jockey Club—a horseman who had never bet on a horse, much less owned one.

Frustrated by "Interests"

He obtained the first permit from the California Horse Racing Board when racing was finally legalized, but his permit was little more than a one-edition incident. The interests in San Francisco opposed him and succeeded in blocking the one real-estate deal that would have established the track. Doc turned to southern California, where horse racing had invariably failed until the law put it out of its misery, and listened to a faint hail from Hal Roach, the motion-picture comedy man.

It was then that Strub got the heehaw from Los Angeles' wise men. Even when he and Hal Roach managed to cozen a few investors, enough to go ahead, Doc stayed in trouble. One of the delights of owning a piece of a track or a stage show is to get in on passes. No matter that you can afford to pay. There's a thing about getting in on a pass, a psychological thing that inspires angels to lay their money on the front line of very dubious investments indeed. But Strub ruthlessly pinched the head off this psychological advantage.

"No passes," he rumbled. "Not even my grandmother, or your grandmother, will get in for free. As a matter of fact, tickets are going to be a buck, and on Derby Day, three bucks. Stockholders and board members will pay like anybody else."

The board members grumbled and six stockholders were so mortified that they resigned on the spot. They failed to recognize that Doc's tough attitude about passes represented a revolution in horse-track operation. He was tactlessly emphasizing his conviction that a race track, being legal and being essentially a show, could be run as an honest business instead of as a racket.

Actually, Santa Anita did not open up in 1934 with a blaze of glory and dollars. The first day's "handle," track term for total money bet, was a wretched $89,000, and Doc's deriders were careful to say, "Yah!" where he could hear it. But the first season's take, as aforesaid, totted up that booming 55 per cent dividend and launched Santa Anita into the big time as a glittering competitor to the tough and celebrated Eastern tracks.

To get what he wanted, Doc picked associates who, like himself, were chiefly concerned with showmanship and dividends. Strub's general manager and treasurer was Gwynn Wilson, who had been graduate manager of athletics at the University of Southern California, associate manager of the tenth Olympic games and assistant general manager of the Golden Gate Exposition. Mr. Wilson's interest in improving the breed is, like Strub's, entirely fiscal.

But on lower levels Santa Anita's personnel is professional, including Carleton F. Burke, director of racing, formerly captain of the championship Midwick polo team of 1924 and first chairman of the California Horse Racing Board.

Board members include men of distinction who may place a wager now and then but who were not famed in big-time horse racing until Strub persuaded them into it. For instance, Leonard K. Firestone of the tire company; Lawrence Barker of the big Los Angeles furniture stores; T. Carl Thompson of the Coca Cola Company, and Erle P. Haliburton, inventor of the process for cementing oil wells. These and their kind listened to Doc's accounting and joined up in spite of being snubbed at the pass gate.

Santa Anita's staff today is comprised of 5,000 specialists most of whom are on hand every working day of the year, in and out of season. They replenish the track with imported soil every winter and test it in laboratories to see if it is fitten for thoroughbred hoofs. They plant $200,000 worth of flowers and paint, and wash and shine until on opening day the whole plant gleams like a Christmas present.

During the season, Doc himself mounts the roof with a spyglass, several telephones and a bevy of fleet-running secretaries. He watches everything, including the parking of 30,000 cars. An oversized hustling man of sixty-one, with most of his hair and some of his own teeth, Doc is a tough but fair-minded boss who demands things with broad, sweeping directives. Office details bore him. Horse racing, as such, interests him very little. He has owned but one thoroughbred, saw it win twice at other tracks, decided he had had his thrill and sold the horse. Like his underlings, Strub never bets. The New York Turf Writers Association voted him "The Man Who Did Most for Racing" in 1946.

What goes on behind the flowery façade of Santa Anita is, to underestimate it, a caution.

If a holdup gang could get away with it—and there is nothing to prevent them except several hundred unrecognizable plain-clothes men with loaded guns—a thoroughgoing job at Santa Anita on any average day would net $2,000,000 in cash. Two hundred and twenty thousand dollars of this would be easily negotiable, in dollar bills, and $80,000 would be in silver.

Santa Anita enjoyed its biggest day on March 1, 1947, the Santa Anita Handicap, when On Trust took the $100,000 cake and Strub's window-men raked in $4,761,483 from 85,500 customers. They bet $1,044,331 on the single race. The largest handle of all, for any season anywhere, was the 1945-46 record, when $140,686,541 was bet in 55 days, an average of $2,557,937 per day.

When you step up to a window to bet—win, place, show or across the board—the seller takes your money, whangs the ticket machine, and out pops your ticket. Simple. But what happened is not so simple.

How the Totalizator Works

The "whang" sent an electrical impulse to the totalizator. It took .040 of a second to get there. The 150,000-pound totalizator, which looks like a Martian telephone switchboard, then swallows up your bet and does tricks with it. A totalizator costs $600,000. It has compartments which memorize small wagers until they come to $50. These are passed on to other compartments which have total recall up to $100. And these $100 compartments in turn bounce their bets on to the final compartment, which deals only in terms of $10,000.

Meanwhile, the totalizator catches its breath every ninety seconds and adds up, flashing totals both to the calculating room and to the track itself. You see them on the big board in the infield, in lights, and if you have a certain kind of low cunning you can figure the odds in your head. There they are, every ninety seconds, the money bet on each horse, win, place or show.

In the calculating room, mathematicians work with the aid of little printed tables of logarithms. Easy as pie, they say. A child could do it. (There is no record that they ever let a child try, however.)

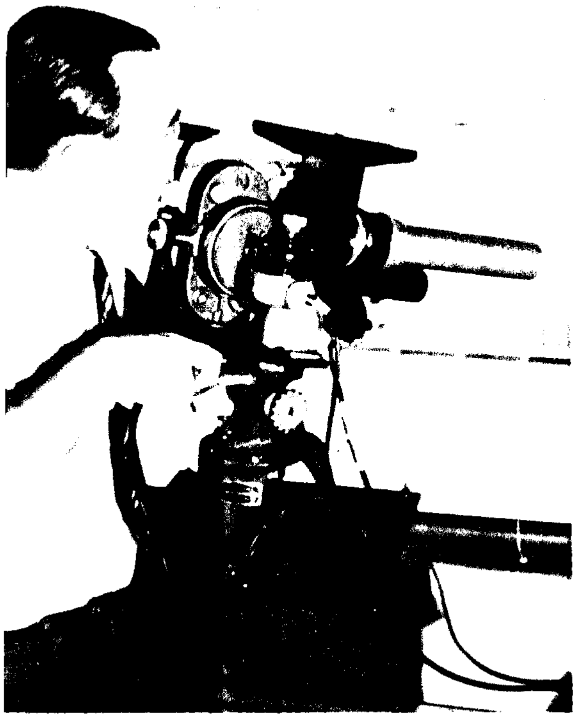
The money-changers and bookkeepers, logarithm workers and totalizator technicians toil so smoothly and so fast that they strike a balance after every race. They fold their ledgers and leave for the night at 6:30. Unlike the croupiers and dealers of Reno and Las Vegas, the men behind the scene at horse tracks seldom gamble. Two reasons: They know better and they would get quickly canned if they did.

A. B. Chisholm, young engineer in charge of the totalizator, says he has never placed a bet and wouldn't know how to if he knew the name of a horse. What concerns and terrifies Mr. Chisholm is the dreadful thought that a crossed wire may someday throw his big cash registers awry. If that should happen, the totalizator company would be responsible and would have to pay off, for all figures from the machine are guaranteed by the totalizator company.

The horrid emergency almost came to pass one day last year. A careless customer tipped a bottle of soft drink

(Continued on page 69)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD MILLER



Every race is recorded in movies, from start to finish. Al Wetzal operates one of the six cameras

A special ink stamped on spectators' hands in the box section is invisible until exposed to this ultraviolet light

Actress Virginia Welles, unhounded by autograph collectors, gets one herself from jockey Jackie Westrope

Horse racing, as such, interests Doc Strub very little. **His concern is seeing that the track operates efficiently and he watches every detail through a spyglass**

The movie stars sit in boxes in the clubhouse, but they must wear celluloid wristbands **to get in and out.** Here check girl Rita Ramsey ties the band on Don Ameche

Almost any day, Santa Anita is awash with movie stars, **and the spectators leave** them to themselves. Here James Stewart quietly mustards **a hot dog during the races**

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Astaire watch the races from their box. But they're not the stars **of the show here. At Santa Anita** the stars are the owners, the jockeys and the horses

KANSAS
SOUTH
ILLINOIS
IOWA
WASHINGTO
CALIFOR
GINIA
FLORIDA
TH DA
TEN

MADAM PRESIDENT

BY JAY FRANKLIN

In the White House, Arthur Urn and redheaded Mary Smith fought for Miranda; out of it, they fought each other with an intensity that could mean only one thing—love. Beginning a fascinating serial of romance and intrigue in official Washington

SENATOR JAMES B. HUNTOON was reluctant to rouse himself from the pleasure of worrying about the Party, for it was a pleasure after all these years to have a Party big enough to worry about and to be its boss. No, not boss—boss was a bad word—Generally Acknowledged Leader was more accurate. Certainly no one could call Huntoon a boss, except the Opposition. A slim, silver-haired man with the smooth face of a priest or a gambler, he leaned back contentedly in his room at the Blackstone and pondered on the way dilemmas turned into porcupines on the eve of every national nominating convention.

"Nope, those Uncle Toms aren't going to stay hitched after the first ballot, Jim," Governor Nearing said. "The price of Southern delegates is getting as high as the black market. I've had to keep the boys liquored and locked up on the South Side for three days, so that Beck can't get to them. Talk about your smoke-filled rooms!"

Huntoon regarded the plump and portly politico—ex-governor, whose enemies said that "ex marked the spot" and called him hatchet man of the Huntoon mach—no, leadership. He gave no evidence of having noticed Nearing's remarks. He was engaged in a series of delicate calculations that in anyone outside the Social Register would be called an incubating double cross.

"Beck's strong with Pennsylvania and New York," the Governor observed, "and he's lousy with that Detroit dough. Think we can put Harrison over if there's a real floor fight?"

Yes, Huntoon decided, it really was quite exhilarating to be the leader of a party with more to worry about than the size of its next defeat. Jonathan Beck, that seasoned Hoosier senator with a smile for everybody and a regrettable tendency to recite the poems of James Whitcomb Riley after his third shot of rye, was a strong man, but Beck had made commitments about the job of running the Treasury, and the Treasury should belong to the Party—meaning Huntoon—and not the candidate. Alexander Hamilton Harrison, that tall, bronzed, gangling Westerner who had balanced his state budget for five consecutive years, was Huntoon's official preference for the nomination. Harrison had no drawbacks beyond the fact that, as a Westerner, he had ideas about money and foreign policy. Recently, however—

"Bill," Huntoon remarked suddenly, "did you hear what Harrison said about taxes at the Lincoln Park rally last night?"

Nearing nodded. "Didn't like it, Jim," he said, "but I guess he cleared it with you, hey?"

Huntoon shook his patrician head. "He only cleared that one with God, Bill. He believes that stuff about keeping taxes high. He could get the Party in bad by following that line. It's been worrying me."

Nearing's pale blue eyes bulged expectantly, but he kept silent.

"Suppose we let Beck buy up the Southerners, Bill, and take them away from Harrison. What would that do to us?"

THE ex-governor pulled out a notebook and studied some penciled figures. He shook his head.

"It wouldn't put Beck over. I make it that Harrison would still have under three hundred votes and, even with the colored delegates, Beck would have about three hundred and fifty. That's not enough. Now if we could pick up those eighty Bruce delegates we'd be getting somewhere. The stubborn mules! They won't listen to reason."

Huntoon's smile would have frozen a side of beef. "I thought I told you to leave the Bruce crowd to me, Bill. I've been saving them for a rainy day, and it looks like rain."

Nearing lumbered to his feet. "Things have come to a pretty pass, Jim, when the Party has to go scrapping up Negroes and women to put over a nomination. I'll lay off the Bruce outfit. All I did was put out a few feelers."

"Bill," said Huntoon abruptly, "how would *you* like to take the Treasury?"

Nearing's eyes bugged a bit more. "Do you mean it, Jim?"

Huntoon did not reply. His frosty reserve suggested that he always meant what he said—which was far from true.

"Gee, Jim," Nearing stammered. "You know I'd like it fine and you know I'll play ball. But Harrison wouldn't go for it."

The boss smiled. "Remember what Lincoln said about changing horses in the middle of the stream? Well, this is one of the times when Honest Abe was wrong. You run along and free your slaves. Make sure that Beck pays the right price and doesn't know that we're selling Harrison short. We'll need all the Beck money to put this one across. And remember, lay off Bruce. She's my meat."

Governor Nearing heaved his two hundred and twenty pounds of firm meat toward the door.

"And, Bill," Huntoon added, "if you see Arthur Urn and a young lady

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

waiting out in the other room, send them in."

A slim and horn-rimmed young man entered, perspiring almost audibly. He was the political reporter of the New York Record, and he wore an expression of harried innocence that had carried him into worse places than this.

"What are Harrison's chances, Senator?" he asked.

"Hullo, Arthur," Huntoon replied. "Where's Miss Smith?"

"Oh, she's still outside. I wanted a word with you before I brought her in. She didn't want to come at all. Says you're a corruptionist. But she doesn't seem to have a high opinion of newspapermen either. She said they were all prostitutes."

"It's nice to be that age and to have ideals, Arthur," observed Huntoon. "Since we're alone, there's something I want to ask you. Can your paper spare Mr. Arthur Urn for the campaign? I've got a job for you."

Urn shook his head. "No dice, Senator," he said. "I've had that one tried before. Show me the job first and then I'll consider it. How about Harrison? I've got to file a story. You know—smoke-filled rooms, milling delegates in lobbies, masterminds planning strategy. Color. Drama. No dull stuff about taxes, economy or the tariff. Give 'em the works and say nothing. Harrison going to make it?"

"It's a hard fight," said Huntoon. "But I have no doubt as to the outcome personally. That will do for now. What's the Smith girl like, bar her opinion of you and me?"

Urn laughed ruefully. "Redhead," he said. "Otherwise, a combination of pussy willows and carpet tacks. And I repeat, quote she does not like corrupt senators or newspapermen, unquote period."

The great senator nodded. "We'll have to take it, I guess. Bring her in, Arthur, and stick around. I'd like you to listen in on this particular talk."

"Want a witness?"

Huntoon laughed. "What do you think?"

URN went to the door, opened it and beckoned into the waiting room. "Come on, Miss Mary, the senator will see you-all."

The boss regarded the alert, redheaded girl with interest as he rose, shook hands and offered her a chair, which she accepted, and a cigarette, which she refused.

"Now, Miss Smith," he said. "Let's get right down to business. I want to have a talk with Mrs. Bruce. You're her secretary and she's got eighty votes—"

"A hundred and three," Mary Smith corrected him briskly.

"Call it a hundred," Huntoon conceded. "That's not enough for the nomination. She's advertised her cause, made her fight, and now I'd like to talk some practical politics with her."

Miss Smith considered the openwork toes of her small shoes for a moment. "I can't decide that," she said at last. "Frank Mulcahy's our campaign manager. I'll call him."

"Would you rather use the phone from another room?" asked Huntoon.

Mary smiled sweetly. "Oh, I don't mind your hearing what I say to Frank. He's a G.I. and he believes in Mrs. Bruce."

She picked up the telephone and asked for room 928.

"Frank? I'm up in Senator Huntoon's room—1027. He wants to see Miranda. . . . Yes, about those votes of ours. . . . How many? . . . Goody! . . . Yes, he wants to make a proposition . . . Now if Miranda comes, you'd better brief her first. . . ."

There was a pause.

"Good. . . . In five minutes. . . . I'll ask the senator."

Huntoon nodded.

"He says that's all right. . . . Roger!"

Huntoon rose. "Thank you, Miss Smith," he remarked. "Now, this is still off the record, Arthur," he added to Urn. "Come back in an hour or so and I'll give you a story that will make the delegates really start milling around the lobbies."

Miss Smith rose to her full five feet two inches. "And after you get the senator's story, Mr. Urn," she observed, "come down to 928 and get the facts."

She smiled pleasantly at the two men and left the room.

"That," said Urn, "is the result of four years of Vassar, eighteen months of Wac service in North Africa and Italy, and three hundred years of the emancipation of women."

"She's quite a girl," Huntoon agreed.

"So you're going to take Miraculous Miranda into camp?" Urn asked. "What about all the G.I.s and G.I. wives who've gone to bat for her. Do you think you can hold them if you smack her down or buy her off? Her line is that she has no personal ambition, just wants recognition for the human needs of her supporters. That's a tough one, Senator."

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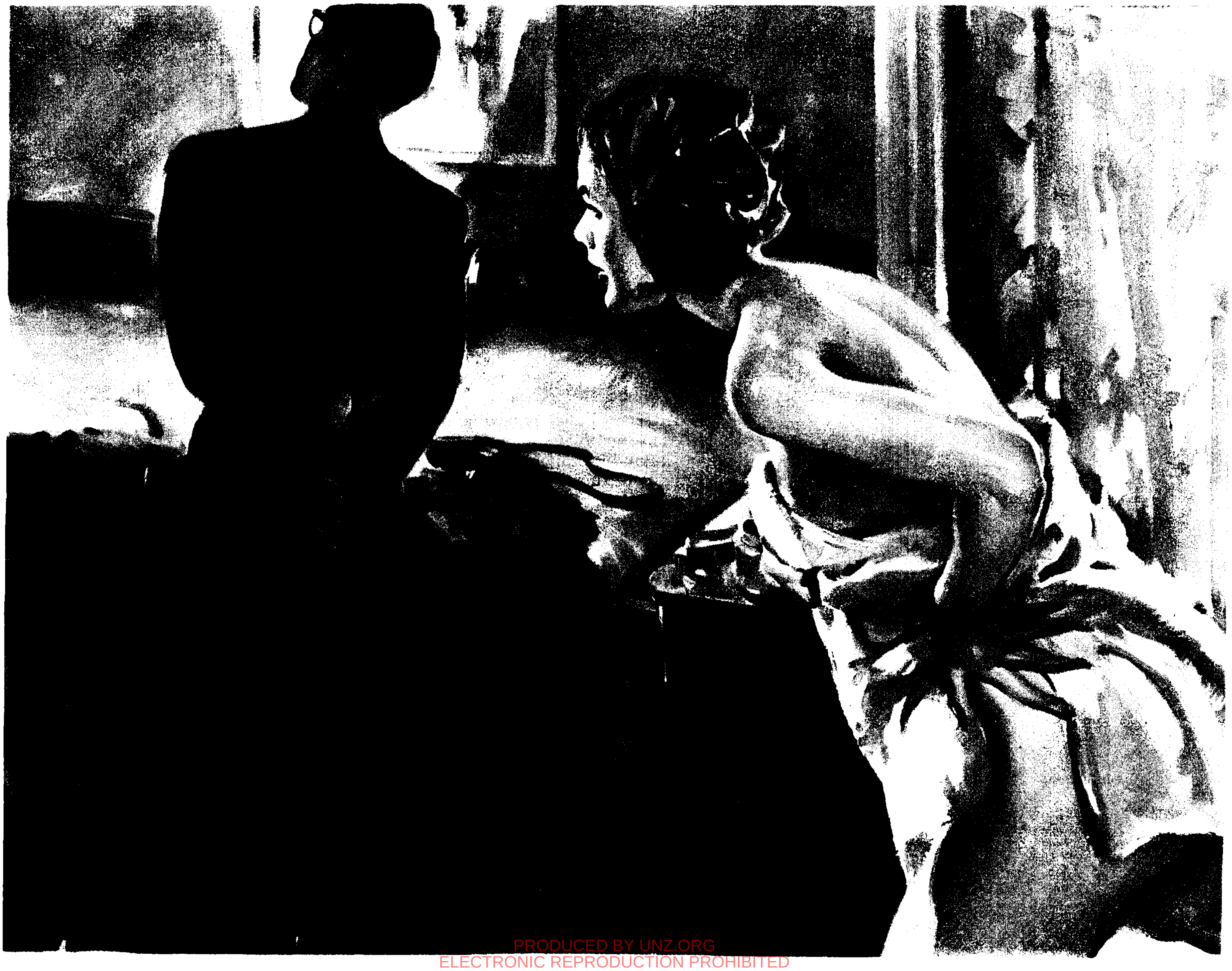
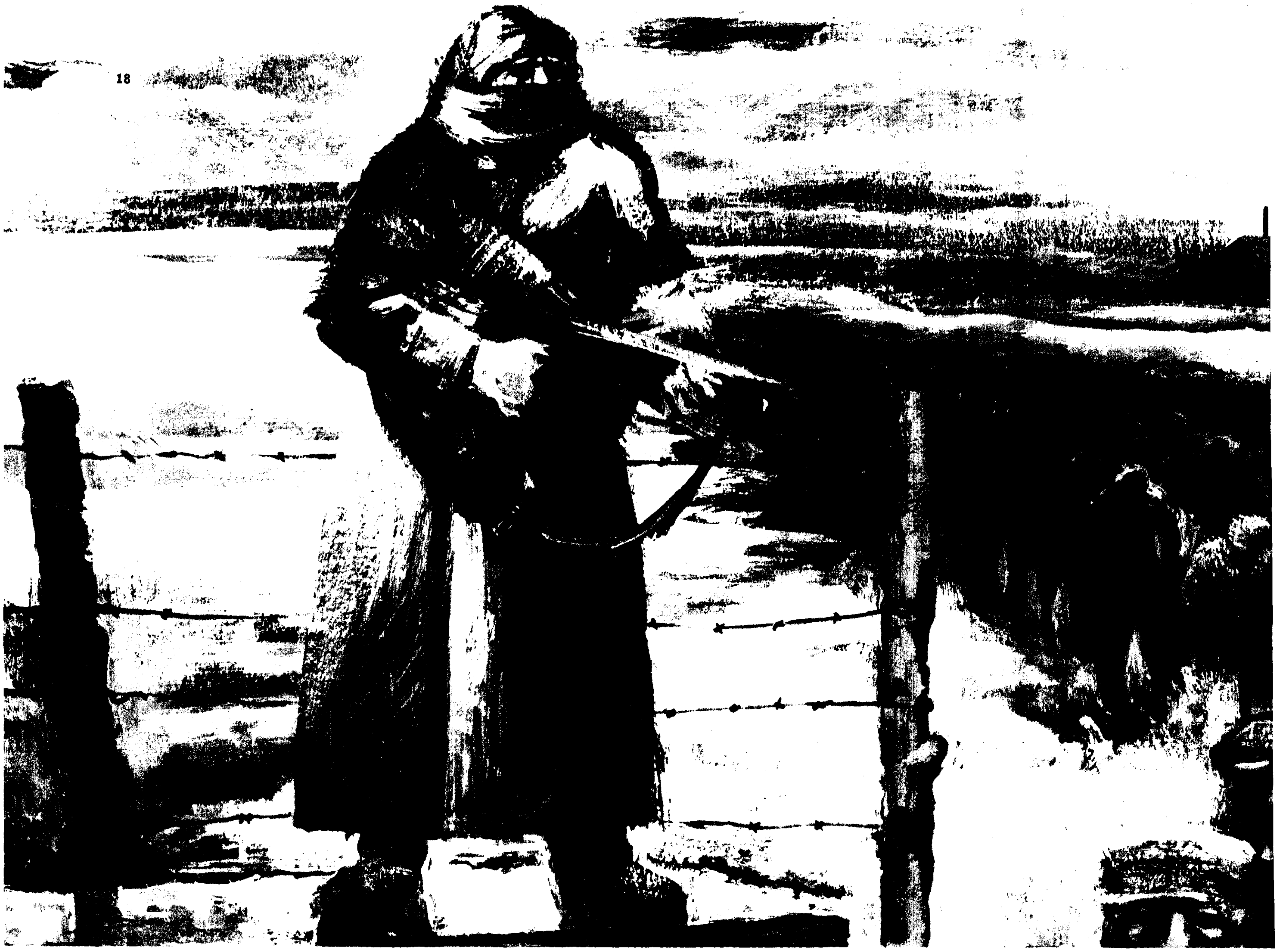
"Eyes front!" she ordered. "You can talk to me while I'm dressing. And you'd better make it good," she added ominously. "I don't think I like you, Mr. Urn"





RUSSIA'S BEST-

SOVFOTO

Marshal Lavrenty Beria, head of the secret police. His professorial appearance is somewhat deceptive

The Soviet secret police is headed by a scholarly-looking man named Beria. Russians know little about him, but he knows all about them. This has helped him populate the concentration camps

IN GALA days Moscow buildings sprout miles of red bunting and acres of portraits of the Soviet Union's leaders. From the manner in which the portraits are grouped, Soviet citizens draw specific conclusions; they think the groupings indicate Stalin's current favorites. Last May Day, Muscovites looked and gasped. Across the base of a rough triangle were the likenesses of all the lesser Politburo giants. At the apex was Stalin. On his right hand a slightly less heroic Molotov—Stalin's apostle to an errant world. And on his left, Lavrenty Pavlovich Beria—cleansing flame of the homeland. The symbolism was breath-taking.

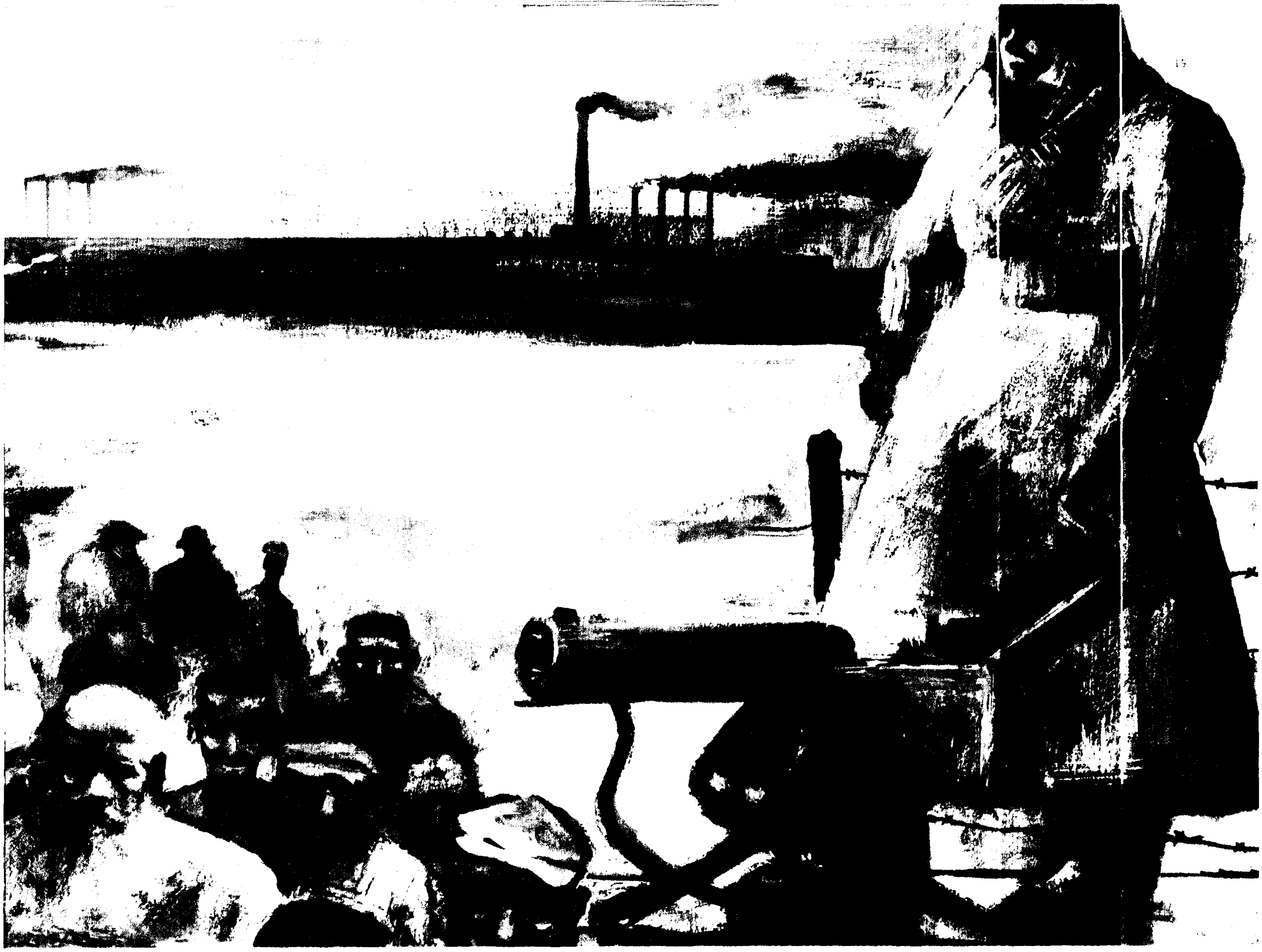
Unholy Ghost Beria is boss of the Soviet secret police. He runs a mechanism as indispensable to Stalin's power as was Himmler to Hitler's. No citizen except deified Stalin is safe from his subordinates.

This apparatus of state control is a gigantic organism with a bloody history. Six weeks after Lenin snatched power in November, 1917, he created the Cheka for the purpose of ferreting, executing or exiling his political opponents. In the first four years of Lenin's reign there were four times more people in political concentration camps than at any one time under the czars. The Cheka became the OGPU, unchanged in character but growing fast. Lenin passed and under Stalin it grew even more, after being renamed the NKVD.

Now, bigger than ever before, it consists of two entwined departments. One is the Ministry of Internal Affairs (Ministerstvo Vnutryennik Del) or MVD. The other is the Ministry of State Security (Ministerstvo Gosudarstvennoi Bezopastnosti) or MGB. Each has a separate head but both are answerable, as they have been since 1938, to Politburo member Beria.

Beria's job as police chief involves two major responsibilities among a host of minor ones. These are: (1) to keep down political opposition; (2) to make total state planning work. These are also the major reasons for the existence of the Soviet secret police.

Beria's boys fill the concentration camps (called correctional labor camps in Soviet jargon). And Beria's boys march their prisoners out as voiceless



KNOWN SECRET

BY CRAIG THOMPSON

slaves surrounded by bayonets and force them to dig coal, gold and canals, cut timber, lay roads and railroads, build dams, factories and towns and, in other ways, to help realize the dreams of total planners. Beria is not alone the boss of the world's biggest police force; he is also the boss of the world's biggest construction business.

These are the major tasks, but the minor ones help show how vast and ramified the police system actually is. Beria's underlings also guard the borders of the Soviet Union to keep out foreign spies and keep in potential runaways. The Iron Curtain is actually a barbed-wire fence patrolled by armed MGB troops. The MVD-MGB has final say on every exit or entry visa, not alone for foreign visitors but for all Soviet citizens.

They also run the police and fire departments of the cities; provide bodyguards for the Kremlin hierarchy; keep a stooge-informer in every multiple dwelling; subsidize the Soviet Union's biggest sports society with the nation's best in stadia and equipment. And they have their own research laboratories—one of which proudly proclaimed, recently, the development of a termiteproof paper on which police records would last 600 years.

Like others of the Soviet Union's top leaders, Beria lives, works and plays (if any Communist ever plays) in deepest secrecy. Soviet citizens know less about him than about most of their rulers, but he knows more about them than any other living man. In Moscow he has a big, closely guarded house on the Sadovaya (Garden) ring and somewhere in the environs a plush *dacha,* or country house. When he moves from office to house to *dacha* he travels like Stalin—in a long black bulletproof car made in the U.S.A., sandwiched between two cars full of armed MVD troops.

Portrait of a Soviet Commissar

At the age of forty-eight, Georgian-born Beria displays the true stigmata of the Soviet commissar. He is puffy fat, slack jowled, heavy bottomed—signs of a well-supplied trencherman in a hungry land. He affects a stern, unsmiling visage—proof of his serious devotion to the cause. He wears glasses—showing not only that he can read but does. He has written a book "exposing" the Trotskyist-Bukharinist "falsification" of history, called To the Question of the History of Bolshevik Organizations in Transcaucasia—testament that in addition to being a policeman and a scholar he is also an unswerving acolyte of Stalin.

When Beria was placed at the head of the NKVD in 1938 (his two immediate predecessors having been executed), a good many Soviet citizens, misled by the pince-nez and the book, raised hosannas on the assumption that Stalin had at last decided to put his cops in the charge of a history professor. The assumption only proved how little they knew. All his adult life Beria had been a Chekist.

While still a student, age eighteen, Beria became a Bolshevik in March, 1917. Two years later the Baku Polytechnic gave him a diploma as an "architect-engineer-constructor." Few things could have been of less use—he had stayed on in school only because the Bolshevik party had assigned him to organizational work among the students.

His next assignment was quite different. In 1920 the party, jointly with the 11th Red Army, sent him into Georgia (reared in Sukhumi, he had a native's grasp of the language) to organize an armed revolt against the Transcaucasian government then in power. Moscow had gone through the hocus-pocus of recognizing this government and exchanging diplomatic representation. But under cover of this false friendliness Moscow was also determined to seize the Transcaucasus for the Bolsheviki.

While thus engaged in fomenting revolt against the government of a friendly state, Beria was arrested and expelled from the country, an armed guard escorting him to the border. But his mission later bore fruit. A Bolshevik insurrection toppled the Transcaucasian

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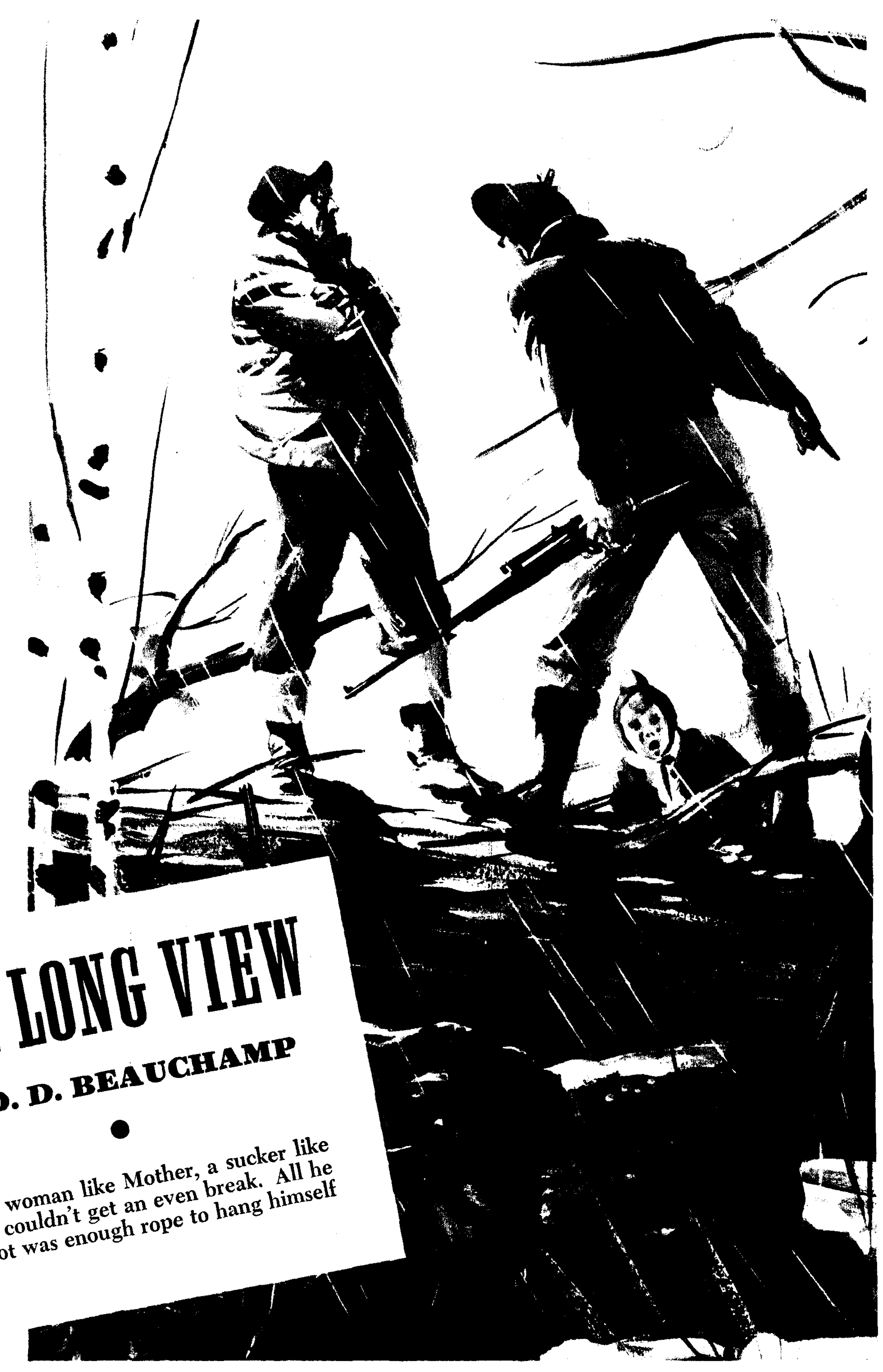
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER



THE LONG VIEW

BY D. D. BEAUCHAMP

With a woman like Mother, a sucker like Father couldn't get an even break. All he ever got was enough rope to hang himself

MY FATHER had wanted the telescope sight for a long time, but he did not dare mention it to my mother because he said it would put him in an untenable position. What he meant by an untenable position was that my mother wanted some new linoleum for the kitchen floor, and my father had told her that he could not afford it. So if he could not afford the new linoleum it did not seem logical that he could afford the telescope sight unless he could think up some good point of argument so he could outtalk my mother.

He had been looking for a good point of argument for some time, and finally Mr. Schoonover, who lived next door to us, supplied it for him. Mr. Schoonover supplied it by going elk hunting and shooting an elk, except that, the way it turned out, what he shot was a mule instead of an elk, and it cost him three hundred dollars. My mother said that was a mighty expensive hunting trip, especially since Mr. Schoonover could not eat the mule. My father agreed with her, and the next day he came home with the telescope sight.

Mrs. Richards was calling on my mother when Father came in. Mother asked him what was in the package he was carrying and he told her, and my mother mentioned about the linoleum again. It seemed odd to her that a man could afford to buy expensive gimcracks for hunting but could not afford to buy furnishings for the home he lived in. She said she considered the telescope sight to be a ridiculous and unnecessary expenditure, and then my father brought out his point of argument and outtalked her.

"I am a man who can profit by the mistakes of others," my father said.

"I fail to see any profit in buying a telescope," my mother said. "If you ask me I would say it is a total loss."

"That is because you do not take the long view of things," my father said. He got up and started walking up and down the room like he was talking to a jury. "We will take Joe Schoonover as an example, and I will show you how I am profiting."

So he took Mr. Joe Schoonover and the mule as an example and showed my mother how he was profiting. If Mr. Schoonover had had a telescope sight, my father said, he would have known that it was a mule he was shooting at instead of an elk, and he would not have had to pay the three hundred dollars. The telescope sight had cost thirty-five dollars. If you deducted thirty-five dollars from three hundred dollars it left two hundred and sixty-five dollars, which was the profit my father figured he had made already. Over a period of years he estimated it would add up to a figure that would surprise my mother. My mother said that it did not have to add up any more to surprise her, because she was surprised already. What she was surprised about was that my father would resort to such a childish argument.

"It is not childish," my father said. "You cannot dispute figures."

My mother looked at my father where he was getting fat. "There are some figures I can dispute," my mother said.

"I am speaking of mathematical figures and you cannot dispute them," my father said. "It is all perfectly logical."

It did not sound logical to me.

My mother said it did not sound logical to her either, and my father said all women were illogical anyway. Then he walked up and down the floor again and cited some more examples of how much money it had cost people because they did not own a telescope sight. My mother said if it cost that much money to hunt, then my father should not go hunting at all. My father had an answer to that too. He would bring home a deer and an elk and that would be approximately a thousand pounds of meat, and, with meat costing as much as it did, even a child could see that going hunting was a means of saving money. My mother could not think up an answer to that, and after a while it was obvious that my father had outtalked her again.

"I suppose you're right, John," my mother said.

My father said of course he was right, and it was all in taking the long view of the thing. Then he put on his hat and went downtown.

MRS. RICHARDS had been sitting there while my father outtalked my mother, and after Father left she said, "Are you going to let him get away with that?"

My mother picked up her knitting.

"I will give him enough rope," my mother said, "and he will hang himself."

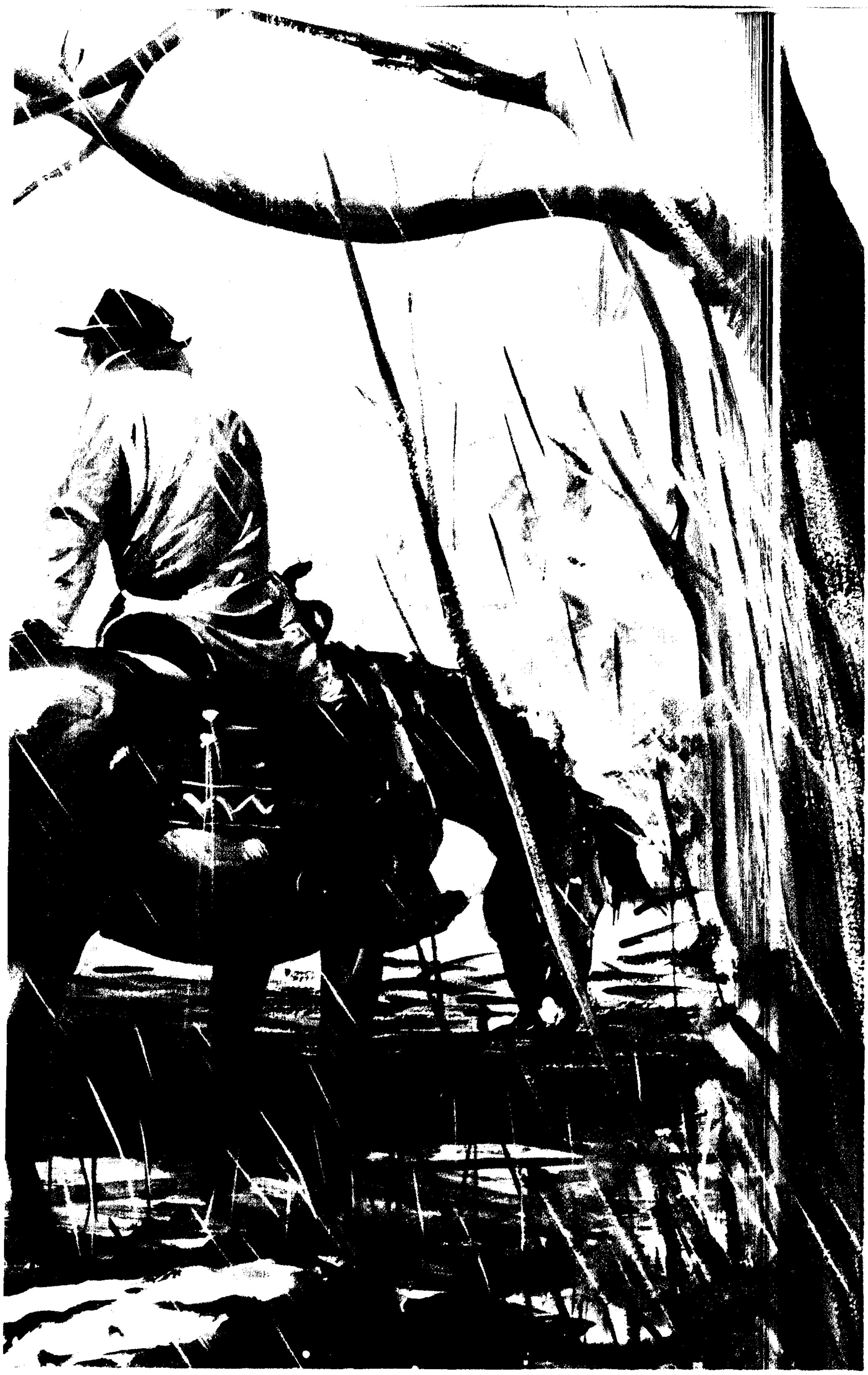
I did not know what my mother meant about giving my father enough rope, but apparently Mrs. Richards did, because she said maybe that was the best way. Then she said that she had been trying to get Mr. Richards to buy her a new washing machine, and after my mother got through with the rope maybe she could borrow it, and Mr. Richards would hang himself too.

"I do not think that is necessary," my mother said, "because they are going hunting together and they will probably both hang themselves with the same rope." . . .

The next day I helped my father pack the car to go hunting. I helped him put in the guns and the blankets and the tent and the groceries, but I did not see the rope he was supposed to hang himself with. I asked my mother about it and she patted me on the head.

"It is a figure of speech, darling," my mother said.

I did not know what a figure of speech was.



They were so busy yelling that they did not see the man on the horse who sat and listened to them. "Having a little trouble, boys?" he said, finally

"It means that your father will get into some kind of trouble that he cannot talk himself out of," my mother said.

Then I asked her if my father was going to get Mr. Richards into some kind of trouble that Mr. Richards could not talk himself out of either, and my mother said if she knew my father he probably would. She knew my father all right.

IT WAS late in the afternoon when we got to the place where we were going to camp. I gathered wood for a fire while my father and Mr. Richards put up the tent. After that, Mr. Richards cooked bacon and fried potatoes over the campfire and we ate supper. Mr. Richards did not cook the bacon and potatoes very good, and if we had been at home and my mother had cooked them that way my father would not have eaten them. As it was he ate two platefuls and said it was one of the best meals he had ever eaten in his life. Sometimes I could not understand my father.

After we had eaten supper and washed the dishes my father remembered his new telescope sight. He asked Mr. Richards if he had seen it yet and Mr. Richards said he had not. My father got his rifle out of the car and showed it to Mr. Richards and asked him what he thought of it. Mr. Richards said he supposed it was all right but he would go along with the vision that God gave him, and besides that, if he bought any such gimcrack for hunting, his wife would divorce him.

"The trouble with you," my father said, "is that you do not understand how to handle women. You have to outthink them."

Then he went on to tell Mr. Richards about Mr. Joe Schoonover and the mule and how he had outtalked my mother so she could not object about his buying the sight.

"The best defense is a good offense," my father said.

"I will keep that in mind in the future," Mr. Richards said. Then he went inside the tent and came out with a bottle and said he thought it would be an appropriate moment to toast my father's victory in the battle of the sexes. He poured from the bottle into two tin cups and handed one of them to my father.

My father said, "Regards," and Mr. Richards apparently could not think of anything else to say so he said, "Regards," too, and then they toasted my father's victory in the battle of the sexes. My father made a face like he had bit into something he did not like very much and said it was some of the best liquor he had ever tasted. Mr. Richards made a face like he had bit into something he did not like very much either and agreed with my father. Then he poured some more out of the bottle and they toasted my father's victory again. After that we put some logs on the fire and went inside the tent and went to bed.

Afterward my father blamed it on the unseasonable weather because it should not have been raining and misty in November, and if it had not been raining and misty what happened would not have happened.

At least that is the way he tried to explain it to Mr. Richards. Mr. Richards looked at my father like he did not like him very well and said that he had always known my father was crazy, but this was the first time he had ever known he was blind, and it did not seem to me that he believed my father's explanation.

THE way it happened we got up early in the morning and ate bacon and fried potatoes for breakfast and then we went hunting. My father had it all planned out. We were camped at the mouth of a gulch and the way my father had it planned, Mr. Richards would hunt up one side of the gulch and my father and I would hunt up the other side, and we would meet up on the ridge at the end of the gulch. He asked Mr. Richards if that was all right with him, and Mr. Richards said it was, and we started out.

It took us an hour to climb along the sides of the gulch up to the ridge and we did not see any deer. After we got out on top we looked around for Mr. Richards, and after a while we saw him sitting under a pine tree.

The way he was sitting, it was like he was looking at something, so we went over there, and Mr. Richards was still looking, and my father said, "What is it, Steve?"

"There is something lying down behind a log over there in the timber," Mr. Richards said. He pointed to some pine trees across the valley from us. "I have been watching it for some time, but I am not sure whether it is a buck or a doe and in this open country I do not think I can get any closer without jumping it."

My father sat down beside Mr. Richards.

"That is the advantage of having a telescope sight," my father said. He patted the telescope sight. "You cannot trust the naked eye at such distances," my father said, "and under ordinary circumstances you would probably not shoot for fear it might be a doe, but with a telescope sight you can make sure."

"If that is the case," Mr. Richards said, "why don't you stop talking and look through that thing and make sure before whatever it is will probably die of old age?"

So then my father looked through his telescope sight and made sure.

"It is a fine buck," my father said. "I can see its horns like I was practically standing beside it."

Mr. Richards did not seem as sure as my father was.

"I do not want to make a mistake," Mr. Richards said.

"There is absolutely no possibility of a mistake," my father said.

Mr. Richards said if there was absolutely no possibility of a mistake why didn't my father go ahead and shoot, and my father said he would not consider doing such a thing. He

(Continued on page 36)

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

JOHN N. GARNER'S STOR

Garner fought as hard as he could to head off Roosevelt's nomination in 1940, although he knew he would fail. In this fourth article of a series, the ex-Vice-President tells why he did it—and would again

IV

HIS years of association with Franklin D. Roosevelt had not convinced Vice-President Garner that the President possessed traits which would make him the best war leader if this country entered the war. As a matter of fact Garner thought if we were drawn into the war Roosevelt's desire to do everything in directing efforts both on the military and civilian fronts might be a definite handicap.

War talk was becoming general throughout the country in the midsummer of 1939 and I asked the Vice-President what effect this would have on the Democratic nomination and if it would improve Roosevelt's chances.

"Of course, it would furnish the needed talking point for the people who are trying to win a third term for him," Garner answered. "I don't think war is inevitable. I have never heard Roosevelt or anyone else say that it is. I am against a third term whether there is war in Europe and the Orient or not.

"There are many men of capacity in the Democratic party. If war comes and we stay out of it our interest will be bringing about a just peace. Any President backed by the might of this country can be effective in that way. If we go to war, whoever is President, the nation will commit its total resources—human, production and money—to the effort and will fight it hard and bring it to a conclusion as quickly as possible."

The most extended talk I ever had with Mr. Garner on the third term occurred shortly after this, on August 4th. He was getting ready to leave for Texas and was in the fine humor he always was when he was preparing to board a train for home.

"I've thought a great deal about this third-term situation and my relation to it," Garner said to me. "The arguments against a third term for

Though 1940 convention leaders doubted its wisdom, Texans put on a parade to back Garner's candidacy

ACME

BY BASCOM N. TIMMONS

Garner said in November, 1939, that if he wanted the Presidential nomination, he could contest with Farley and, whichever won, they would remain friends

ACME

any man are unanswerable. If Roosevelt runs I will oppose his nomination in every way I can. I don't want to be President. I have had everything from my party that I have a right to ask or expect. I want to be of what service I can to it, but as a private citizen.

"I had hoped that Roosevelt would issue a statement taking himself out of the race. This movement has been going on for months now. It was started by and is still being fostered by job holders to whom Roosevelt is a meal ticket. They are trying to bring about a situation where no one else can develop strength or even aspire out loud until Roosevelt makes his wishes known, and they hope to have things sewed up by that time. They are trying to keep every other possible candidate at the mercy of a man who has already had two terms. Whether Roosevelt finally runs or not it is obvious now that the two-term tradition has no force with him. If it did he would have smothered this campaign for him."

Garner pointed to a poll just conducted in California which had shown that 60 per cent of those taking part had favored election of a Democrat for President in 1940, but 64 per cent of them were opposed to a third term.

Third-Term Position Defined

"The rule against the third term has the sanction of history and has been supported by an overwhelming majority of the people. The Democratic party position on it has been so clear that it is unthinkable that there will not be a fight for the party's traditional principle.

"If I have to make the fight I will do it and I don't expect much help and I don't see any chances of success. You risk defeat on any issue and on this one it is practically preordained. There are Senators here who are as much opposed to a third term as they were to the purge, but they cannot make their opposition effective. If they come out for anyone else, even though Roosevelt is not an announced candidate, they are classed as anti-Roosevelt and against the head of the party. Until he announces his plans all processes of the discussion and choice among other candidates are subdued."

Great Britain and France declared war on Germany on September 3d. On September 21st, Congress met in special session to repeal the embargo clause in the Neutrality Act. Garner, hurrying back from a brief vacation, took a leading part in obtaining the repeal legislation. He had opposed the enactment of the legislation.

The same kind of hardheadedness which had led Garner to oppose this embargo clause had been demonstrated earlier when he had urged the cessation of exports of petroleum, scrap and other war materials to warlike Japan.

"I never thought a white man ought to sell scalping knives to Indians," Garner said.

The war in Europe in no way slowed down the third-term campaign. In fact, not long after it started Secretary of Agriculture Wallace sounded the clarion call which thereafter was the main reliance of the drafters—that the war made it necessary for Roosevelt to run.

The Wallace statement, made at San Francisco, put four Cabinet members behind the third-term drive. They were, in addition to Wallace, Secretary of the Interior Ickes, who had taken his stand in June and was presently directing the drive, due to the illness of Harry L. Hopkins, who had also announced for a third term in June, and Attorney General Frank Murphy, a July recruit.

Understood to be against a third term, but not on public record, were Secretary of State Hull, Secretary of War Woodring and Postmaster General Farley.

Garner was more and more inclined to believe that Roosevelt wanted another four years in the White House. The Vice-President said that during the embargo repeal negotiations:

"He didn't talk like a man who was coming to the end of his term. He didn't say that war was inevitable, but he gave the impression that if there was one he intended to run it."

Garner left Washington when Congress adjourned on November 3d, recognizing how formidable Roosevelt had become on granted powers. He said the rebuffs the President had received in the regular session of Congress had not clipped his wings much.

"Congress has not denied him anything public opinion in the country wanted him to have and it has given him power, which in my opinion the country does not want him to have.

"The President has got so much power that he can legislate whether Congress is in session or not. Through regulations the executive department of this government is legislating every day on things that affect the lives of 130,000,000 people.

"Any man who had been President during this period of stress when the government refinanced hundreds of thousands of city and farm mortgages and rescued millions of bank accounts would have a deep hold on the people. Roosevelt has rung the changes and dramatized and personalized it. He is the greatest advertiser the world has ever known.

"This Administration has got more money available for press-agent purposes than Mark Hanna used to elect McKinley. Hanna got his from corporations. This comes out of the pocket of the taxpayers."

He said he thought the law of political self-preservation would keep many men who were opposed to a third term from speaking out.

"But some of us can make it plain we are not going along. Maybe all we can do is to make ourselves ridiculous. But I am willing to look ridiculous if I can do anything to stop it."

In November, I went to Uvalde to see Mr. Garner. He would make no public statement, but he did discuss the situation with me.

He thought Roosevelt had persuaded himself that he was the only man capable of filling the office of President. He said someone had to oppose the third-term maneuvering. Hull and Farley, who with him were the most talked-of possibilities, were in the Cabinet and hardly could contest the nomination without leaving the Cabinet. (Hull later refused to allow his friends to be active for him. Farley entered and obtained primary delegates only in Massachusetts.)

We discussed the candidates, if Roosevelt did not run.

"He would come nearer supporting Hull than anyone who might be nominated," Garner said. "Hull could win. Dewey, I think, is likely to be the Republican candidate. He will carry most of the primaries he goes into. He is able, but his youth and the fact that he has never been elected to a statewide office will be against him in the election. Taft has been in the Senate only a couple of years and has had no time to make a record. Vandenberg might make the best Republican candidate, but it doesn't look to me like he has a very good chance for the nomination."

I asked him if he had ever had any disagreements with Hull.

"The only differences between us were on the tariff," he said. "Hull favored a tariff for revenue only. I wanted a tariff that would equalize the cost of production at home and abroad—a competitive tariff. The only cross word in our long association, I regret to say, was spoken by me in the heat of a discussion on a tariff bill conference report.

"If I wanted the nomination, I could contest with Hull and Farley and whichever of us won we would remain friends."

An Invitation to Uvalde

In December, Eugene Lorton of the Tulsa World, for whose newspaper I had been the Washington correspondent for more than twenty years, visited Mr. Garner and telephoned me. Mr. Garner was ready to make a statement. I went to San Antonio and met Richard Norton and Roy Miller, leaders in the Garner movement. We drove to Uvalde.

When Garner greeted us at his home his face was a tomato tan. "You look like the original red, white and blue candidate," Norton said to him. "Red face, white hair, blue eyes."

He said he was willing to make a statement. We discussed two or three drafts. Finally he took a pencil and wrote a 44-word statement, said it was too long, but let it stand. The statement said:

"I will accept the nomination for President. I will make no effort to control any delegates. The people should decide. A candidate should be selected at the primaries and conventions as provided by law, and I sincerely trust that all Democrats will participate in them."

In New York Al Smith said:

"Garner's all right . . . he certainly knows what's going on . . . He's been

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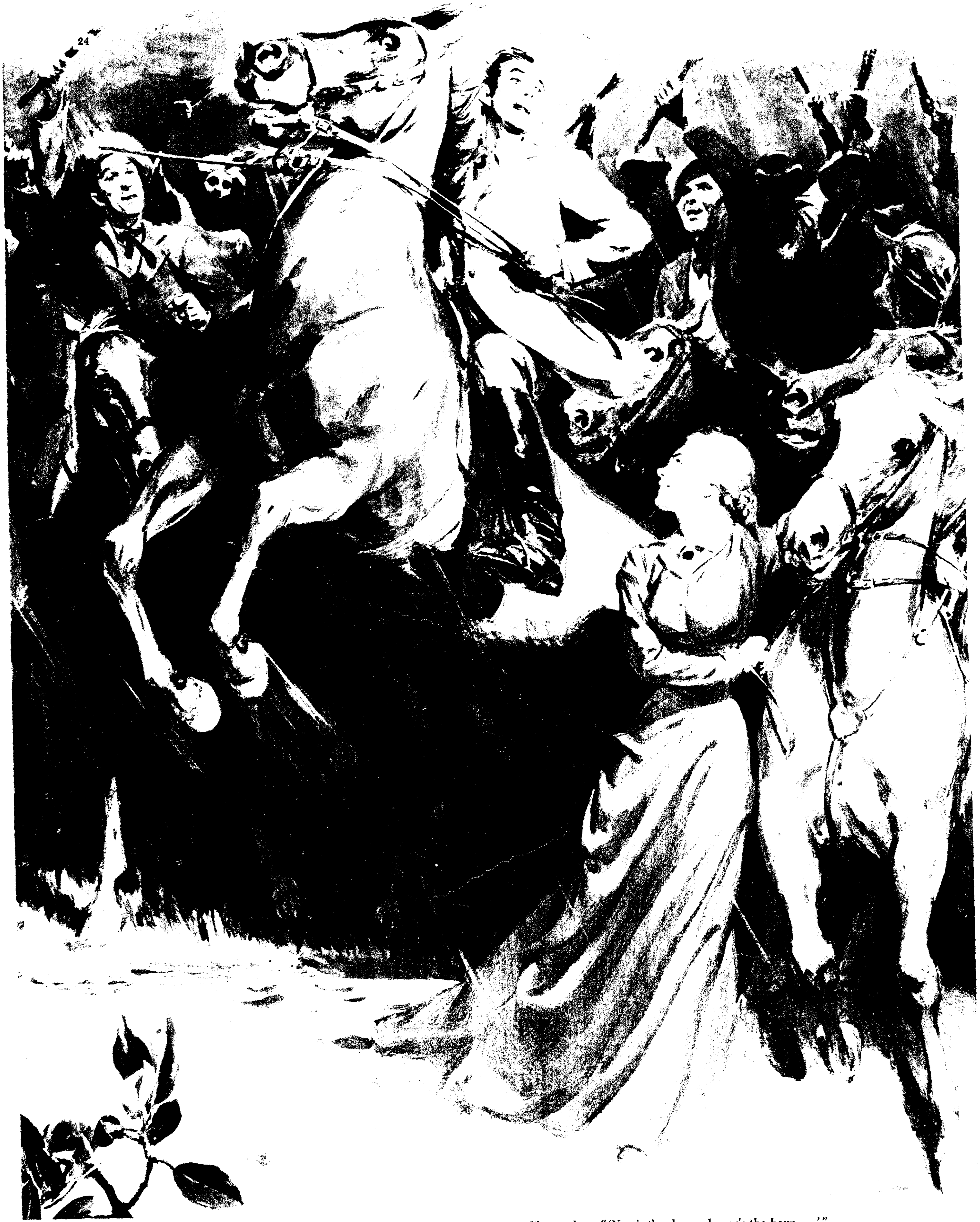


"On to the county seat!" Cal shouted, pointing the riding crop like a saber. "'Now's the day and now's the hour . . .'"

FALLING STAR

A man can't give a woman his heart and soul—until they're his own

BY WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM

FROM a little hill, in the cool April evening, they watched the sun go down into the Chesapeake; then they turned their horses' heads toward home, Lucy Greer riding her small-hoofed mare and young Calhoun Broadwater up on a great bay gelding named Mac. Where a stream slipped by under a log bridge they left the road to let the horses drink.

In the clear sky the first stars shone and as Lucy tightened her reins again she looked up and saw it—a swift streak of light in the eastern heavens. She said, "Kiss me." Young Broadwater's arm went about her waist, the bay stepping closer with a gentle pressure from the rider's boot.

"Did you wish on the falling star?" Lucy whispered.

"I wished indeed." He let her go then, squeezing her gloved fingers where they held the reins. The riders crossed the branch and gained the road again.

"Cal," she said after a sweet, heady silence. "Do you think Steve Wyatt and Cora Howison were wicked?"

He laughed easily. "To elope? Hardly. You forget—I helped Steve pick out the ring up in Baltimore. No, I think they are most fortunate. Cora has all that land of her own . . ." He paused, crestfallen. It was the wrong thing to say. Of all things to say, it was the worst he could have said.

Lucy did not reply but gave the mare a tap with her riding crop that sent her cantering forward. Cal clucked to Mac and overtook her. "Lucy! Lucy, it's not as if things were hopeless . . ."

She reined up short and he could see the flush of anger on her cheeks. "Calhoun Broadwater, I have nothing but the deepest respect for your father. But more than a loyal son, I respect . . . a man."

This time he did not laugh. "If you mean that we should elope, Lucy—let's not fight that old battle over again. You know that the Bay Front Farm is really mine. And that all the rest will be mine someday."

"The Bay Front! Always a dream, Cal. Your mother's dream, and everyone knows it. She wanted you to have it as soon as you came of age."

He dropped his glance. "I'll speak to Father again."

They rode on silently. When they came to the church Cal swung off and helped her to dismount. In the manse the lamps had been lighted. He held her for a moment in his arms but she turned her head away. Quickly she took the mare's bridle from him and something in the set of her shoulders told Broadwater to let her go.

He mounted Mac, and watched the girl until she passed out of sight around a corner of the manse. Then he chirruped. The great bay reared, and rearing, turned. Calhoun Broadwater set off through the dusk at a gallop, but the thunder of Mac's hoofs beneath him was not nearly as rapid as his own heartbeat.

If only he could approach his father when they were hunting together. Or on the veranda at a ball. Anywhere save in the austere room the old man called his study, that room where Cal had always been taken, during his childhood, for a caning, where the marble busts looked down on him no less stern, unmoving and grim than his father's face.

Steve and Cora, dashing up to the county seat by night, rousing Judge Mumford from bed, and Steve, trembling and dropping the ring, stopping the ceremony to search for it and finding it at last under the sofa in the judge's parlor. But there were the five farms left Cora by her uncle, not to mention over a hundred slaves.

AS HE approached the big house, he could see the light from the study windows and the lean, erect shadow passing and repassing the blinds.

Cal walked the bay slowly down past the slave cabins to the stable and placing two fingers in his mouth whistled sharply.

Big Sam's chuckle came from the darkness. "Here I is, Marse Cal. Here I is. You want me to cool him for a spell?"

Sam's giant hand gripped his right boot heel as he stepped down lightly. "You'd better, Sam. I ran him most of the way back. I got him in a sweat."

Sam rubbed the bay's steaming withers. As he led Mac away he said confidentially, but loud enough for Cal to hear him, "You sure is in a swivet, old Mac. You sure is. You know what I s'pects? I s'pects Marse Cal and Miss Lucy done had disagreements, that what I s'pects." His chuckle was like a rumble of distant thunder. "You come 'long with Sam, old Mac. Who done teach you that rearing-and-pitching trick? Old Sam done it. Sam allow Marse Matt ain't going to give you to the young marster and get you broke right and then snatch you back for that no-account Eben to ride. This one thing that black rascal don' get away from Marse Cal. Sam done fool 'em. He done educated you fine."

When they had wished on the falling star, Cal's thought had been: May I have the courage to face him. Now, at the study door, he wet his lips and his fingers tightened on his riding crop. His heart thundered. When he knocked, the voice of Matthias Broadwater snapped, "Come in, Cal."

The old man could tell by the sound of gravel under a boot sole who was around a corner. He could tell by the way a plate was dropped in the pantry which of the kitchen girls had done it.

Eben was winding the clock. It was tall and gleaming, a dark shaft with a round, metallic face at the top, the clock which had come from Edinburgh with the first Broadwater. Matthias was a typical Broadwater; he was flint. His wife had been a Ballard, English from the earliest days of the colony—the hunters, the drinkers of sillabub, the dancers of minuets and quadrilles.

Eben, having pulled up the great weights, set the hands by his watch, started the pendulum and then closed and locked the glass door, putting the key away in a drawer of his desk. He sat down and picked up a pen, holding it poised over the brass inkwell in his slim, ebony fingers. He was even more slender than his master, black-skinned with a hawk nose, thin lips and a sharp chin. He dressed in black broadcloth with spotless linen and a black silk cravat. When abroad on Matthias Broadwater's business, he wore a beaver hat. He wrote a hand so fine that friends and kin would get him to write out invitations and announcements for them, his pen looping and curving through the elaborate copperplate style flawlessly, tirelessly. Young Calhoun hated him.

"Sit down, Cal," the old man said sharply. "I have a letter to write."

His son sat uneasily, switching his varnished boots with his crop until an imperious glance from the patriarch made him lay the crop on the desk gingerly. Cal felt the resolution drain out of him. His father could always defeat him. Now this diabolical wait to break his courage. It was always so. Cal looked at the decanter on the wing table, then shut his eyes. Not this time. Not this time. I must do it without help. From anyone or anything.

Matthias Broadwater paced the long room toward the fireplace, turned and paced back, his pale gray eyes cold and abstracted. Then he turned toward the slave-secretary at his little desk. "This is to Van Vroom in New York, Eben. You have the address—19 Pine Street, I believe."

"That is correct, Marse Matt."

"Good. My dear Sir: In spite of the fulminations North and South, I think it possible, even at this late date, that sober heads can prevail and, if it is the will of the Almighty, enable those of us who would preserve this nation to work toward compromise. I do, however, think it likely that the firebrands in our sister states may carry the day briefly and I distrust the ability of the new chief executive, however cunning he may seem to the inhabitants of his native Illinois, to bring order out of what to him must be chaos.

"I, for one, shall work for prohibiting slavery in the new territories and for a constitutional amendment forbidding the national congress to touch the issue of slavery again. As I have mentioned in previous communications, I am not entirely alone in my belief that the Southern states' destiny lies in preserving what we have by adjusting to changing circumstance."

In its place between the tall bookcases, the Edinburgh clock ticked on, its slow beat like a drum sounding the death march of Calhoun Broadwater's hopes. The purr of the black man's pen filled in the silence.

"I am in complete agreement with those who find the institution of slavery unprofitable save in the vast holdings of cane growers and cotton farmers. But there is another alternative which requires a more liquid capital than our states can usually raise. Manufacturies can be set up which can compete, by the use of slave labor, with the individual craftsmen of North and West. I am convinced that the scheme already introduced in Europe of divided tasks in which one workman makes nothing but wheel spokes, another hubs, and so on, can be applied here. It is not required that an ignorant field hand be taught carpentry. It is enough that he be taught to turn spokes and spokes alone.

"Let those slaveholders who wish to reduce the number of their slaves join with us. If I could but convince a sufficiency of our own leading citizens as to the worth of this plan, the sinful and destructive cloud which now threatens to engulf us might, with God's aid, be dissipated. The life of an adult male field hand, working at a simple task over a working day of, let us say, eighteen hours, could be reckoned at seven or eight years. But so great would be the return on the individual investment that our nation could soon take the lead in a world market of manufactured goods. . . ."

"Father, I must speak to you!" Cal had jumped to his feet and now stood breathing heavily, his pale face drawn, his eyes bright, his well-molded lips with their habitual expression of a punished child, bloodless.

Matthias turned slowly and said, "Eben, leave us."

WHEN the door had closed behind him the old man began, "Cal, how many times have I instructed you not to interrupt me . . ."

"But I shall, Father. I shall interrupt you this time. I want the Bay Front. Mother meant for me to have it. . . ." His voice failed him. Matthias' steady, cold eyes struck him dumb. Silence and the clock's voice hammering nails into his coffin.

"You shall have what is best for you. It is not for you to tell me what is yours and what is mine."

"Mother promised me . . ."

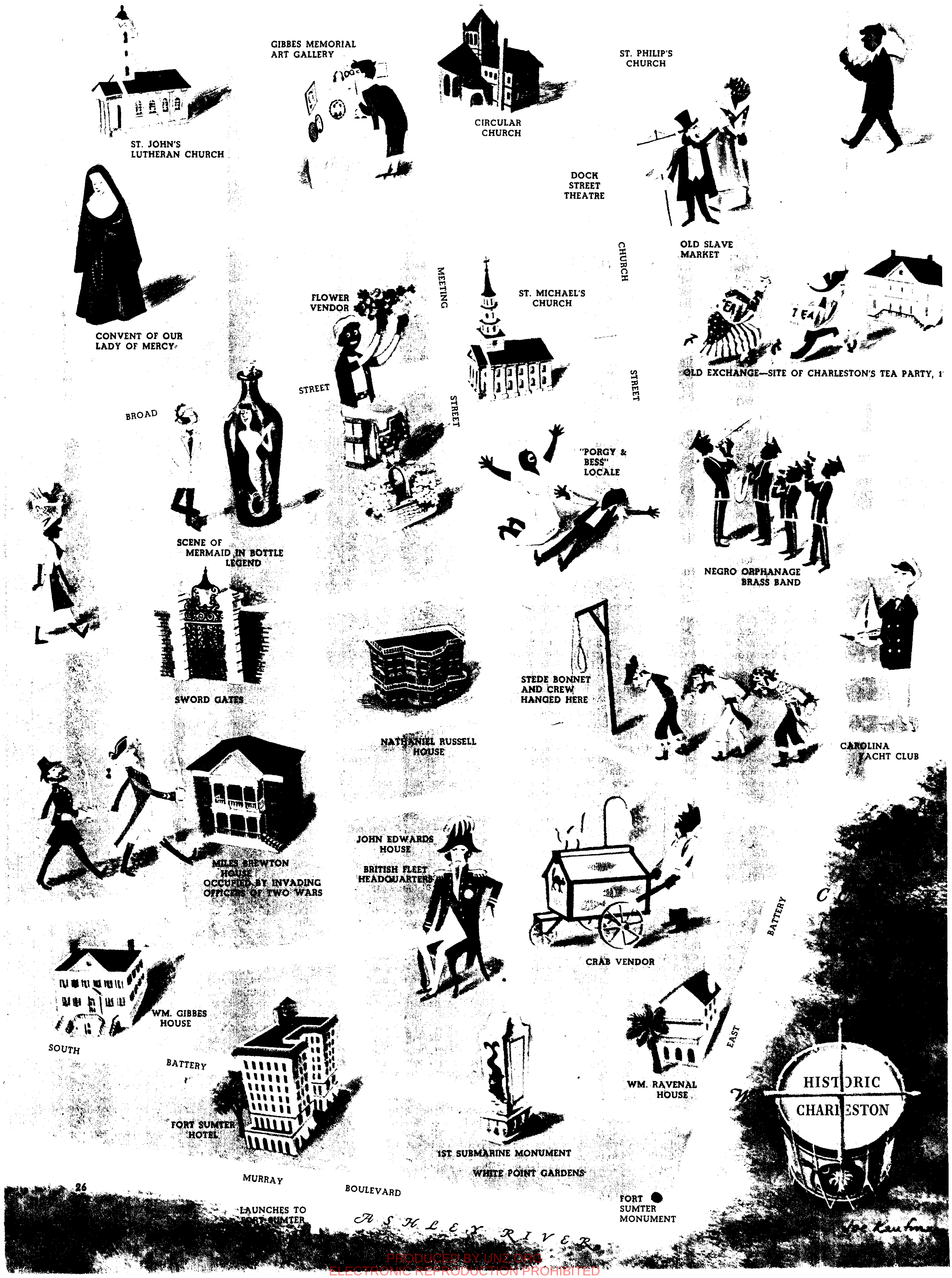
"Silence! If your mother had wanted you to have the Bay Front place she would have made a will and left it to you. She died intestate. You will do as I say. Mark you, I have nothing against Lucy Greer. I have no doubt that her father is a worthy, respectable man, albeit a very dull preacher. But the girl owns not a hand's breadth of property, nor has any of her family to my knowledge."

Cal stood firm. "Father, I must disobey you, this once, much as it goes against everything I have been taught. As much as . . ."

Matthias reached over, picked up the riding crop, raised it above his left shoulder and cut his son across the face with it. Cal gave one cry and then stiffened, his hands at his sides,

(Continued on page 84)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG


ST. JOHN'S LUTHERAN CHURCH
GIBBES MEMORIAL ART GALLERY
CIRCULAR CHURCH
ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH
DOCK STREET THEATRE
OLD SLAVE MARKET
CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF MERCY
FLOWER VENDOR
MEETING
STREET
ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH
CHURCH
STREET
OLD EXCHANGE—SITE OF CHARLESTON'S TEA PARTY, 1
TEA
TEA
BROAD
STREET
SCENE OF MERMAID IN BOTTLE LEGEND
"PORGY & BESS" LOCALE
NEGRO ORPHANAGE BRASS BAND
SWORD GATES
NATHANIEL RUSSELL HOUSE
STEDE BONNET AND CREW HANGED HERE
CAROLINA YACHT CLUB
MILES BREWTON HOUSE OCCUPIED BY INVADING OFFICERS OF TWO WARS
JOHN EDWARDS HOUSE
BRITISH FLEET HEADQUARTERS
CRAB VENDOR
BATTERY
WM. GIBBES HOUSE
SOUTH
BATTERY
FORT SUMTER HOTEL
1ST SUBMARINE MONUMENT
WHITE POINT GARDENS
WM. RAVENAL HOUSE
EAST
HISTORIC CHARLESTON
MURRAY
BOULEVARD
LAUNCHES TO FORT SUMTER
FORT SUMTER MONUMENT
ASHLEY RIVER
Joe Kaufman

THE MERMAID IN THE BOTTLE

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

If you keep a mermaid stopped up in a bottle, old Charleston residents say, the whole land may be inundated. Skeptics may scoff, but it's no myth that in Charleston and the Low Country, it rains tourists

DESIGNS FOR TOURING—IV

ONE of the few places in the United States where the terms Gentlemen and Ladies are not merely signs on rest-room doors but definite marks of caste, is Charleston, South Carolina. These titles belong to fortunate Charlestonians by rights determined long before birth, and are as rigid and unbending as time itself.

A Virginia lady who came to Charleston to manage a department in one of the larger stores let it be known that she was a member of a denomination which was locally prominent. She was soon called on by a gentleman of the cloth. Inquiry had revealed to him that she was indeed a lady, having direct bloodlines to a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a general in the War of 1812, and a colonel of the Confederacy.

Over the second cup of tea, the purpose of his visit became clear: Was she not aware that "a lady does not engage in trade"? If the lady were actually obliged to earn her living, why not transfer her employment to one of the little shops below Broad Street, in the historic, or noncommercial, part of Charleston?

Earthly recognition of the ladylike or gentlemanly state has traditionally come with membership in Charleston's famous St. Cecilia Society. Organized before the Revolution as a society of amateur musicians, St. Cecilia soon became a kind of social priesthood. Its annual ball, no word of which ever creeps out into the press, is still the big social event of the year, but membership isn't taken quite so seriously as before the World War.

One reason may be that the Society has lately admitted a goodly number of non-natives, and this has been a real letdown in the eyes of some members. One Charleston lady boasts that while she may have spoken in the privacy of her home or on the telephone with persons not born in Charleston, she has never been seen with them on the street.

St. Michael's Church and St. Cecilia have always complemented each other as arbiters of Charleston's social life. Some of the pews downstairs have belonged to the same families since the church was built in the 1750s.

In the early days, slaves were not permitted churches of their own but could watch the divine service from the balcony. A favorite story of parishioners concerns an old slave woman named Mary who was so moved by the sermon that she began to shout responses. "I can't help it. I got religion," she told the usher who hurried upstairs.

"But, Mary," the usher consoled her, "*nobody* gets religion in St. Michael's."

To the real Charlestonians the old city and its traditions are themselves a kind of faith which has given them the courage to meet adversity, if not the incentive to overcome it.

Recently an old and impoverished Charleston family suffered the crowning misfortune of having their historic home severely damaged by fire. Forced to camp out in the kitchen and servants' quarters, they were desperately short of heat and food. A group of friends contributed to a common fund to buy them a present. By unanimous agreement, they spent the money for books on Charleston to replace those lost in the fire.

Family names in old Charleston

DRAWINGS BY JOE KAUFMAN

ROUTES: National Road 17, a paved coastal highway, links Charleston with principal cities north and south. Myrtle Beach is about 90 miles to the north and east of Charleston on Route 17, Georgetown about 60 and Savannah about 109 miles south. Beaufort is 73 miles from Charleston via National 17, State 32 and National 21; or by way of Walterboro. Summerville is 20 miles from Charleston on State Road 61. All roads paved. Note Inland Waterway through the region.

ACCOMMODATIONS: Excellent hotels in Charleston, including Francis Marion ($5 and up, double) and Fort Sumter ($12 and up, double) in season (January to May). Tourist rooms $8 to $10 per person daily. Good hotels and motor courts also available at rates lower than Charleston, at Myrtle Beach, Walterboro, Beaufort, Georgetown and Summerville.

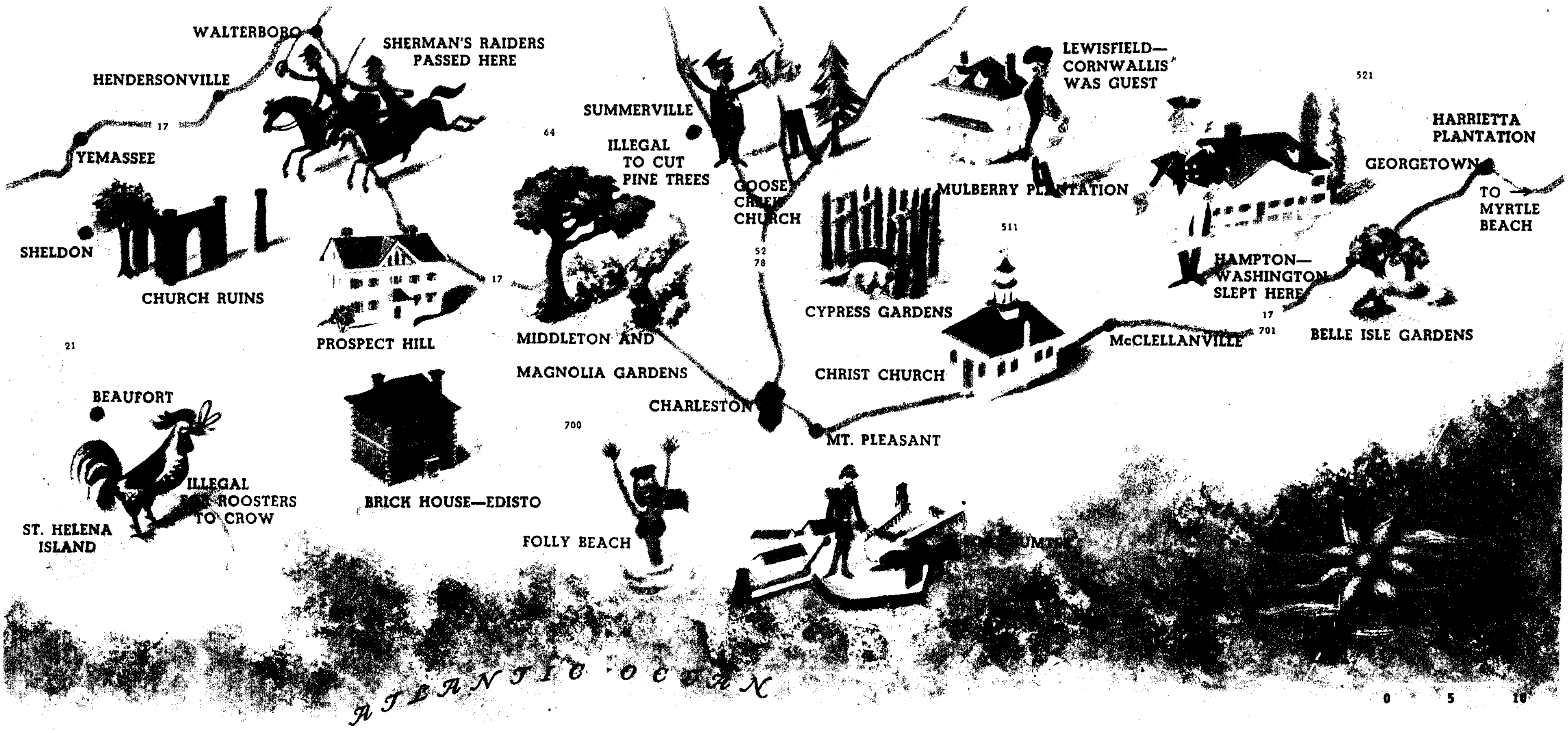
FOOD: Most hotels have good dining rooms. At Henry's Restaurant in Charleston, excellent sea-food lunches start at $1.50, dinners from $2.25.

CLIMATE: Average daily temperature 60 to 75 degrees, with seasonal variations. Best season for the gardens is from mid-March through the first week in May. Appropriate clothing: a tropical worsted or flannel suit. Gabardine or camel's-hair topcoat for cool evenings. Resort wear for the country.

WHAT TO SEE: Mateeba, Middleton and Magnolia Gardens between Charleston and Summerville; Brookgreen and Belle Isle Gardens near Georgetown; the historic churches, homes and public buildings in Charleston, and the old plantation houses near by; St. Helena Island and Parris Island near Beaufort.

WHAT TO DO: Golf, swimming, fishing and other summer sports. Resort activities at Myrtle Beach, Charleston and other resort towns stress sight-seeing.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION: Chamber of Commerce, Charleston, S. C.


WALTERBORO
SHERMAN'S RAIDERS PASSED HERE
HENDERSONVILLE
17
YEMASSEE
SHELDON
CHURCH RUINS
21
BEAUFORT
ILLEGAL ROOSTERS TO CROW
ST. HELENA ISLAND
PROSPECT HILL
BRICK HOUSE—EDISTO
64
SUMMERVILLE
ILLEGAL TO CUT PINE TREES
17
MIDDLETON AND MAGNOLIA GARDENS
700
FOLLY BEACH
GOOSE CREEK CHURCH
52
78
CHARLESTON
MT. PLEASANT
LEWISFIELD—CORNWALLIS WAS GUEST
MULBERRY PLANTATION
511
CYPRESS GARDENS
CHRIST CHURCH
521
HARRIETTA PLANTATION
GEORGETOWN
TO MYRTLE BEACH
HAMPTON—WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE
17
701
McCLELLANVILLE
BELLE ISLE GARDENS
ATLANTIC OCEAN
0
5
10

One of many gardens near Charleston is Middleton, begun in 1741. Open to the public January to May

CLAUDE W. HUS[illegible]

are often worn like titles of nobility, and with few exceptions anybody who ties into one of the great families lets this connection be known in the fullness of his name, which may run to 5 or 6 places.

Ancestor worship, outsiders have called it; family loyalty, say Charlestonians. Upstairs in the Art Museum, the main gallery is given over almost entirely to busts and oil paintings of great, near-great, or well-connected Charlestonians. Downstairs the collection of miniatures is one of the finest in the country. Busts, portraits and miniatures also fill the old houses, and they are spoken of as familiarly as living members of the family.

One Charleston gentleman has kept two separate stacks of wood for his fireplace lately. One is ordinary firewood. The other is hickory he helped to cut in a cemetery in which many of his ancestors are buried. This he burns only on special occasions —and always with a toast to the departed in the old Madeira they preferred.

Old Charlestonians are tolerant of little eccentricities among their own. One of the richest of Charleston gentlemen used to entertain his guests at a dinner table illuminated by a single low-powered bulb in a great glass chandelier. After dinner it was his custom to unscrew the bulb and carry it with him to light the drawing room for coffee. Penuriousness was a kind of hobby with him. A man of slight build and extremely small feet, he used to wear his deceased wife's high-heeled Parisian slippers rather than buy new shoes. He also wore her hats, feathers and all. Among his friends, the only one to take exception was a spinster lady who said, "I do think he might remove the feathers."

As a matter of fact Charleston and the Carolina Low Country have been celebrating their own funeral every spring for over 80 years. This has proved so very enjoyable that during the last couple of decades thousands of perfect strangers have come to observe the remains and sigh over the graces of plantation life.

Mourning becomes Charleston. In fact it's now the leading industry of the whole 30-mile-wide coastal Low Country between the Atlantic and the ridge of sand hills which separates it physically and spiritually from the uplands or Piedmont region.

This spring, from mid-March to mid-April, Charleston and the other resort towns—Summerville, Georgetown, Walterboro and Beaufort—are expecting some quarter of a million guests to come and pay their respects in hard cash. During these four weeks of grace between the winter rains and the summer insects, nature is more than co-operative. The countryside does not merely awaken. It flies into a tantrum of beauty. In Charleston wisteria elopes down every mossy wall, and azaleas are apoplectic with bloom. In the great plantation gardens near Summerville and Georgetown, azaleas, camellias, dogwood and jasmine turn every wooded path into a fallen milky way.

Along the winding tidal rivers you can view (for fees of $1 to $2) the finest relics of a way of life that is no more—the proud plantation houses like Mulberry, Hampton, Harrietta; the breath-taking gardens like Magnolia, Middleton, Mateeba, Cypress, Brookgreen and Belle Isle; the graceful churches like Goose Creek's St. James or the wistful ruins of Sheldon Church near Gardens Corner.

Tourist capital of the Low Country and its leading attraction is, of course, historic Charleston. This is not to be confused with the city that makes fertilizers, saws lumber, ships truck produce and runs the ninth biggest U.S. Navy Yard.

This new Charleston is as vividly and as vulgarly alive as any small industrial city, and if anything just a little uglier.

Many Landmarks of the Historic Past

The Charleston that attracts tourists occupies two dozen anything-but-square blocks on the tip of the peninsula. Here are the remains of the fourth largest, third richest, and by all odds the proudest of colonial cities; home of the Pinckneys, Heywards, Middletons and Rutledges; capital of plantations; imperial city state which defied the Union it helped to create and led the South to civil war.

Unlike Williamsburg, Virginia, which is a selective reconstruction of America's past, old Charles Town is there just as 280 years of battles, hurricanes, floods, plagues and bankruptcy have left it; quaint, shabby, graceful, touchy, dreamy—and absolutely unreconstructed.

The city's own newspaper, The Courier And Express, steadfastly sticks to the issues of the Civil War and the Revolution. "My political thesis," Editor William Watts Ball once summed it up, "is that the federal government injected into South Carolina the deadly and foreign poison of democracy which subtly spread through the blood stream of the white people and killed forever in it the inherited corpuscles of political and social health." Today even Editor Ball would probably agree that the situation is not as bad as all that.

Many of the fine old houses you see are occupied by spinsters—living sacrifices to the past. Living alone, they help to keep in currency tales of mystery men who prowl the shadowy streets. Last winter one Charleston gentleman was awakened by a phone call from a maiden neighbor who was certain she had seen a particular prowler in the court below. "It's the same one," she said, "who raped over a hundred women in the last month."

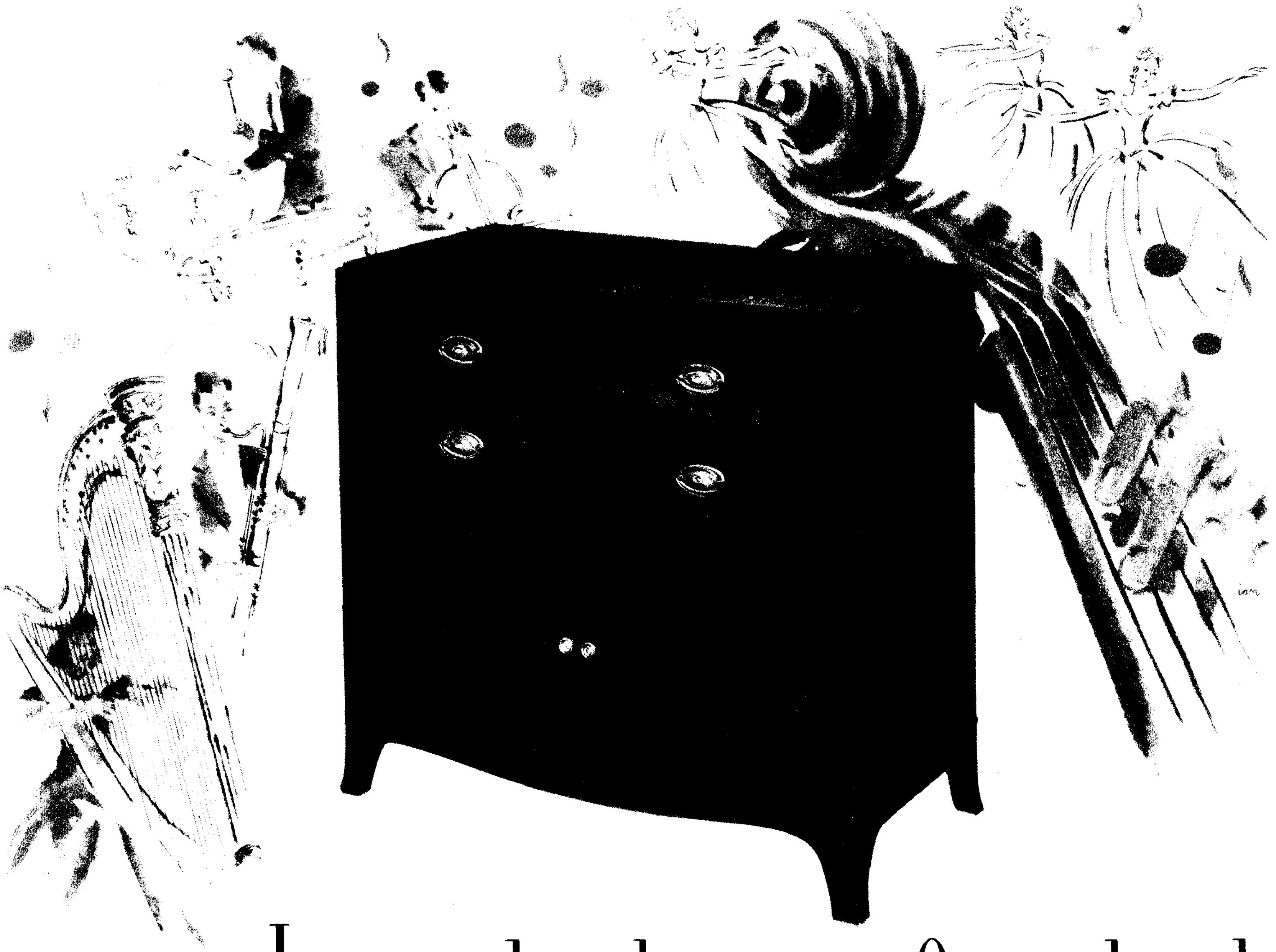
Some of the ladies still have substantial remnants of fortunes made a century or two ago in rice and indigo. Some are so poor that friends have to devise elaborate subterfuges to make them gifts. As for taxes, the town has a way of forgetting them.

"Charleston takes care of its own," is a proud boast and a true one. But now and then civic loyalty has been carried to dramatic extremes. A notable example, quoted by Robert Molloy in his recent book on his home town, was the review of a local drama critic who credited one of the performers, Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne, with creating "the greatest sensation we ever saw in the theater . . . not on account of her acting . . . but rather on account of her having married Dr. Hayne, a member of one of the best families of Charleston."

The fortunes which built the first great houses came from indigo culture. When the Revolution knocked the bottom out of indigo, rice culture made new fortunes and built more houses. After the Revolution, while the pioneers were fighting Indians and blazing the Wilderness Trail across the Appalachians, Charleston planters had two good golf clubs, a fine library, a symphony society, and a house of prostitution where credit was extended "to gentlemen only."

Later, when rice culture succumbed to competition from Louisiana and Texas, the Carolina planters had already begun to switch to their famous long staple cotton. This kept many of the plantations going even after the Civil War—till the boll weevil completely wiped out the local cotton a half century ago. The chief crop now is truck farming.

In the old days, the rich planter and his family saw little of the plantation, except at the Christmas season and perhaps for a few weeks in the spring to enjoy the gardens. During *(Continued on page 76)*



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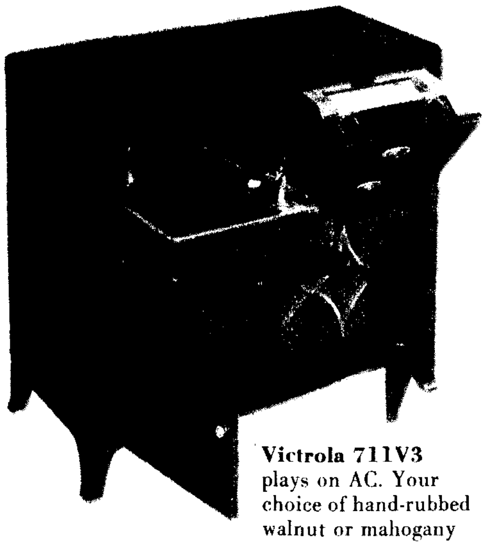

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THE FALLACIES OF PALESTINE

BY LESSING J. ROSENWALD

PRESIDENT, THE AMERICAN COUNCIL FOR JUDAISM, INC.

The creation of a Jewish State poses a big question for Jews of every nationality

Lessing J. Rosenwald is a widely known Jewish philanthropist. Until his retirement a few years ago, he was chairman of the board of Sears Roebuck and Company. In this article he presents his view of one of today's most controversial questions

See also p. 90

NINE out of ten persons have no idea what the recent United Nations decision to partition Palestine is all about. Furthermore, my guess is that *nine out of ten Jews,* the people whose whole lives will be affected by that decision, are equally in the dark as to its significance.

When the United Nations voted to set up two states in Palestine, a Zionist State and an Arab State, many thought its ostensible purpose was to solve the age-old problem of the Jews. They also felt that it was intended to help relieve the plight of the 250,000 Jewish displaced persons in Europe.

I hope this partition plan works out, but I firmly believe it will never solve the problem of the 11,000,000 Jews living in all parts of the world. On the contrary, I feel it will complicate their problem enormously. Furthermore, partition may have created what will be in effect another self-imposed ghetto, the last thing the Jews themselves want.

Here is the question every Jew then will have to ask himself: "Am I a member of a universal religion, Judaism, or am I an adherent of Zionist nationalism, with some degree of attachment to a new state?"

If one chooses to be considered a Jew by religion, he will thus affirm his loyalty to the United States or whatever country he lives in as a citizen and where he can practice his religion freely. But if he decides on Zionist nationalism, he is either a citizen of Palestine (which no one could criticize), or he is a citizen of some other country with anticipated rights in Palestine and hence certain obligations to that country.

Most Jews would not take the latter course, Zionism. The majority of the 10,000,000 Jews living outside of Palestine want to stay in the lands where they and their ancestors have lived for centuries, have raised families and established homes. Attempting to absorb those 10,000,000 into a little state of 5,500 square miles, of which 70 per cent is desert, would be about the most impossible task imaginable.

It is also impossible to predict that even the quarter million Jewish DPs now knocking on the gates of the world will find an early and permanent answer to their need for new homes in the Zionist State. According to Zionist authorities, the new state is planning to take in about 75,000 immigrants during 1948—by no means all displaced persons—into a country already facing a postwar deflation. At that rate of immigration comparative figures of the United States, based on population, would mean that we could admit about 10,000,000 immigrants through Ellis Island. And the United States is the greatest industrial and agricultural nation in the world.

Optimistically the Zionists predict a great industrial empire in Palestine, with minerals extracted from the Dead Sea, textile plants manned by experienced operators among the immigrants and a world diamond-working center where Jewish craftsmen could ply their trade. This is strictly paper planning in a country which has virtually no natural resources to implement such industries. Furthermore, hopes for a vast farm-land system must be, for years to come, just hopes in a territory more than two-thirds arid wastes.

Worse Atrocities Foreseen

Who would be the immediate neighbors in Palestine of the DP immigrants, survivors of Nazi concentration camps and gas chambers? Well, of the current 935,000 population in the Zionist State, more than 40 per cent are hostile Arabs. And the bomb throwing, ambushed killings and arson against Jews in the Holy Land, of which you have read lately in headlines, are but guerrilla skirmishes compared to the extermination campaign the Arab high command blatantly announces for the day when Great Britain formally withdraws its forces from there next August.

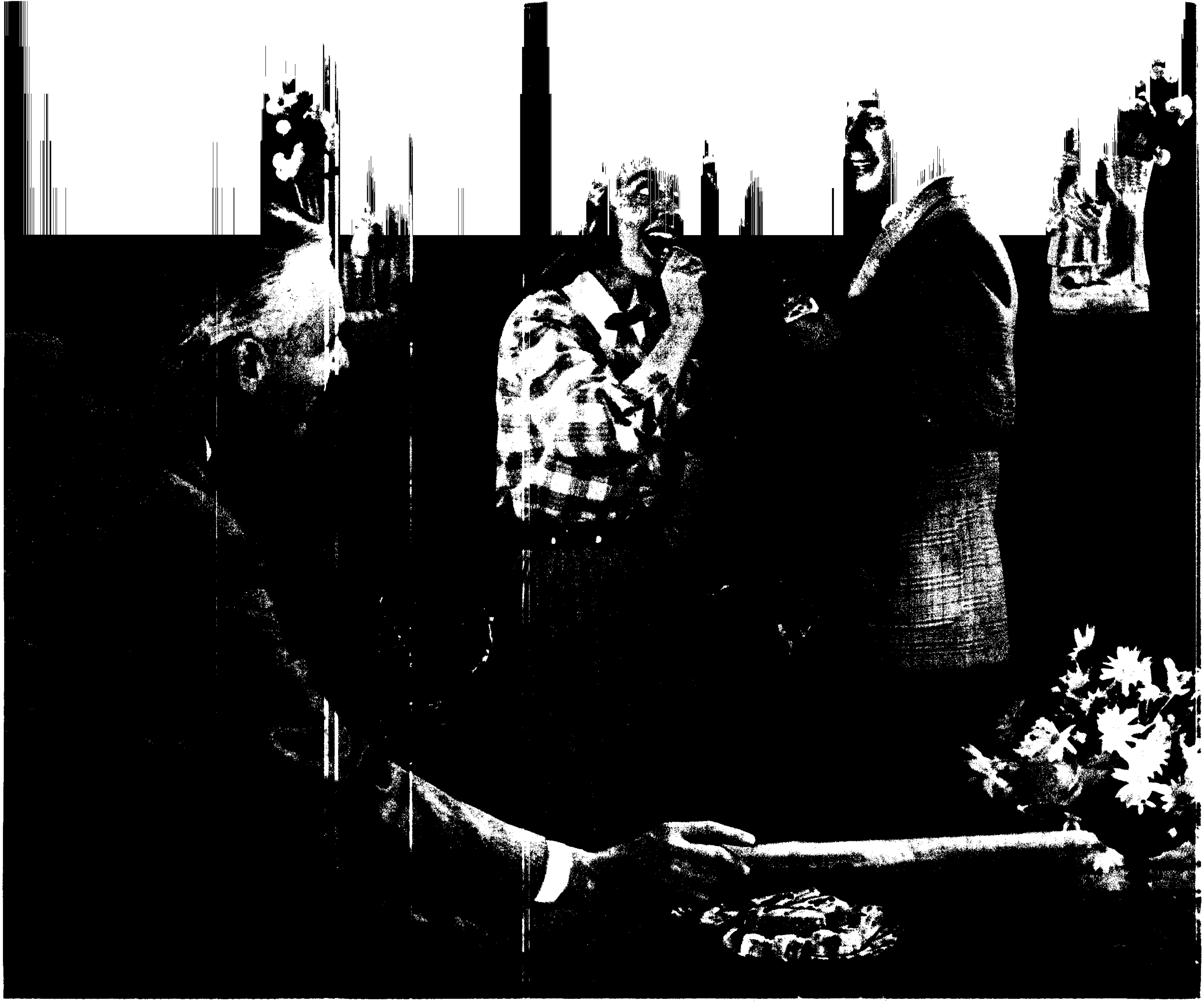
Led by Haj Amin el Husseini, the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem and recognized top Arab gangster of Palestine, this projected program is a fearful threat. The Mufti was an active collaborator of Hitler during the late war and is well trained in the Nazi methods of liquidation. He is in exile now in Lebanon, but watch for his return to open warfare against the Jews next August.

If his diabolical plans go through, the war-weary Jewish refugees may find they have jumped from a Central European frying pan into a Palestine fire. Will the United Nations be ready and willing to send in its own armed forces to prevent bloodshed? Will the Zionists be able to raise a big enough army of their own, adequately equipped to meet the Arab attack? These remain big questions.

But whatever develops in Palestine, partition will not begin to solve the all-embracing problem of the Jews all over the world. To help solve that problem, each Jew must make that all-important decision—whether his being a Jew means only that he is an adherent of the Jewish religion or whether he espouses the fundamentals of Zionist nationalism.

This choice has been made imperative now by the United Nations' verdict, but it is not entirely new. It was, in fact, history 2,000 years ago when Roman legions destroyed the Hebrew Commonwealth in Palestine and reduced the Holy City of Jerusalem to rubble. That catastrophe was the result of the same split existing in Jewish life today—a split between religious forces and nationalistic forces.

During the final days of that struggle the religious forces' spokesman,



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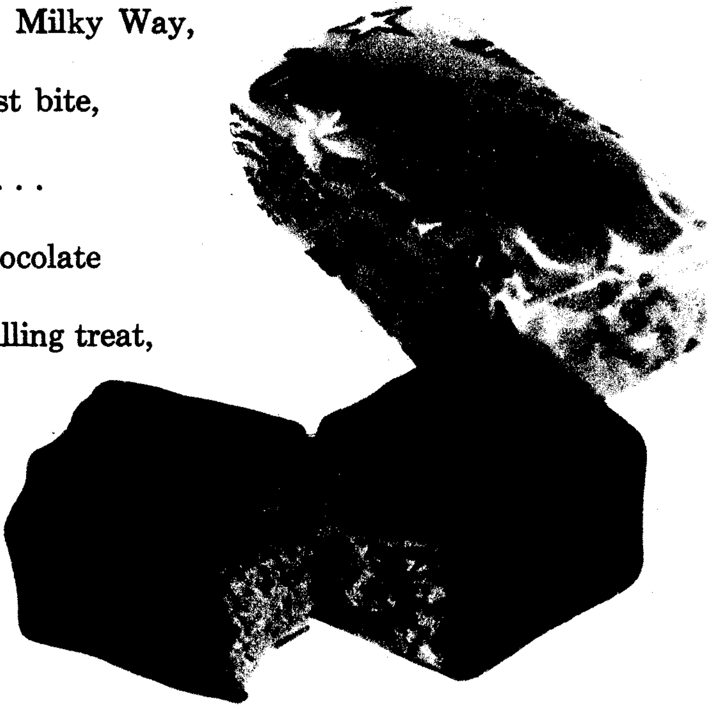
When you crave good candy, eat a

Milky Way



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Rabbi Jochanan Ben Zakkai, defied the nationalists' orders that no one was to leave the city and escaped outside the walls. He went directly to the Roman general's headquarters and asked permission to set up a religious school on the outskirts of Jerusalem. He explained that what was most important to Jews and to the world was their religious concept, Judaism; and that its preservation was of greater consequence than the continuance or the destruction of the Jewish State.

Rabbi Ben Zakkai's religious ideology of Jews was based on such universal—not tribal—utterances of the prophets as:

"He hath shewed thee, O man, what *is* good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." (Micah 6:8.)

"And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people: and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." (Isaiah 2:4.)

After the destruction of that state, Jews were scattered in almost all the then known parts of Europe, in the Near and Middle East and in North Africa. Many Jews became citizens of the Roman Empire. They were free to establish synagogues and practice their religion without molestation. They mixed with the lesser nobility of the Empire and even converted a number of them to Judaism.

In those peaceful days the Jews, bound by this religious tie, naturally gravitated to neighborhoods where the population was predominantly Jewish. The first such neighborhood group settled in an industrial district in Rome, the ghetto or "iron foundry" district. Thus was born a name which later, in turn, meant both sanctuary and ostracism to millions of Jews. However, they circulated freely in their commercial and social life.

Later this freedom was abolished, particularly with the rise of a militant and hostile Christian Church. Then the ghetto boundaries became sharply drawn lines beyond which the Jews could not tread. They withdrew into their shell and were crystallized into what was, in effect, a national community. There was no doubt in anyone's mind then about the definition of a Jew—he was a member of the religious communion of Judaism isolated involuntarily in a ghetto.

Status Improved by Revolutions

The Reformation changed all this for the better—temporarily. The American and French revolutions gave the Jews an opportunity to be released from their confinement and to be accepted as equals in their respective nations. When Holland, Belgium and England extended the welcome, many Jews eagerly accepted.

This was the so-called Jewish Emancipation, but it was destined to constant struggle. The theory was fine—anyone could exercise his religion unmolested in these countries. In practice, however, it often lagged, for the average non-Jew still regarded the Jew as "different" in other respects than religion; as a foreign and indigestible element within a national organism. Even in the democratic countries, where the emancipation idea was born, anti-Semitism spread so rapidly that more and more Jews came to feel that emancipation was just so much false currency.

As if this were not grief enough, Germany then entered the anti-Semitic picture with her philosophy of "blood, soil and race." Claiming to be the master race, Germans tolerated no differences, even religious differences. They maintained that Jews were not and could not be at home in Germany, that they were a foreign nation to be segregated within their own national limits. This preceded and culminated in Hitlerism.

Here was fertile soil for the seed of Zionism and that seed was planted 50 years ago by one Theodor Herzl, a Hungarian-Jewish journalist stationed in Paris during the latter part of the 19th century. One of Herzl's assignments was to cover the famous Dreyfus case when that Jewish officer of the French army stood trial on charges based on what turned out to be false documents. This trial almost fomented a civil war in France, with many non-Jews vigorously fighting for his acquittal while anti-Semitic mobs roamed the streets of Paris, crying, "Death to Jews!"

Despite the ultimate victory of the Dreyfus supporters and the vindication of Dreyfus, Herzl pessimistically decided that emancipation was a failure and that there was only one recourse for the Jew—nationalism.

In 1897 he assumed leadership of the then newly formed World Zionist Organization. Significantly, Herzl's general political ideals were borrowed largely from Pan-Germanism. He not only accepted the idea of a secret police and of inheritable superiority, he actually accepted as accurate the anti-Semite's picture of the Jew. True, he wanted to change this picture—but precisely because he believed it was real. It is not surprising then that he should have written repeatedly that he and his Zionist movement would find their greatest allies among the world's anti-Semites.

HARRY LAMPERT

"And between wars there's always the battle of the sexes, eh, General?"

COLLIER'S HARRY LAMPERT

Zionism was founded on the idea that Jews are elements of a nation and that these elements suffer from a sense of "homelessness," and that Jews would continue to suffer until they possessed a sovereign territory of their own. So the next step of Herzl and his followers was to find a Jewish "homeland" or state. Palestine, the Holy Land, was not his only choice. Offered the Uganda territory in Africa, he was ready to accept. But the most influential Zionists held out for the land the ancient Hebrews had been driven from centuries before.

In negotiating for it the Zionists had strange but interesting bedfellows. For years Herzl wooed the Kaiser, tempting him with a proposal whereby Jews would reduce their activity in the "radical" or liberal movements of Central Europe in return for a charter to Palestine. Later another Zionist leader, Vladimir Jabotinsky, asked Benito Mussolini for Fascist Italy's support of the Zionist project. Zionists in Poland freely collaborated with anti-Semitic elements of the prewar Polish government, since both aimed at the same thing—for different reasons: Both wanted Jews out of Poland.

Today the Zionists seem to have gained their objective. By world decision it has been decreed that in part of Palestine a state shall be established in which Jews are the majority and in which they will be able to develop national institutions of their own.

Tied to that very decision is a need for a decision on the part of most of the Jews of the world. Are they somehow to be tied up to a nation of their own—the Zionist State—or are they integral elements of the lands in which they live, Jews only by virtue of their religion?

The United Nations action on Palestine, for example, cannot solve the problem of the American citizen of Jewish faith. He must still meet the situation right here in terms of harmonious relations with his fellow Americans.

A Citizen of Only One Homeland

His allegiance and national ties are to one nation only, the United States. He is not "homeless"; his homeland is right here along with his fellow Americans. He cannot and will not identify himself with both the Stars and Stripes, *his* flag, and the flag of another nation, the Zionist nation. He can thrill only to the national anthem of the United States.

As Americans of Jewish faith see it, they have made their choice. Nor could there be any other. Otherwise, where would American Jews be if a foreign power with interests alien and perhaps hostile to the United States were by invitation or force to acquire a dominant influence over that new state of Palestine? If you think this unlikely, I suggest you review recent history. Many small countries have found to their sorrow that it could happen there! Americans of Jewish faith are, therefore, making it clear: The Zionist State is not their country; it is the country of those who inhabit it. The United States of America is the only homeland, nation and national tie of the American of Jewish faith.

Considered in all its aspects, partition does not solve the wider problem of the Jews of the world. Even the United Nations records concede this. One section of the report by the U.N. Committee on Palestine states specifically:

"In appraisal of the Palestine question, it should be accepted as incontrovertible that any solution for Palestine cannot be considered as a solution of the Jewish problem in general."

What then is the answer? How can the Jew assume his rightful, normal place in society? How can anti-Semitism be checked and made to wither? And how can the less than 1,000,000 DPs in European camps, of whom about 250,000 are Jews, find a home in other lands?

To answer the last question first: There is a bill in Congress, the Stratton bill, which I feel should be acted upon quickly. This bill would, over a period of years, admit a fair portion of the DPs into the United States. Many of our ancestors of all faiths came to this country as refugees years ago. If this bill is passed, it is almost certain that many other countries, particularly in South America, will follow America's lead.

As for the fundamental question of Jewish-Gentile relations, there is no substitute for the steady advance along decent, democratic, liberal lines. Jews can do much to indicate their eagerness to assume their full share of their country's responsibilities and to integrate their lives with those of their fellow citizens; beyond that, they cannot contend with the curse of anti-Semitism. All other aspects are the problem of non-Jews. The world must accept in practice as well as preachment the idea that a man is entitled to be judged for his individual worth; that he must have full rights and equalities; that his religious convictions are a sacred understanding between him and his God.

When that happens universally, there will be no Jewish problem. Jews will then live throughout the world as they have always wanted to live, with faith in the God of their forefathers and with passionate devotion to the lands in which they are free and equal citizens.

THE END

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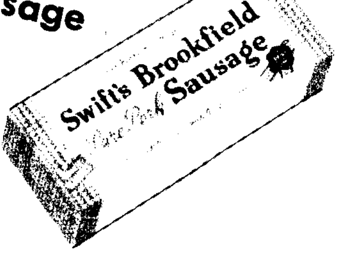
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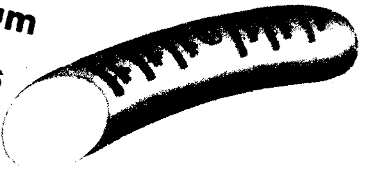

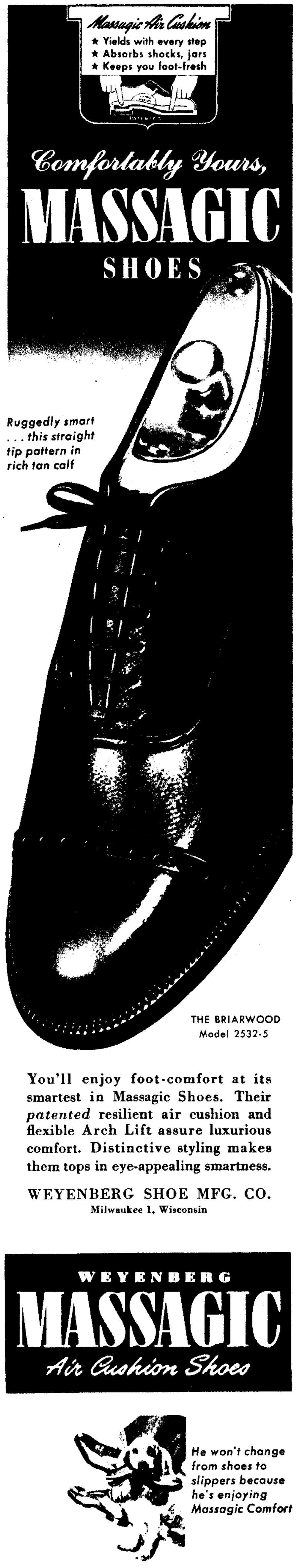
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HITTING THE CRYSTAL BALL

Continued from page 6

strengthened third base by acquiring Johnny Berardino from the Browns. They still own Manager Lou Boudreau, best of all shortstops, and Bob Feller, but they lack team speed and batting power at the power positions—first base and the outfield.

And that completes the list of the five perennial Also Rans. The Browns' only pennant year was 1944. The White Sox haven't won since 1919. The Senators were last on top in 1933, the A's in 1931, and the Indians in 1920. Notice any 1948 contenders among the Also Rans? Neither do we. Now let's look at the perennial contenders—the World Champion New York Yankees, the Detroit Tigers and the Boston Red Sox.

The Tigers finished second last year. They should be almost that good this year—third, that is. The outfield will be short on power, even if Dick Wakefield wakes up. Hal Newhouser and Freddie Hutchinson will win a lot of games (perhaps 45) but the extra pitching needed for pennant operations would have to come from the sore arms of Virgil Trucks and Dizzy Trout. Both arms are very sore.

The Yankees obtained Charles (Red) Embree, a right-handed pitcher of great expectations and mediocre accomplishments, from Cleveland as insurance against Spud Chandler's elbow surgery. If the operation fails, and Frank Shea again suffers the arm misery that afflicted him last August, the Yanks will be hard up for pitchers.

The Red Sox, who finished third last year, went on a winter spending spree (half a million in cash, plus players). They bought pitcher Jack Kramer and infielder Vern Stephens from the Browns, then grabbed Stan Spence from Washington for first-base duty. Afterward, Bucky Harris, the Yanks' manager, remarked the Bostonians had added enough strength to beat out the Tigers for second place.

What Bucky Might Have Said

Bucky might have commented on the probability that the Red Sox will nudge the Yanks out of first place. Kramer could win 20 games with Boston's robust batting support. Stephens plugs the weak spot in the Boston infield—third base. Vern, who swings right-handed, always admired Boston's short left-field fence. Over six years and 61 games in Fenway Park, Vern batted .329, exactly 38 points higher than his St. Louis average.

And don't forget, even before the Red Sox began to accumulate pennant players, they lured from retirement the manager with the greatest pennant record in baseball history—Joe McCarthy. Joe won eight pennants and seven world championships for the Yankees. His genius for getting maximum team service out of individual stars, beginning with Hack Wilson of the Cubs and encompassing Babe Ruth, bodes well for his impending direction of the great Ted Williams. Catching is the only weak spot; the Red Sox lack a capable second-stringer to help Birdie Tebbetts.

The National League has four teams capable of finishing in last place (Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati), and four teams capable of finishing in first place (St. Louis, Brooklyn, Boston, New York). The Phils and Pirates tied for eighth place last year, but the Phils probably will gain exclusive possession this season. The Pirates have acquired outfielder Dixie Walker, shortstop Stan Rojek, and pitchers Vic Lombardi and Hal Gregg from the Dodgers. Pittsburgh could rise to fifth place, if Ralph Kiner again slams 51 home runs and Bob Chesnes, right-hander from San Francisco, pitches up to his Coast League credentials. However, Billy Meyers, the new manager who replaces Billy Herman, will have to discipline several fun-loving Pirates, especially that big right-handed pitcher who tried to drop a radiator out of the tenth-floor window of a New York hotel last summer.

The Reds, who finished fifth in 1947, could slide all the way to the bottom if anything happened to Ewell Blackwell. Ewell's 22 pitching triumphs—16 of them in a row—kept the Reds from just such a fate last season. Manager Johnny Neun plans to switch Grady Hatton from third base to center field—that's how desperate the outfield situation is.

The Cubs, sixth last year, will be sixth again—or worse. They're the same old Cubs, with one youthful exception—Cliff Chambers, the left-hander who won 24 games for Los Angeles last year.

In the upper half of the National, the champs of the past two years, the Cards and Dodgers, quite properly have their armies of tub thumpers. It is difficult to turn thumbs down on the Dodgers so long as President Branch Rickey is operating, no matter what repercussions follow the displacement of Burt Shotton, the 1947 pennant manager, by reinstated Lippy Durocher. But Rickey has two pressing pennant problems—spotty pitching and unbalanced outfield power.

The Dodgers are vulnerable to left-handed pitching because Carl Furillo is the only right-handed slugger among the outfielders. Another outfield worry: Pete Reiser is on the downgrade. Pitching? Ralph Branca won 21 games last year, but may not bounce back psychologically from his temperamental failures in the World Series. Joe Hatten can't beat the tough clubs and Harry Taylor's sore arm may be permanent. Rickey is calling in John Hall, who pitched 10 shutouts for Mobile, six of them in succession, and that's what Durocher likes about the South.

Problems? The Cards have two, both top-flight pitchers. Howie Pollet and George Munger underwent elbow surgery last October. The Cards also could use a catcher who hits curve balls harder than Joe Garagiola. Mike Natisin, up from Columbus, may handle first base capably and release Stan Musial for outfield duty with Enos Slaughter and Erv Dusak. However, Natisin is thirty-one years old. How long has it been since the Cards had to depend on a thirty-one-year-old rookie?

Warren Spahn, the most valuable pitcher in the majors, won 21 games for Boston last season. Significantly, Spahn won 13 of 17 engagements with first division rivals—the Giants, Cards and Dodgers. Johnny Sain also won 21 games and might repeat this year, but where's the rest of the staff? The Braves have added two outfielders with long-ball possibilities, Jim Russell from Pittsburgh, and Jeff Heath from the Browns.

Heath may not be an unmixed home-run blessing—he was tagged as a trouble-maker in the American League. The Braves lack the pitching depth and power usually needed by a pennant winner.

Slugging May Win for Giants

Power? Now you're talking about the Giants, who jumped from eighth to fourth place last season with the greatest power display in National League memory—221 home runs. Outfielder Whitey Lockman (injured last spring) is ready to step into the home-run line-up with Johnny Mize, Walker Cooper, Bobby Thomson, Sid Gordon, Bill Rigney and Jack Lohrke. The Giants' pitching isn't brilliant—after you mention Larry Jansen, who won 21 games—but it doesn't have to be with all that home-run help.

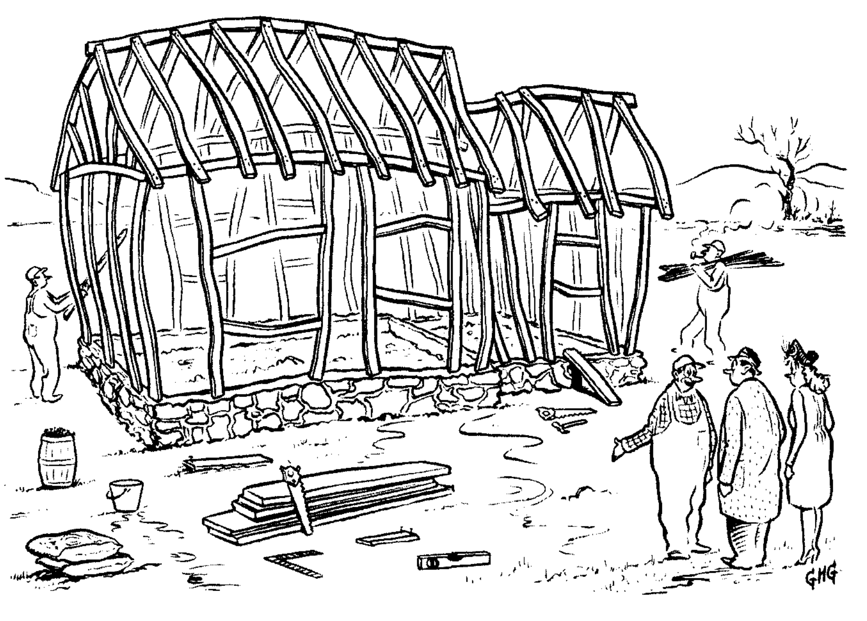
A lot depends on the breaks. For instance, last year Dave Koslo left-handed 15 victories for the Giants against 10 defeats while permitting 4.4 earned runs per nine innings. While Vic Lombardi, a lefty working for the less powerful pennant-winning Dodgers, threw 11 triumphs against 12 losses while giving up only 2.98 earned runs per nine innings.

The Giants' pitching isn't hopeless. Mort Cooper and Joe Beggs are comeback possibilities; Monte Kennedy has the stuff, if he can control it.

Summing up, the Giants need one more starting pitcher. The Dodgers also need another starter—plus outfield power. Ditto the Braves. The Cards need a catcher, a first baseman, an extra outfielder and—if surgery fails to help Pollet and Munger—plenty of pitching.

So there, via elimination, you have the probable pennant winners: the Giants in the National League because they don't need much; the Red Sox in the American, because they don't need anything. Not another five-cent subway series, but it's only a five-hour run from the Polo Grounds to Fenway Park, and vice versa.

THE END



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You *hear* things . . . *think* things . . . that would seem fantastic in the clear light of day.

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THE LONG VIEW

Continued from page 21

said that Mr. Richards had seen it first and it was his deer, and he would wait for Mr. Richards to shoot. Then he offered to loan his gun and telescope sight to Mr. Richards to shoot with, and Mr. Richards said he did not need it except that he had just wanted to be sure that it was a buck deer.

"How far do you figure it is?" Mr. Richards said.

"It is a little hard to judge looking across a valley," my father said, "but I would make it seven or eight hundred yards."

"That is about what I made it," Mr. Richards said.

He set the sights on his gun for eight hundred yards, and propped his elbows inside his knees and shot. My father was looking through the telescope sight at what Mr. Richards was shooting at and he let out a yell.

"You hit it!" my father said.

Then he and Mr. Richards got up and started running down the hill.

IT TOOK us fifteen or twenty minutes to get down the hill and across the valley, and when we started up the other side we were spread out so that we would be sure to find what Mr. Richards had shot. We had looked for maybe five minutes and had not found anything, and then Mr. Richards started yelling.

"Have you found it?" my father said.

"Yes," Mr. Richards said, "I have found it all right."

"We will be right there," my father said.

Then we started walking in the direction of Mr. Richards' voice and after a minute we could see him standing on a log.

"How many points has it got?" my father said.

"It has got two points," Mr. Richards said.

"I am surprised," my father said. He was not close enough yet to see what Mr. Richards had shot. "I thought it would have more points."

"I, on the other hand, am not surprised," Mr. Richards said. "I have never heard of a Jersey cow that had more than two points."

My father stopped dead still like he had run into a wall.

"Would you mind saying that again?" my father said.

"I would be very glad to say it again," Mr. Richards said. He sounded like he was mad. "It is one of the finest two-point Jersey cows I have ever seen."

My father got so he could move again and he went up and looked over the log Mr. Richards was standing on.

"My God!" my father said. "There must be some mistake."

"I agree with you," Mr. Richards said. "You and your condemned telescope sight."

My father stood on the log looking at the cow.

"I do not see how such a thing could happen," my father said. "Unless it is the rain and mist." He looked around at the rain and the mist. "That is it," my father said. So then he talked about the weather and how the lens of the scope had got foggy and distorted his vision, because otherwise there was no way he could have made the mistake.

That is when Mr. Richards said the part about he had always known that my father was crazy but this was the first time he had known he was blind, to boot.

"Accidents can happen," my father said.

"This was no accident," Mr. Richards said.

He sounded as though he did not like my father very well.

"Do not kid yourself," my father said. "Ordinarily you could not hit a train terminal at eight hundred yards and when you hit anything smaller than a train terminal it is strictly an accident."

My father sounded as though he did not like Mr. Richards very well either.

"We will leave my marksmanship out of this discussion," Mr. Richards said.

"I was not aware that you had any marksmanship to leave out of it," my father said.

Mr. Richards got all red in the face like he was choking on something, except he was not choking. He asked my father who did he think had shot the cow at eight hundred yards and my father said, "You did, and I am glad you finally admit it."

Mr. Richards said he was not admitting anything. He started yelling at my father, and my father started yelling back at him, and they were both so busy that they did not see the man on the horse who had ridden up while they were yelling. He sat there for maybe five minutes listening to my father and Mr. Richards. Finally he said, "You having a little trouble, boys?" and my father saw him for the first time.

"Who are you?" my father said. He said it very toughlike, as though he did not think the man on the horse had any business being there.

"Name's McDaniels," the man on the horse said. "And it just so happens that it is my cow that you have shot."

My father quit acting tough. He started to explain to Mr. McDaniels how it had happened, and Mr. McDaniels said he was not interested in how it happened. All he was interested in was knowing who was going to pay for the cow. My father said Mr. Richards would pay for it, and Mr. Richards said he would be eternally condemned if he would pay for it because he would not have shot it if my father had not looked through the telescope sight and assured him that there was no possibility of a mistake and to go ahead and shoot.

MY FATHER said he did not consider himself liable in any way. Mr. Richards said he was clearly an accessory before the fact and that he would prove it in any court in the country. My father said that Mr. Richards could not prove it if he lived to be two hundred years old, but that he was a sporting man and he would flip a coin with Mr. Richards to see if he would pay half of the cow. They flipped a coin and my father lost. Then Father asked Mr. McDaniels what the cow was worth. Mr. McDaniels said it was his favorite cow, and that he figured it was worth at least two hundred and fifty dollars.

My father started yelling again. He said Mr. McDaniels was a robber, and that he would not submit to extortion. Mr. McDaniels turned his head to spit.

"It just so happens that I am a deputy sheriff of this county," Mr. McDaniels said, "and if you do not shut up I will have you thrown in jail for trespassing, malicious destruction of property, threatening an officer of the law, slander, libel, and defamation of character."

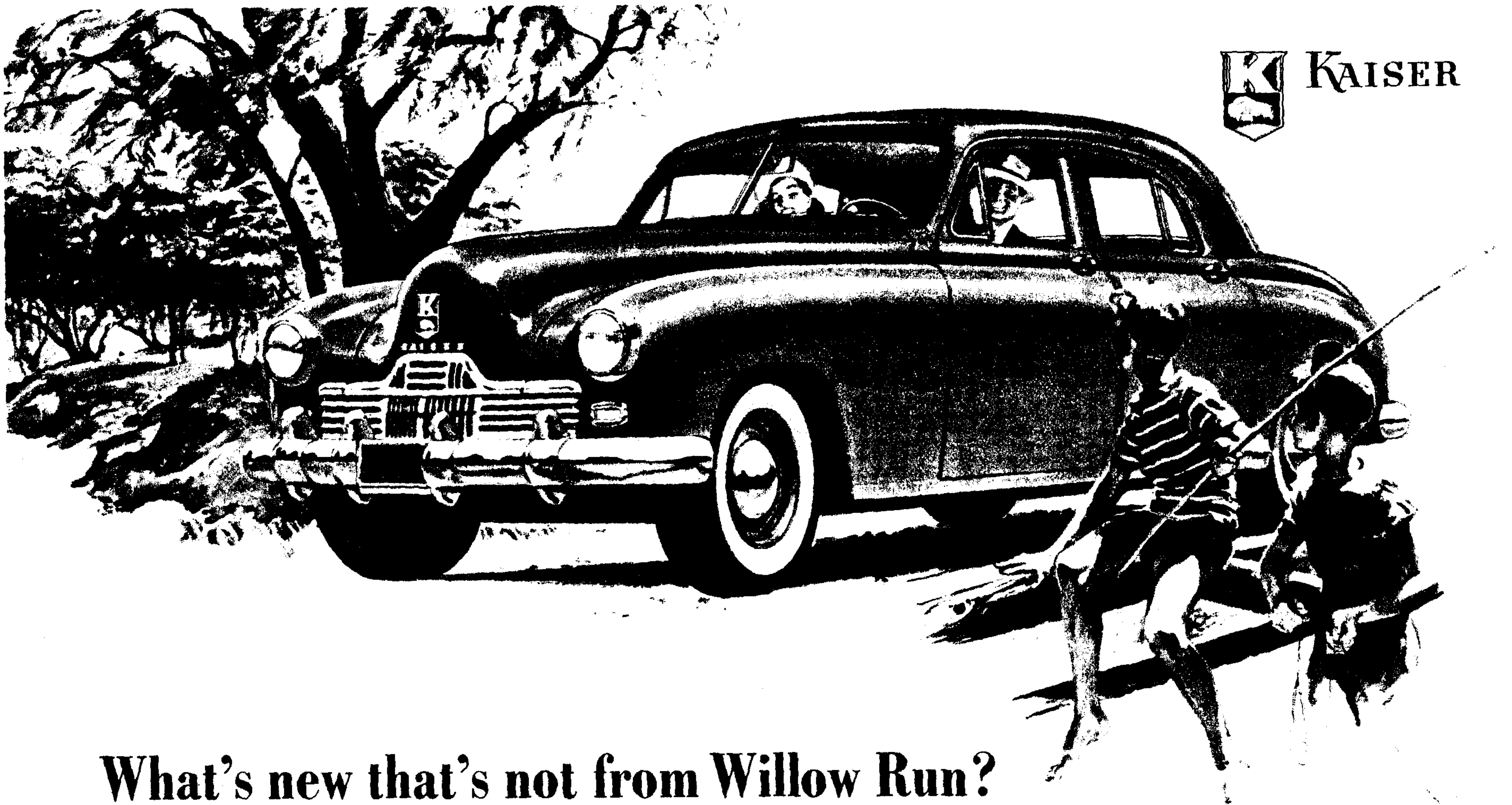
My father stopped yelling. "I think we can settle this out of court," he said.

Mr. McDaniels said that was all right with him, and that all he wanted was his two hundred and fifty dollars. Neither my father nor Mr. Richards had that much money with them or any checks, and Mr. McDaniels said that was all right because he was coming into town in a day or two and he would collect then. He took my father's name and address, and turned his horse and rode away.

Mr. Richards would not walk back to camp with my father.

"From this moment on, it is my ear-

KAISER



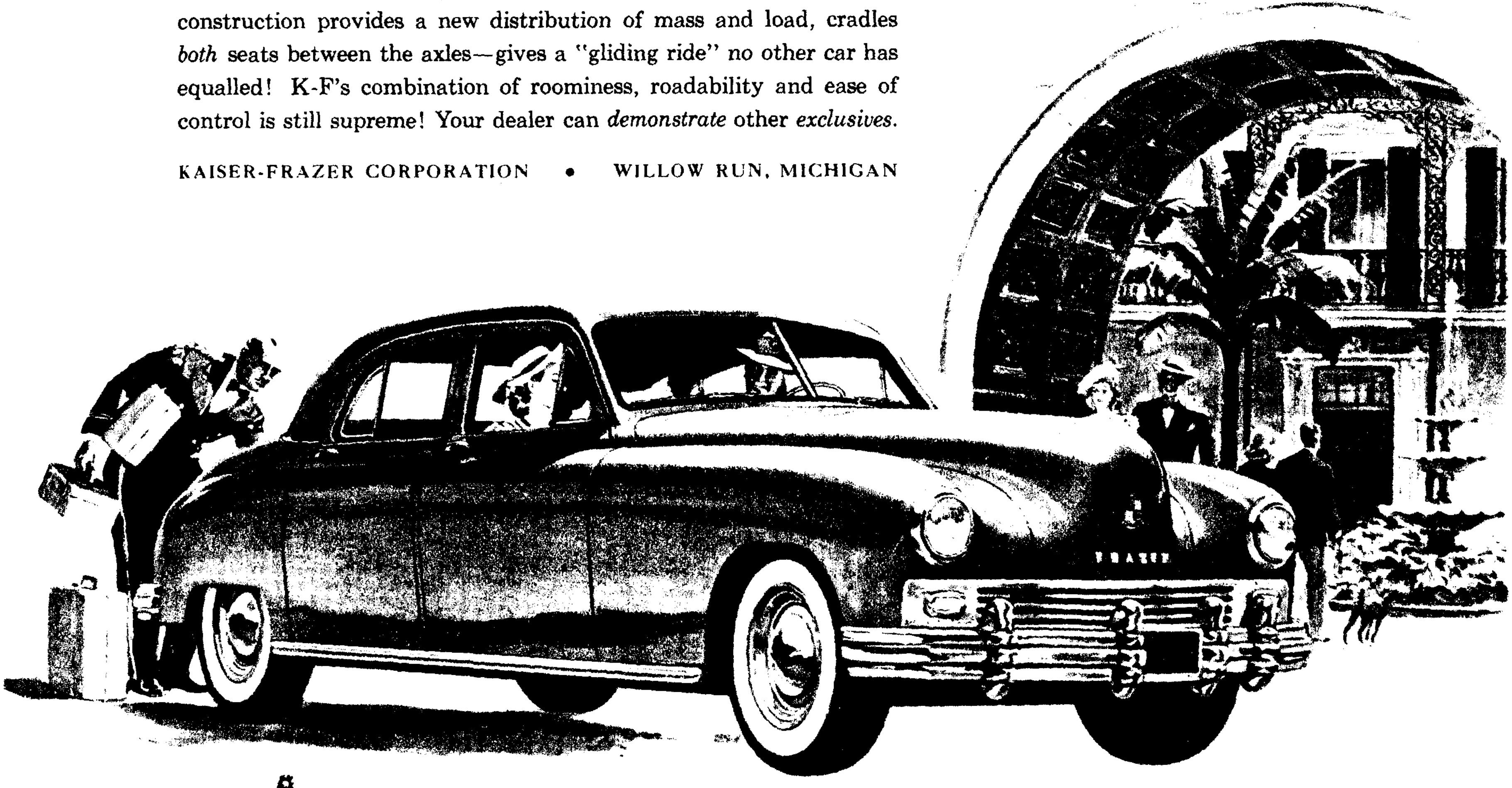
What's new that's not from Willow Run?

BODY STYLING BY Darrin

As more and more manufacturers get around to announcing *their* post-war models, the compelling influence of Kaiser-Frazer styling becomes increasingly apparent. The *beauty* of the KAISER and the FRAZER has been paid the ultimate compliment—attempted imitation!

And K-F *engineering* has also defied duplication. Phenomenal performance with such unexpected economy is still unique. K-F chassis construction provides a new distribution of mass and load, cradles *both* seats between the axles—gives a "gliding ride" no other car has equalled! K-F's combination of roominess, roadability and ease of control is still supreme! Your dealer can *demonstrate* other *exclusives*.

KAISER-FRAZER CORPORATION • WILLOW RUN, MICHIGAN



FRAZER

Hear *Newscope* with
Wendell Noble, 4 times weekly
over Mutual

Artist puts model wife back in picture

7 A. M. Wife: Oh, darling, I'll *never* be able to pose for you *this* morning. I need a laxative . . . my head throbs, I feel so logy . . .

Hubby: But honey, we've *got* to finish that illustration today! Here, this glass of Sal Hepatica will have you feeling like a million in no time!

9 A. M. Now everything's pretty as a picture! As usual, Sal Hepatica, the sparkling saline laxative, brought gentle, quick relief. Taken first thing in the morning, it usually acts within an hour.

It also aids in counteracting excess gastric acidity and helps sweeten a sour stomach. Always keep a bottle of Sal Hepatica handy!

In a national survey, more than half the doctors recommended Sal Hepatica. Why not try speedy Sal Hepatica next time *you* need a laxative?

Ask your doctor why Sal Hepatica works so fast. He knows that because Sal Hepatica is a *fluid bulk laxative,* soft pressure is exerted to stimulate *gentle,* speedy action.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy*

SAL HEPATICA

TUNE IN: "MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY"—Wednesday night, NBC Network
"BREAK THE BANK"—Friday night, ABC Network

nest desire to stay as far away from you as possible," Mr. Richards said; "and in the future if we should accidentally meet I would consider it a great personal favor if you would not talk to me."

"You need have no fear on that subject," my father said, "because after what has transpired I have no desire on earth to talk to you."

I WALKED back to camp with my father and it looked like he did not have any desire on earth to talk to me either. We walked up the hill and down the hill and while we were walking I remembered the pair of skates that I wanted and I asked my father if he would buy them for me. He said he would not. Then I talked about the cow.

"I expect the cow is what my mother meant when she said that if she gave you enough rope you would hang yourself. It is a figure of speech," I said.

"I do not care for that figure of speech," my father said. Then he said that he did not think that my mother would understand about the cow and that it would probably be just as well if we did not mention it. I talked about the skates again, and my father said that on second consideration he thought that something could be done about them.

Mr. Richards rode back into town with us because we had come out in my father's car and it was too far to walk back, but he would not speak to my father. We let him off in front of his house. Then we went by Miller's hardware store and my father ordered the skates for me, and Mr. Miller said I could get them on Monday. Then we went home, and Mother was surprised that we had come back so soon. Father said it was because of the rain. Some rain! . . .

It was the end of the week when my mother mentioned about the linoleum again. We were eating supper and my father was buttering a biscuit.

"While I think of it, John," my mother said, "I wish you would leave me some money."

"How much do you need?"

"Fifty dollars."

My father started yelling. He asked my mother if she thought money grew on trees and what in the name of all that was holy was she going to do with fifty dollars.

"I want it for the linoleum man," my mother said.

My father put down the biscuit.

"Edna," my father said, "we have gone over all this before. This linoleum is perfectly good, and will last for another year at least."

My mother said there was one spot in front of the stove that was worn out, and my father said that he failed to see that one little worn-out spot in a piece of linoleum was important.

"I am a woman who can profit by the mistakes of others," my mother said.

My father said he did not see what she meant by that and my mother said that was because he did not take the long view of things.

"I will take the case of Mrs. Babcock and prove to you how I will profit by having new linoleum," my mother said.

My father said who the hell was Mrs. Babcock and how did she get into a discussion about linoleum? My mother went into the pantry and came back with a newspaper clipping. The newspaper clipping said that Mrs. Babcock had had a woman visiting her and the woman had caught her heel in a worn-out spot in the linoleum in Mrs. Babcock's kitchen and had fallen down and broken her leg. She had sued Mrs. Babcock for a thousand dollars and had won the suit.

"The linoleum will cost fifty dollars," my mother said, "and if you deduct that from one thousand dollars it is easy to see that I have already made a profit of nine hundred and fifty dollars."

"That is the most preposterous statement I have ever heard in my life," my father said. "I do not consider that we need any new linoleum, and we will have no further discussion on the subject."

He picked up the biscuit, and started to eat it.

"That reminds me," my mother said, "there was a man by the name of McDaniels who came to see you this afternoon. He mentioned something about a cow."

My father choked on the biscuit.

"You should not eat so fast, John," my mother said. "Are you buying a cow?"

My father could not say anything because he was still choking.

My mother said she would like to know more about it.

My father got so he could talk again and said it was not important.

My mother said she would like to hear anyway and my father changed the subject.

"I have reconsidered about the linoleum," my father said, "and in view of the clipping you have just read I think it would be a good investment. A person cannot be too careful about these things."

He wrote out a check for fifty dollars.

MRS. RICHARDS came in the next day when the man was putting down the new linoleum. She asked my mother how she had managed it and my mother said all she had done was to mention something about a man named McDaniels and a cow.

"I do not understand it," Mrs. Richards said.

"I do not understand it either," my mother said, "but it is very effective."

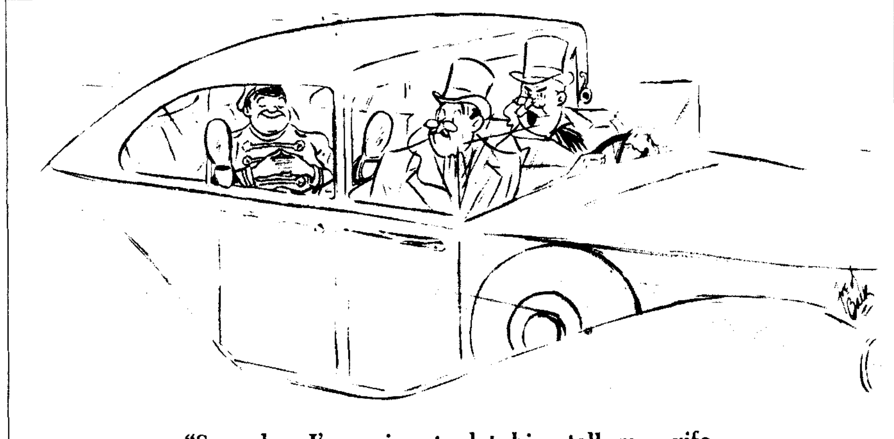
"What is sauce for the goose—" Mrs. Richards said.

I did not know why Mrs. Richards said that about the goose because there were not any geese around that I could see.

After a while I did not think about it any more, and on Monday I went down to Miller's hardware store to get my skates. I could not get them right away because Mr. Miller was busy.

He was selling Mrs. Richards a washing machine.

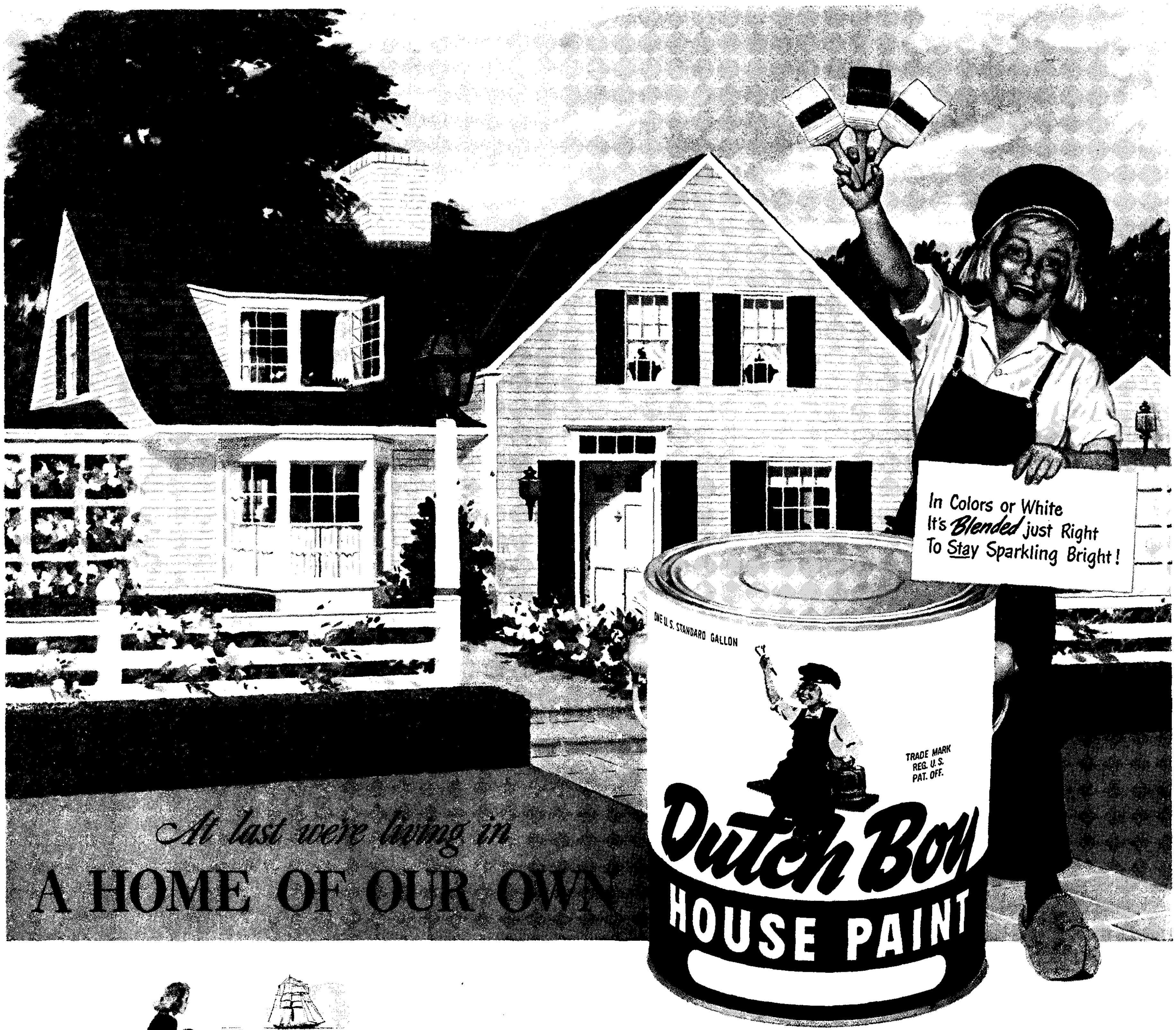
THE END

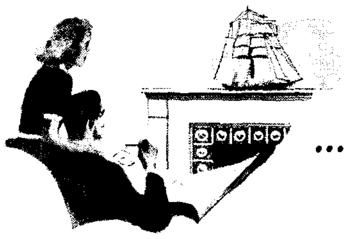


COLLIER'S

"Someday I'm going to let him tell my wife what he knows about me, and the heck with it!"

FRED BALK





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These new "Dutch Boy" blends are the result of 31 years of continuous outdoor paint tests . . . the longest research project of its kind. Thus, in colors as in white, "Dutch Boy" is *Good Paint's Other Name.*

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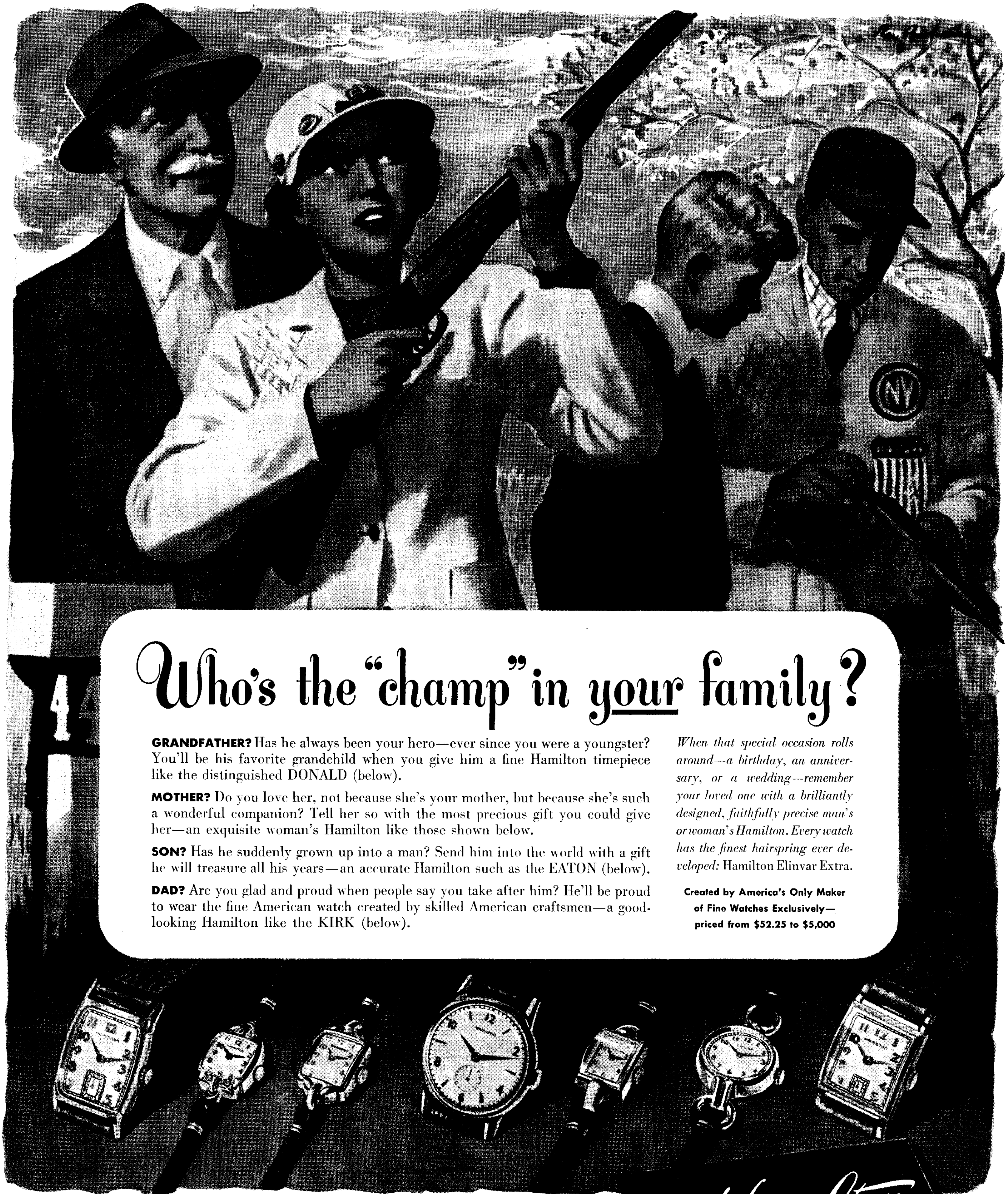

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Hamilton
THE WATCH OF RAILROAD ACCURACY

MADAM PRESIDENT

Continued from page 17

"Okay, Arthur," the boss said in a voice like a cold front, "call back about six and get the story."

The senator was far from feeling as cool as he looked and acted. It was his profession always to appear calm, easy and in control, but Miranda Bruce was one of those American phenomena—like Huey Long and the Townsend Plan—which appear now and then to complicate the serious business of steering a national convention.

Out of a clear and sunny sky, with the road to the White House stretching straight and clear, Miranda Bruce had surprised the country and annoyed the Party by announcing her intention to run for the Presidential nomination. It had seemed too silly to take seriously, even though she was the first woman to have been elected as governor of any state east of the Mississippi. What had electrified the country was the fact that she had promptly resigned the governorship, with the announcement that she didn't think she could do the job the people had elected her to do while she was busy trying to get another job. This one unprecedented statement had not only made Miranda Bruce front-page news but had made trouble in Huntoon's political racing stable when reporters kept asking Governor Harrison when *he* was going to resign like Miranda Bruce.

BEFORE the Party fully realized the extent of the danger, there were eighty delegates pledged to the Bruce candidacy and legally committed beyond reach of persuasion. Huntoon had to admit that she offered a pretty attractive line to the unthinking masses of voters. She had a cause. Herself the widow of Major Donald Bruce, a war hero who had died in the Battle of the Bulge, Mrs. Bruce had lost her only child the same year, because of the shortage of hospital facilities, lack of medical attention and wartime neglect of the home front.

Huntoon had made it his business to verify the circumstances in this particular case—for Mrs. Bruce herself had not publicized them—and agreed privately that there was a legitimate grievance when a soldier's baby has to die of meningitis in a drugstore because the hospitals refused to accept the case without cash in advance. But this grievance should never have been allowed to become a demand for bonuses for G.I. wives and children and the whole repellent range of subsidized housing, socialized medicine, better schools, day nurseries, school lunches and all the other New Deal fripperies in a period when "Economy!" was the Party's glacial battle cry.

The Bruce program had attracted powerful support among the veterans, and women generally. It was worth votes to the Party—but it had gone far enough.

When Mrs. Bruce herself arrived, Huntoon greeted her warmly. She was as attractive as her photographs—a rather simple, vital woman in her late thirties, neatly dressed, with a controlled eagerness and gentle determination that reminded him . . . Yes, she was even beautiful—not pretty, but beautiful—with her slim, erect figure, her dark hair, blue eyes and her air of quiet sincerity.

"Mrs. Bruce," Huntoon said. "I've asked you to see me because you're in politics and I am going to ask you to consider the good of the Party."

She smiled. "And you are going to ask me to withdraw my candidacy in favor of your choice," she said.

"Of course."

"Why?"

"Because," Huntoon replied with an air of complete candor, "the country isn't ready yet to consider a woman as candidate for the Presidency, and your delegates offer the chance of stopping a convention fight that could split the Party and lose the election."

Mrs. Bruce considered for a moment before answering. "There is much truth in what you say, Senator Huntoon," she said at last, "but you must also consider my situation. I never expected to obtain the nomination, of course, but I am still determined to make the fight for it."

"I hope you won't mind if I make a little speech to you," she continued with a shy smile, "because it is the only way I can answer your suggestion. The women in this country, particularly the wives of the veterans, have received little recognition and abominable neglect. The birth rate is falling, housing is unobtainable, living costs are high, there is severe and unjust insecurity for many American families, children are demoralized, education and medical care are neglected, in this, the richest and most victorious nation in the world."

"I'm afraid that has always been so after great wars, Mrs. Bruce," Huntoon replied. "Things will adjust themselves in time, once we set up a sane and responsible government at Washington and all get back to work."

"This time," she answered, "the women of this country are going to make sure that it happens because they have the power to do so. They outnumber the men in voting strength. They hold over a third of the jobs, own and control nearly two thirds of the national wealth and three fourths of the life insurance, spend nine tenths of the national income, are in every occupation and profession, and they control education."

"I should think that that would be enough, without taking over politics, too," said Huntoon.

"Do you call it taking over politics when, with all these assets, a woman can muster less than a tenth of the delegates in a single political convention?"

HUNTOON rose and approached her with an air of deep earnestness that would have deceived all but his closest friends.

"No, I do not!" he told her. "I am for you and I'll support you. Not for the Presidency, of course, but for the Vice-Presidency. With Harrison from the West and you—a woman—from the East, we can win in a walk and give your followers a chance to gain their ends."

"And what price must I pay, Senator?"

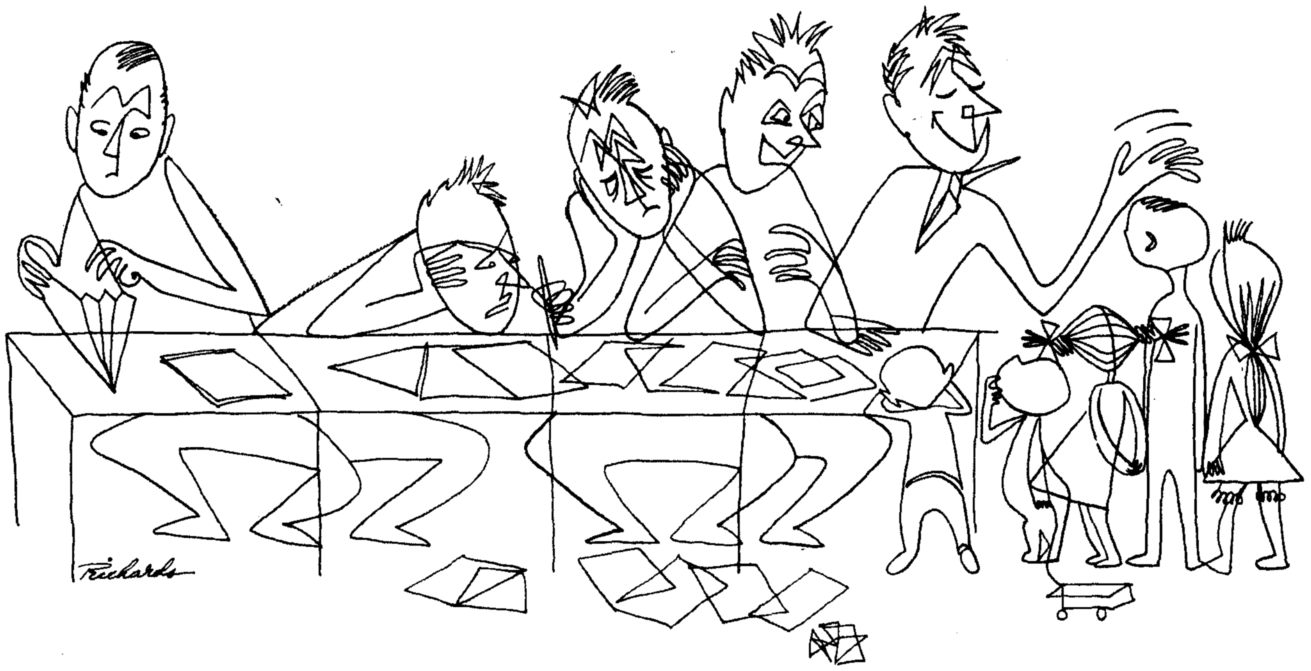
He shook his head. "None! The only thing I ask is that you help me persuade Harrison to go along with this arrangement. I'll need your help for that. He's stubborn as a mine mule, and God knows I'm no czar to order him around. The most I can promise is to support you."

Miranda Bruce stood up. "I'll talk it over with Frank Mulcahy," she said, "and let you know. Frank and I made a compact not to make any major decisions without first consulting each other. But I think he'll agree it's the thing to do."

"Make up your mind as soon as possible, Mrs. Bruce," the boss urged. "Harrison's due here for a conference in half an hour and I'd like you to be here to back me up. You see, he's against women in politics in general, and against you in particular, and it will take a lot of charm to persuade him to have you on the ticket. You supply the charm, Mrs. Bruce, and I'll supply the persuasion and between us we'll make history." . . .

"No, Jim," exclaimed Governor Harrison, "I just won't do it. I never heard of anything so crazy in all my life."

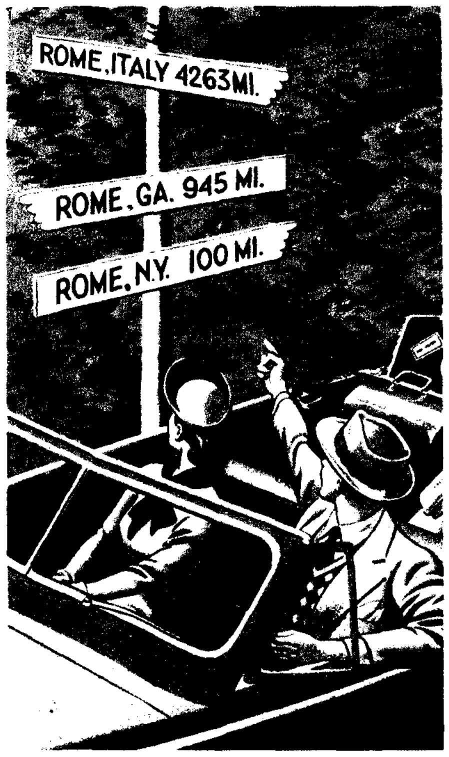
"But, A. H.," Huntoon insisted. He



COLLIER'S

EXEMPTIONS

KEN RICHARDS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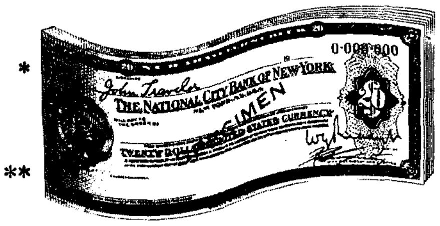
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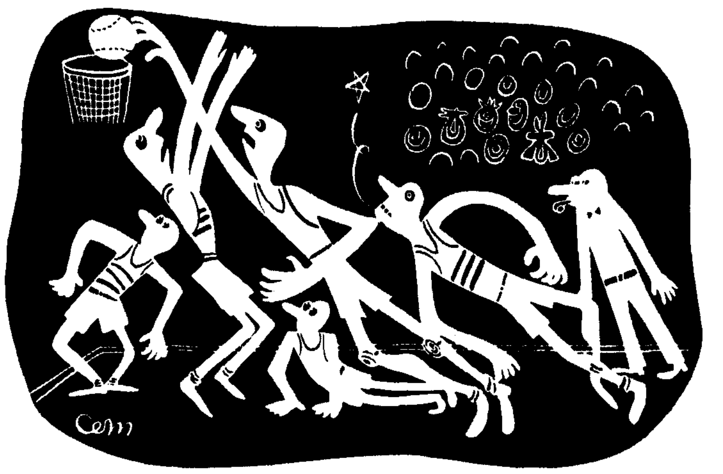

CHARLES E. MARTIN

SPORTING ODDS

At Ripley, Ohio, in December, 1939, a complete basketball game was played in total darkness, yet the spectators didn't miss a play. The darkness, it should be explained, was deliberate, the game being a novelty sport called "Ghost Basketball." All the players, the referee, baskets, ball and side-line markings were made visible by a harmless luminous paint, and the two ghost-like teams played a speedy game to a 24-22 score.

—Harold Winerip, Winthrop, Mass.

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was the very figure of patience. "We need her votes to win. Some of our Southern delegates will be free to switch after the first ballot. We can't keep them away from the convention forever. They'll have to come to the auditorium to vote, and once Beck's crowd gets to them—"

He paused and considered his hand-picked candidate ruefully. The trouble with Alexander Hamilton Harrison, he decided, was that he looked so much like a statesman that he'd never had to learn to be a politician. He looked and acted like a combination of Abe Lincoln and Will Rogers, and still made a good deal of sense. Six feet two of spare-framed masculinity, with bronzed face and keen blue eyes, he made people like him too easily. He'd been a good governor, of course, but in a state and at a time when it was a lead-pipe cinch to balance the budget and get the political benefits of all the wartime spending. Then, too, he was a bachelor. No woman stories about him yet, though Huntoon knew what the Opposition could do on that angle. He thought of Cleveland and the "Ma! Ma! Where's my Pa?" campaign, and winced inwardly.

HARRISON stood up and rested his hands on the table. "Shucks, Jim, you're getting cold feet. We'll go over easy. Those colored boys are signed up and when they see me out ahead of Beck they'll stay on the band wagon."

"Where are you going to get the votes?" Huntoon asked. "That's what we need now—votes—and Mrs. Bruce has a hundred delegates, eighty of them nailed down until she releases them."

"They'll come over to me in the end," Harrison assured him. "Specially the girls. Women audiences always go strong for me. It's partly that I'm not married, I guess—"

"Like Hitler?" Huntoon suggested. He was amused.

"Yeah? Well, Hitler got the women's vote in Germany—and it's partly that they like a man to tell 'em to go home and leave politics to the menfolks. Hell, they don't want to get mixed up in this stuff, and I give 'em an excuse not to! Women like to be told to do what they want to do, Jim, and they like me to tell 'em."

The boss frowned. "That may work on the stump out in the sticks," he observed, "though I wonder why they come to your meetings unless you do expect them to vote for you. But it's no good in the East. Don't forget that about a third of the women in this country have to work for wages, no matter what they'd like to do. They own two thirds of the nation's wealth, three fourths of the life insurance and control about nine tenths of the income. They—"

"So what!" Harrison interrupted. "Trouble is, Jim, this country's got itself all wrong on women. There are only two kinds. The right kind belong back home, taking care of the kids. I'm not having any part of this Miranda Bruce outfit."

Huntoon considered carefully for a few minutes; then he looked up at Harrison with a singularly gentle smile. If Nearing had been there, he would have understood.

"Well, Governor," he said at last, "you're the doctor. It's your campaign. I can't force you to take my advice but I can ask you to do something for me. I want you to suspend judgment until you've had a talk with Mrs. Bruce. After all, a hundred votes are one tenth of all the delegates."

"That, I will not do," Harrison insisted. "Miranda Bruce can keep her delegates."

Huntoon spoke sharply. "A. H.," he said, "as long as I'm managing your campaign you'll see the people I ask you to see, whether you like them or not. You'll see Mrs. Bruce and try to get her to turn in her chips. You know," he added, "you have a way with women. Don't tell me you're afraid to handle this one."

Harrison straightened up and his face flushed.

"I don't want any part of it," he declared, "but—"

The boss relaxed. He had won his point.

"Just make an honest man of me," he urged. "I promised Mrs. Bruce that I'd try to talk you into taking her on the ticket. If you aren't going along, it's up to you to tell her so yourself."

Harrison nodded. "Okay, Jim," he

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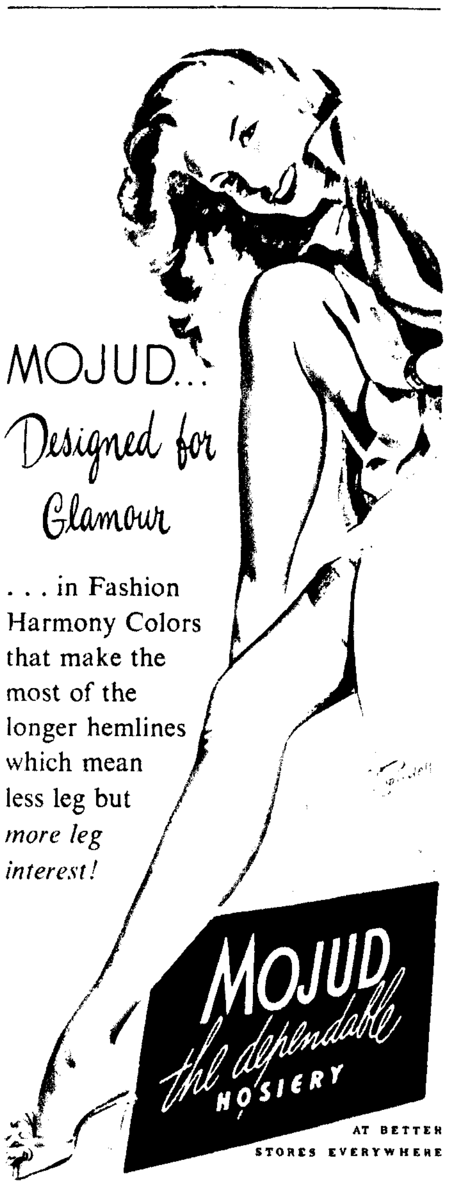

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agreed. "If you put it that way, I'll see her and tell her to go fly a kite. Why, with my record I'd look like a fool even considering having a woman as my running mate. Where's her room? I'll go down and tell her now. Then we'll get back on the rails, eh?"

"You can stay right here," Huntoon assured him. "She's due any minute. In fact," he added, as there was a knock at the door, "I guess she's here now."

AS USUAL, Huntoon was right. It was Miranda. "Mrs. Bruce," said Huntoon as she entered, "allow me to introduce Governor Harrison. Governor, this is Mrs. Bruce."

"How do you do, ma'am!" said Harrison.

"How do you do, Governor," she said simply and sat down by the senator.

"What decision did you come to, Mrs. Bruce?" the boss asked.

"Wait a minute—" Harrison interjected but was waved to silence.

Miranda smiled at the two men, who were beginning to glare ever so slightly at each other.

"I talked it over with Frank Mulcahy," she told him, "we decided to turn it down."

"Turn it down!" Huntoon was startled. "Turn down the Vice-Presidency!"

Miranda nodded. "It must seem silly to you," she agreed, "but there it is. Everybody knows Governor Harrison's position on the subject, trying to make women go back to the kitchen. He's been making speeches about it for years. I couldn't help my supporters if I ran on the same ticket with the governor. I'd simply be betraying them."

Harrison heaved a sigh of relief. "That's that, Jim," he agreed. "Now we can go ahead with something that makes sense. Begging your pardon, ma'am, but it doesn't make sense to have a woman run for Vice-President."

"Now wait a minute, A. H.," Huntoon interrupted. "We're not trying to bury any Presidents just yet. We're trying to get the nomination and win the election. You can't brush off half the voters by telling them they don't belong. Be practical about this. I think you and Mrs. Bruce would make a winning ticket."

Miranda shook her head. "I can't go on the same ticket with a woman hater," she announced. "I'd look like a fool or just another opportunist. There's nothing personal about this. No, I'll keep my delegates, make my fight on the floor and then see what happens."

Harrison beamed tolerantly. "There's nothing personal about this either, Mrs. Bruce. The women of this country know I'm right. They naturally belong at home. Politics isn't their game. They'd rather vote for a man anyhow."

"You see, Senator," Miranda told Huntoon. "There's no use saying anything. It's a little late to argue that women's place is in the home when they darn' well haven't been allowed to stay there. Telling them to go back isn't realistic. If Governor Harrison isn't just talking for effect, the thing to do is to make it possible for them to go back and wash dishes—if they want to, which I doubt."

Harrison bristled a bit. "I'm not talking for effect, ma'am, but I do say that politics calls for realism and not all this sentimental stuff about two babies in every perambulator—meaning no offense to you."

"I don't know anything more realistic than having a baby," Miranda retorted. "You men give one another medals for doing things not half so dangerous. But I couldn't expect a bachelor to know that."

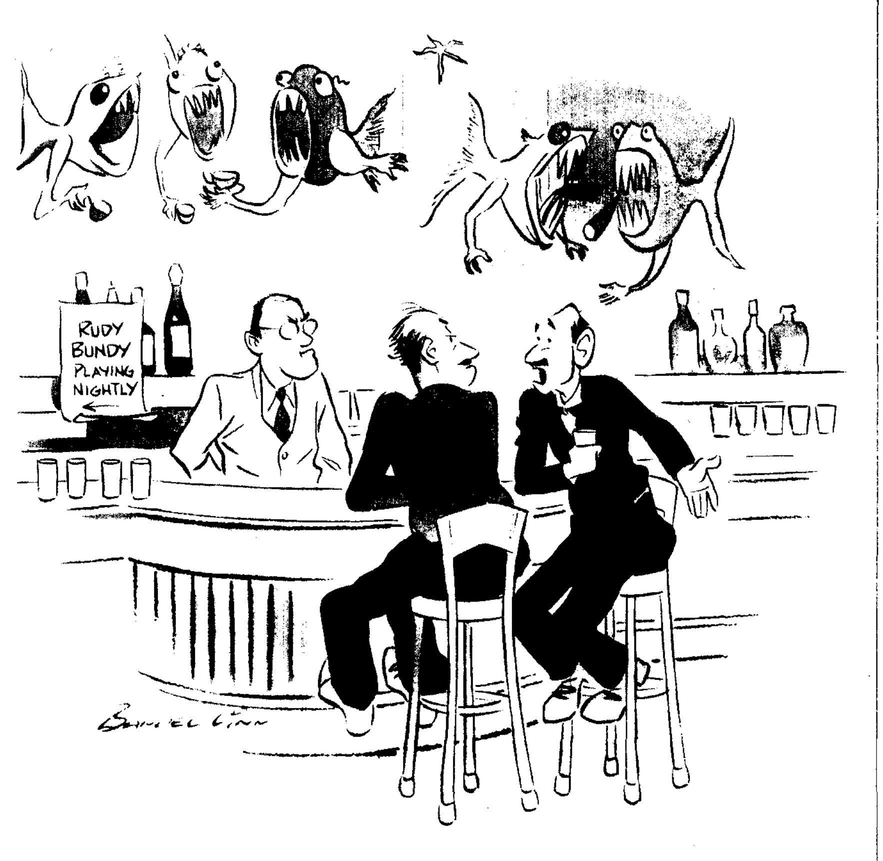
"You see, Jim," Harrison observed, "even Mrs. Bruce has to get personal when it comes to the pinches. No, ma'am, we're in agreement. You don't want to be on the ticket with me and it's mutual. Now about your delegates. Jim here thinks they'd come in handy. What do you want for 'em?"

"Wait a minute, Governor," Huntoon intervened, noting the angry glitter in Miranda's eye. "Mrs. Bruce isn't running a political hock shop. I—"

"You let me handle this, Senator!" Harrison raised his voice. "What do you want for your delegates, Mrs. Bruce? I'll give you anything short of a Cabinet job. How about Commissioner of Immigration or Director of the Mint?"

Mrs. Bruce smiled, and Huntoon needed no interpreter to understand that the breach was final.

"Governor Harrison," she told him, "I



"Lois has a new angle! When we have an argument, she doesn't go home to her mother—she invites her to stay with us!"

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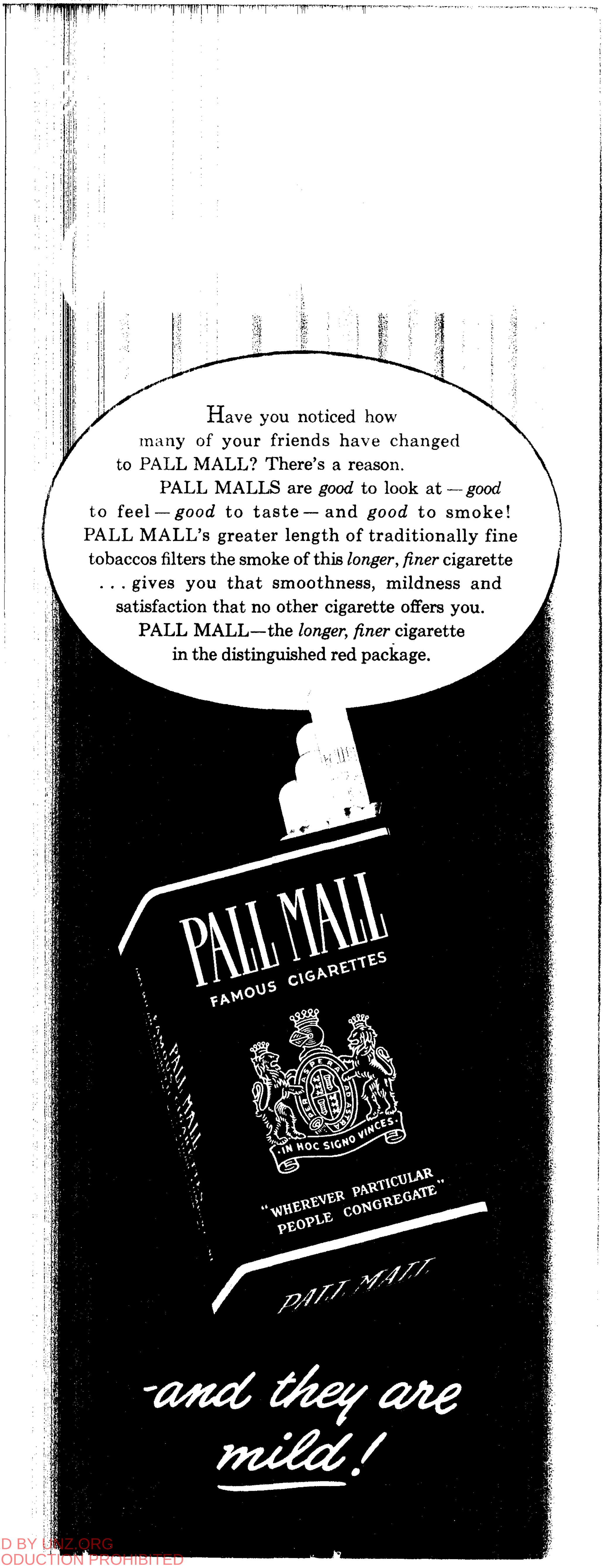
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Harrison did not lack dignity as he rose and bowed. "Goodby, ma'am," he said gravely. "So long, Jim. I'll be back a little later."

As the door closed behind the irate governor, Mrs. Bruce turned to the boss. "I'm sorry, Senator," she told him pleasantly. "I shouldn't have let myself get so angry. I'm afraid I've made things more difficult for you. I should have known better but I'd never met Governor Harrison and hoped he might not be as reactionary as the papers make him seem."

"And now?"

"He's worse!" she announced. "A pig-headed, stubborn, phony fool of a man. Senator Beck's bad enough, with his endless talk of home and Mother—or is it Mom?—but this candidate of yours—"

THERE was a knock on the door. Huntoon glanced at his watch. "That will be Arthur Urn of the New York Record," he said. "I expected to have better news for him. Shall I bring him in?"

Miranda nodded. "I have nothing to conceal," she said.

"How about that story, Senator?" the rumpled newspaperman demanded. "The delegates are still milling around the hotel lobbies but they don't know why. Tell me."

Huntoon smiled. "I'll let Mrs. Bruce tell you, Arthur. In her own words. It's her story. You know Mr. Urn, of course, don't you, Mrs. Bruce?" he added.

"We have met," Miranda observed coolly, and Urn flinched.

"Listen, Mrs. Bruce," he explained. "That story I wrote about your Boston meeting was done on orders from the desk. They told me to kid the heck out of it."

"And you did," Miranda replied. "Mary Smith will never forgive you for what you wrote, but no matter. Now, here is what happened: Senator Huntoon suggested that I accept his support for the Vice-Presidential nomination on the same ticket with Governor Harrison."

"He did, did he!" Urn exclaimed. "Senator, what game are you—"

"No game, Arthur. This is on the level."

"*That* is news," said Urn. "And so you ate the apple, Mrs. Bruce, and are now looking for some fig leaves?"

Miranda laughed. She had a nice warm laugh.

"No, Mr. Urn. After I had talked it over with Mr. Mulcahy we decided to refuse. We think it would compromise our cause to join forces with a professional woman hater like Harrison who's got the notion that he's the Rocky Mountains' great gift to history."

"And that's a *good* story," Urn observed. "Thanks, Senator. Thank *you*, Mrs. Bruce."

"Wait a minute," said Huntoon, as Urn started for the door. "There's more to it than that. At my request, Mrs. Bruce came here for a conference with Governor Harrison. The governor was just as strongly opposed to the idea as was Mrs. Bruce. There was no—er—meeting of the minds and after the third round he left to cool off. You'll probably find him back at headquarters if you want his angle."

"He's the kind of man," Miranda remarked acidly, "who believes that there are only two kinds of women—the good ones and the other kind. He believes that women can't understand politics because they don't spit. He believes—"

Huntoon laughed. "Come now, Mrs. Bruce, the governor's a little naïve but he's not as bad as all that."

Mrs. Bruce stood up. "Well, I've got to get back to my rooms, Senator," she said. "I have some people waiting."

Huntoon took her hand. "Just one thing before you leave, Mrs. Bruce," he said. "I want you to understand that I'm really sorry about this and I do hope that when you release your delegates you'll let me know about it."

Miranda laughed. "I never realized that so few votes could mean so much to so many. I'll see you, Senator, but I'll tell you one thing right now. I'll never willingly let one of my delegates vote for that phony Lincoln of yours. You'd better tell him to go practice his rail splitting."

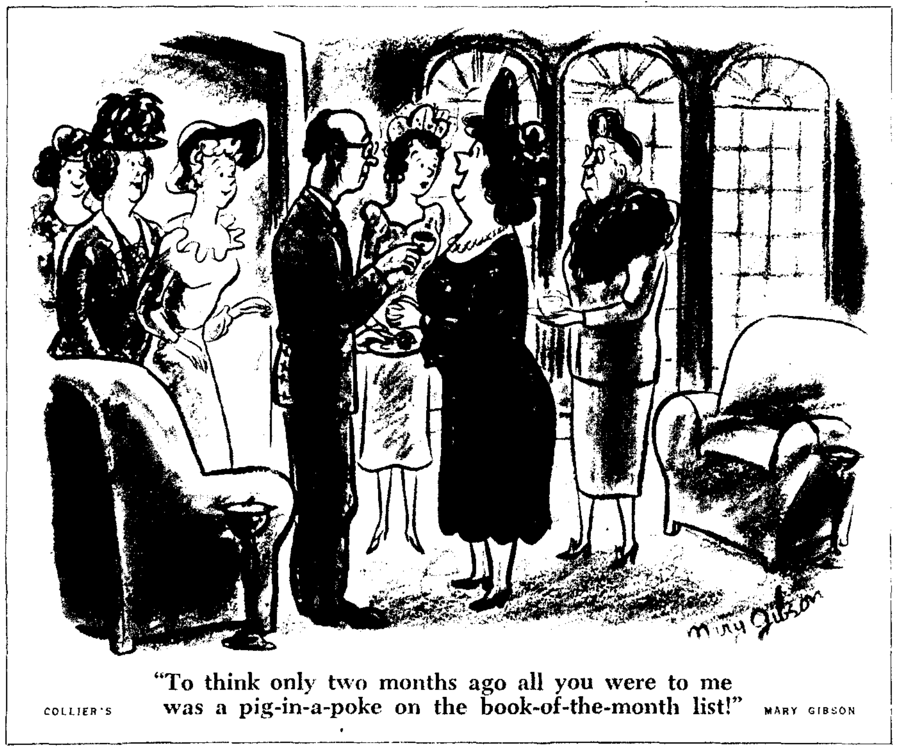
The boss smiled back at her. "I'll keep it in mind, Mrs. Bruce, so long as there's no split in the Party. And I still think you'd make an excellent running mate for any candidate."

As the door closed behind her, Urn turned eagerly to Huntoon. "What's really cooking, Senator?" he demanded. "Why all the soft soap and honeyed words? You aren't really trying to bring this Trojan horse—I mean Trojan mare, maybe—into the convention seriously, are you? What's your game?"

"Nothing at all, Arthur," the senator assured him. "Now about that job we were discussing. It's all off."

"What was it?"

Huntoon looked at the reporter quite steadily. "When Mrs. Bruce was nomi-



COLLIER'S "To think only two months ago all you were to me was a pig-in-a-poke on the book-of-the-month list!" MARY GIBSON

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Savarin au Kirsch

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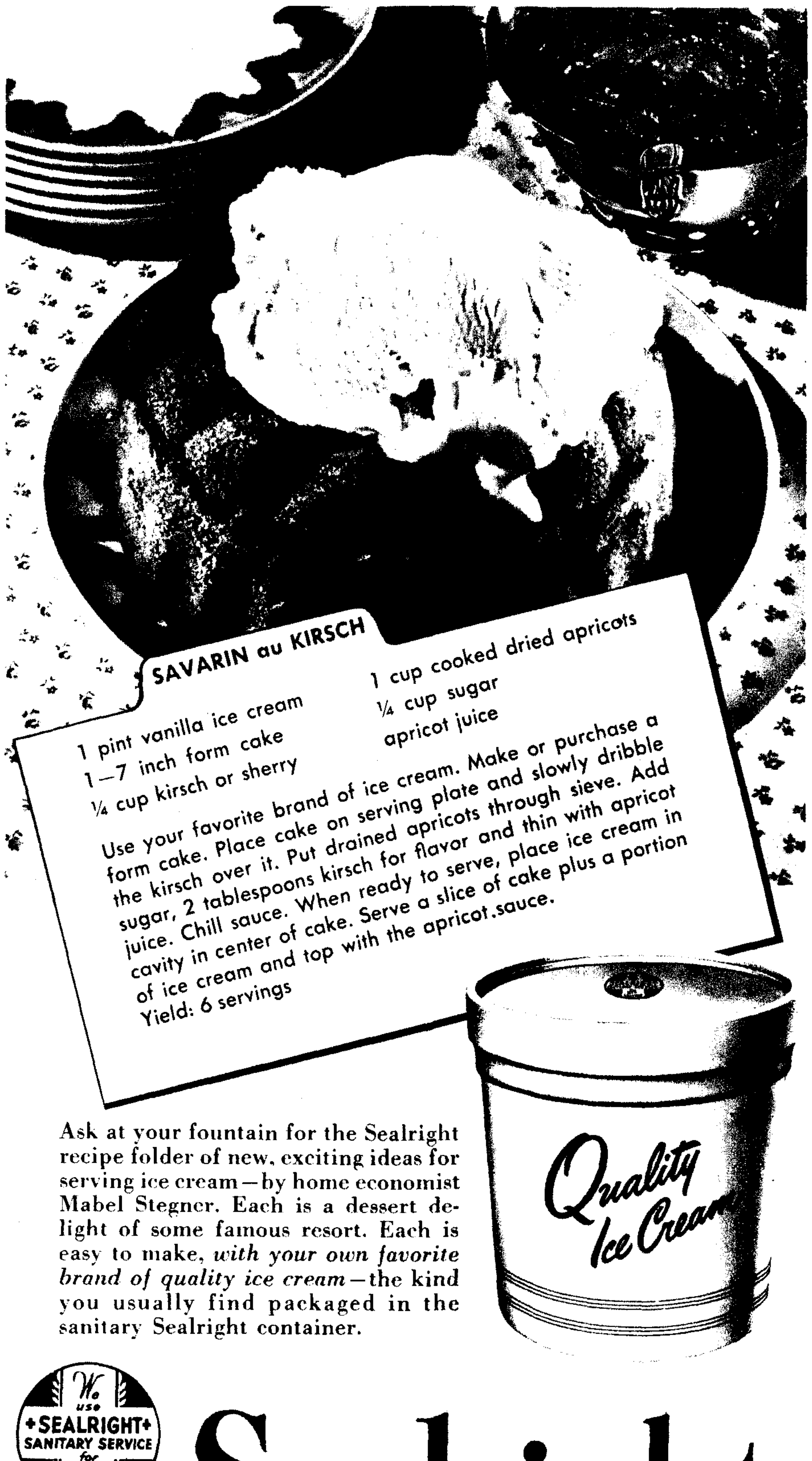

SAVARIN au KIRSCH

1 pint vanilla ice cream
1—7 inch form cake
¼ cup kirsch or sherry
1 cup cooked dried apricots
¼ cup sugar
apricot juice

Use your favorite brand of ice cream. Make or purchase a form cake. Place cake on serving plate and slowly dribble the kirsch over it. Put drained apricots through sieve. Add sugar, 2 tablespoons kirsch for flavor and thin with apricot juice. Chill sauce. When ready to serve, place ice cream in cavity in center of cake. Serve a slice of cake plus a portion of ice cream and top with the apricot sauce.

Yield: 6 servings

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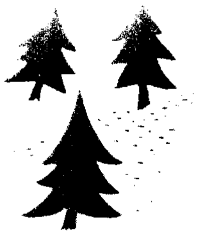

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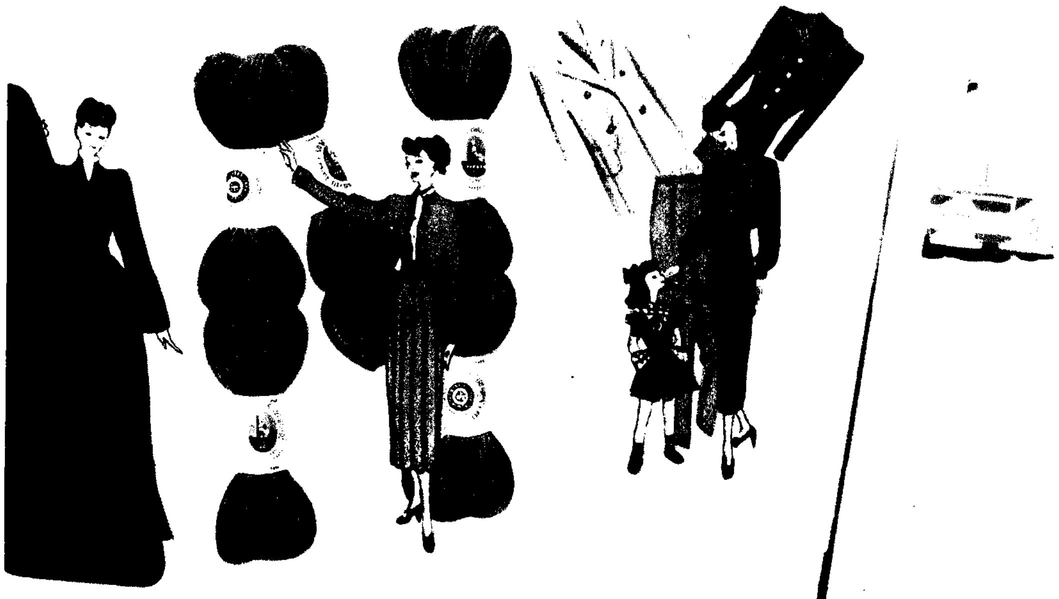

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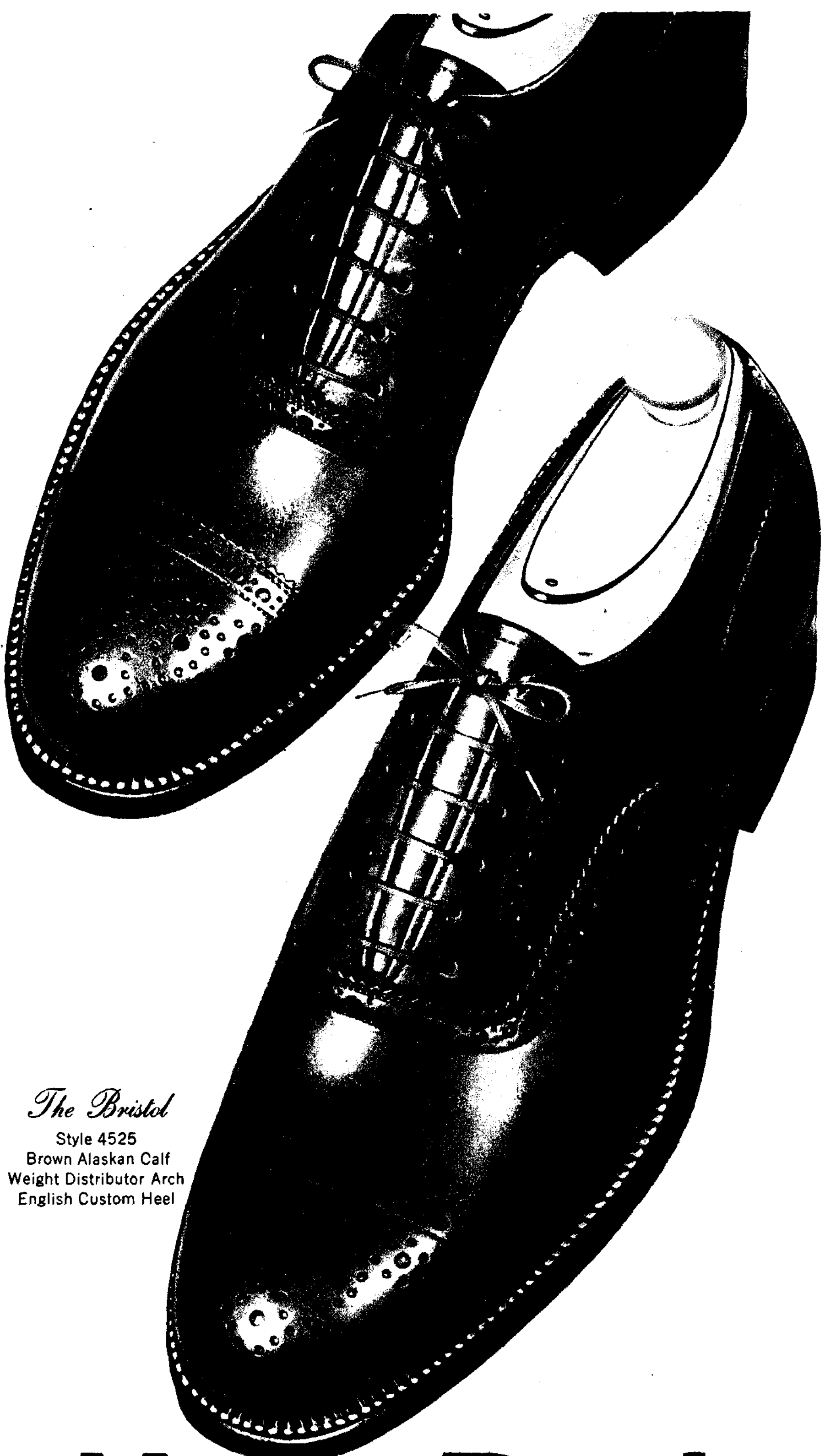

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nated for the Vice-Presidency, Arthur, I wanted you to take charge of her campaign publicity."

Urn took this one standing up. After a while, he smiled at the beaming boss. "I get it, Senator," he said. "Thanks for the tip." . . .

Dah! da-da-da! Dah! thought Arthur Urn as he tapped out the cadence on the door of Room 926. That, unless the room clerk was a liar, would be the room of Miss Mary T. Smith.

"Come in!" she called. "The door's not locked!"

The political reporter of the New York Record then entered the room occupied by Miranda Bruce's personal secretary, and closed the door behind him. Miss Smith said, "Oh!"

Words, reflected Urn, are but a feeble thing to convey the sense of fury that Miss Smith put into that one syllable. He had a split second to grasp her point of view, for she was wearing a bath towel none too well draped around her shoulders, and her red hair was trapped in a plastic bathing cap, and she was dripping water on the Blackstone's carpet.

Urn wheeled as though bitten by an adder, hunted frantically for the doorknob and found himself scratching at the hinge.

"You said 'Come in!' " he gasped. "I didn't—"

"You rapped our signal. I thought it was Miranda." Miss Smith's voice was like an icy draft on his ankles. "Get out!"

Urn grasped the door handle and then suddenly shook his head. "Uh-uh!" he announced. "No can do. Get decent quick. I've got to see you."

"You've seen enough—" she began and then gave an angry laugh. "Get out of my room or—"

"Don't scream!" he advised. "It won't do Mrs. Bruce any good if the house detective finds me in here. There are some guys in the corridor I don't want—"

"Scream!" Mary, who had learned her judo well in the Army, was insulted. "I'll break your neck unless—"

"Don't break any necks before you've heard what they've got to say. I've got some red-hot news for Mrs. Bruce."

MARY considered this statement for so long a pause that he started to turn. "Eyes front!" she ordered, in a more reasonable tone. "I'll grab my things and get into the bathroom. You talk to me through the crack while I'm dressing. And you'd better make it good," she added ominously. "I don't think I like you, Mr. Urn."

"And I'm damned sure I don't like you, but I don't boast about it," Urn replied calmly. "You pretend to be a feminist and when a guy accidentally barges into your room and sees"—there was a stifled snarl which made him pause—"you leap to the conclusion that I'm a Peeping Tom. My intentions are so damned honorable they hurt. *Now,* may I turn?"

"Yep!"

He crossed to the crack of the bathroom door and talked fast.

"You and I can make Mrs. Bruce Vice-President of the United States, Miss Smith, but we'll have to move fast."

"She doesn't want it!" snapped Mary. "She told Senator Huntoon so this afternoon. She doesn't like Harrison."

"Did I say anything about Harrison?" he asked. "Nuts! The boss is putting the skids under the Living Lincoln and he's planning to use Mrs. Bruce to do it. Harrison wouldn't agree to have her on the ticket with him, would he?"

"Nope!" said Mary, with a thick hairpin accent.

"Well, that gives Huntoon the excuse to shed Harrison. The would-be rail splitter's been slipping ever since he made that crack about keeping taxes high. Huntoon's going to sell out to Beck and he's going to try to use La Bruce to make the deal stick."

Mary popped out of the bathroom. Her fiery hair was still in disorder, but she was wearing a very sensible opaque dressing gown. "Keep talking," she ordered as she crossed to the bureau.

"Huntoon's play is to get Mrs. Bruce to swing her votes to Jonathan Beck, with a promise to back her for the short end of the ticket. Then he's going to double-cross her out of it, using Harrison to block it, and your Miranda will be out on a long, thin limb."

"She will not!" Mary retorted. "She won't have anything to do with it."

"Oh, but she will—that is, if she's smart and not just making a grandstand play," Urn insisted. "That's where I come in. Huntoon's being too slick and is letting Beck buy up Harrison's Southern delegations. He's overcharging him, too. Now my idea is that you and I go straight to see Beck before Huntoon gets to him and make our own deal first. Then Miranda will have the nomination—second place but still worth having—and she'll still have her supporters in line for the election. I figure she's worth close to five million votes, that way, and that's a lot to any party."

Mary shook her head. "It sounds sneaky to me," she observed. "Miranda wouldn't do anything like that."

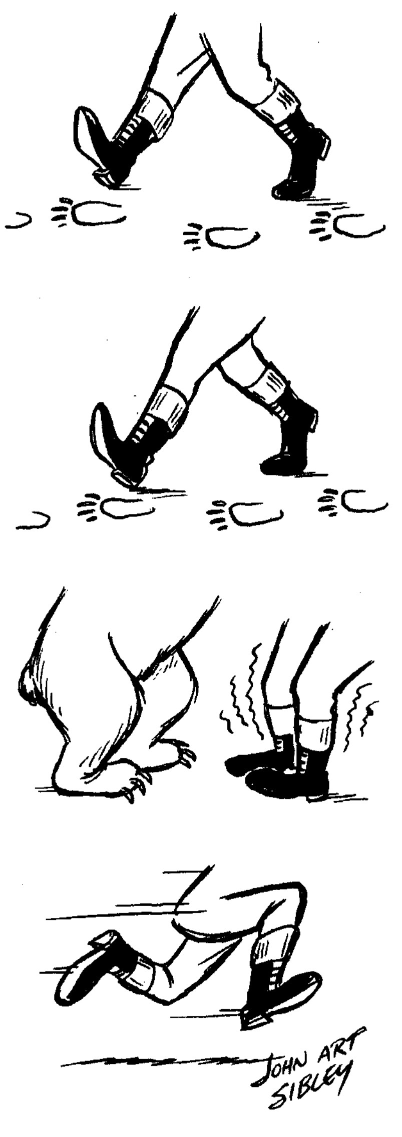
Urn groaned. "Sister," he said, "this is politics—"

"Don't call me 'sister'!" she snapped. "You've been seeing too many Hollywood pictures about newspapermen. The name is Smith."

"Okay, Smith, though you'll always be a sister to me. Anyhow, this is politics. Except that this way your Miranda will

FEET FIRST

Bear Hunter



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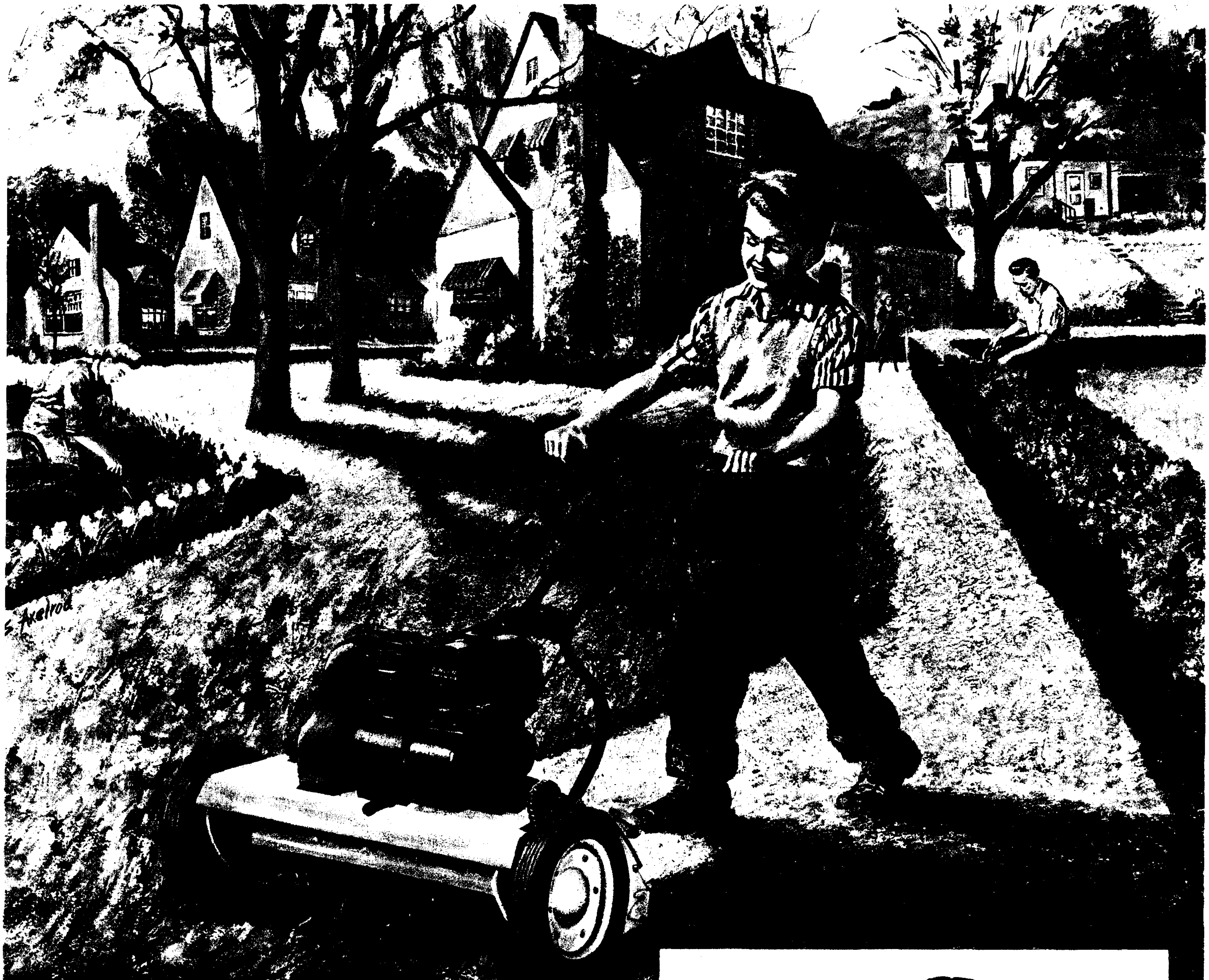

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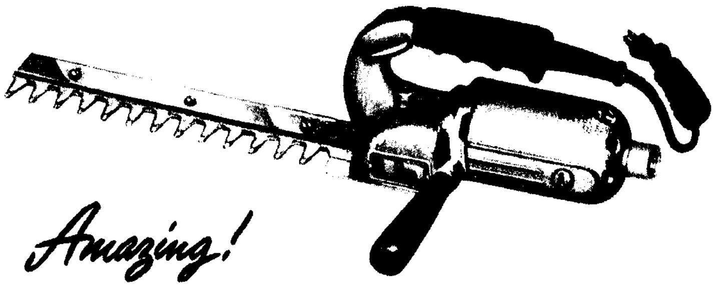

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be right up next to the driver on the band wagon, going places with Beck, instead of rubbernecking on the curb."

"Miranda doesn't care for Senator Beck," Mary observed. "He talks about home and Mother too much. I don't believe he ever had a mother—just a stuffed skirt."

Urn laughed. "Okay, so Beck's all you say he is. At any rate, he knows that a vote's a vote and he's always kept his word—so far. They even call him Honest Jonathan."

"I'll have to talk this over with Mir—"

There was a knock on the communicating door, and Mrs. Bruce appeared.

"Why, Mary!" Miranda exclaimed, startled. "I didn't—"

"Mrs. Bruce!" Urn leaped to his feet and bowed. "This is entirely a mistake. I wanted to consult Miss Smith and—"

Miranda turned to Mary. "You know, dear," she said kindly, "I wouldn't dream of interfering but I think it might make unpleasant talk if—"

"Mrs. Bruce!" Urn's cheeks were flaming. "This is all an accident. I . . . Isn't it, Smith?"

Mary nodded. "He's got some news you ought to hear, Miranda."

MRS. BRUCE sat down on the bed, while Urn repeated his account of Senator Huntoon's projected triple cross.

She nodded, as he finished his story. "It sounds like him," she agreed. "He acted the way my husband used to act when he planned to spend a gay evening in town and didn't quite like to tell me about it—awfully polite and helpful and just a little absent-minded."

"Well," Urn replied, "this time we can catch him so far off base that he'll have to go along with us or look like a fool."

"Mary," Mrs. Bruce remarked, "you go tell Frank about this. Ask him if it's all right."

Miss Smith slammed into the next room, and Miranda turned to the reporter. "Why are you doing this, Mr. Urn?" she asked. "What do you want?"

"Fun!" he replied. "Politics *is* fun, you know. It's serious, of course, but it's fun, too. Senator Huntoon was going to offer me the chance to handle your campaign publicity. As soon as he said that, I knew he was out to double-cross you as soon as he'd used you to double-cross Harrison. One thing I do know is that every candidate picks his own publicity man. The job wasn't Huntoon's to give."

She smiled rather sadly. "Then you don't really believe in my cause, Mr. Urn," she said. "You are just having fun. You aren't trying to help the veterans' wives and families."

He colored slightly. "I believe in you, Mrs. Bruce," he said. "I haven't had much time to think about your program with my paper plugging economy at any price. I'm sort of veteran myself; I was a war correspondent out in the Pacific, but I haven't got a wife or family to worry about. So set it down as fun. That way I can keep my head, and might be able to help you. Besides," he added, "I'm a newspaperman. This is a dull convention. You're the best story that's turned up yet. If I play along with you, I'll be on the inside of the only good angle anyone's located in this Party since the New Deal."

Miranda tapped her shoe reflectively against the bedpost. "I hadn't thought about a publicity man," she told him. "You see, I never expected to get either nomination. I thought that it might help if I just said what I believed in and asked people to vote for me."

He stood and bowed elaborately. "You have a publicity man, now, Mrs. Bruce, whether you wish one or not," he replied. "And it's me. Win, lose or draw, I'll stick around as long as I think you need me. That is, if Smith lets me," he added. "She acts like her mother was frightened by a man."

Miranda Bruce laughed—again that friendly, warm laugh. "Mary's quite a problem to me," she admitted. "At her age, I was engaged. She simply isn't interested in men at all. She says she doesn't like them. Yet she's a perfectly nice, natural, wholesome girl—"

The communicating door opened and the nice, natural, wholesome girl appeared. "Frank says it's a good idea and to go ahead with it. He thinks that Mr. Urn had better handle it himself. That way, Frank says, if anything goes wrong we'll still be clear of trouble."

"Okay, Smith," the newspaperman said. "Mulcahy sounds like a man after my own heart. How many delegates has he lined up now?"

"Still a hundred and three," Mary admitted, "though he thinks that Oklahoma might give us a couple more."

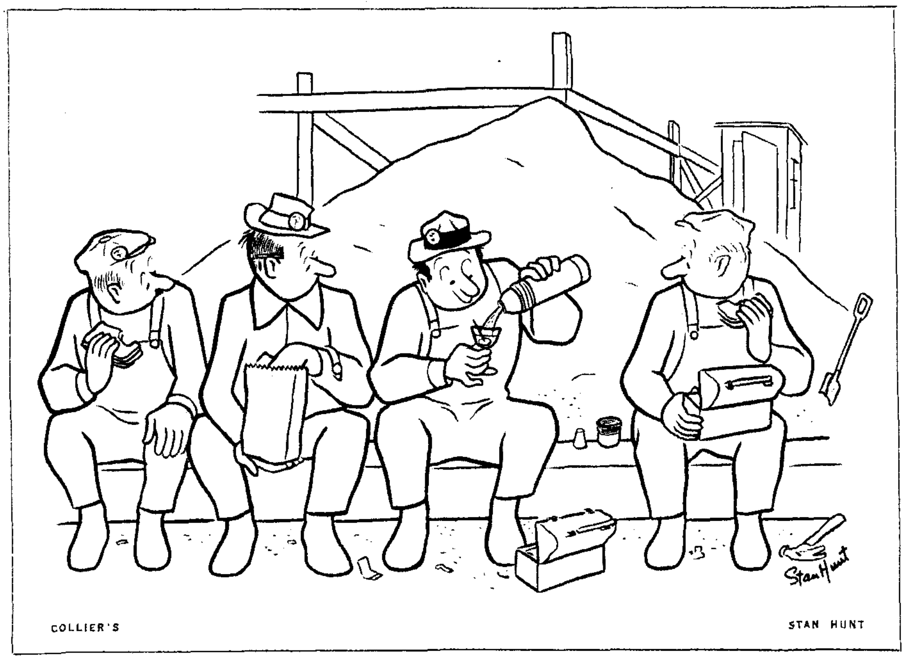
"Anyhow that's one hundred and three votes," Urn assured her, "and that's plenty to bargain with. I'll report back when I've seen Beck."

As he closed the corridor door behind him, Mrs. Bruce turned to her secretary. "He seems quite a well-meaning young man, Mary," she observed, "though his hair needs to be cut. Do you think he can be trusted?"

Mary screwed up her face in concentration.

"Yep," she said at last. "When he came in, I was in the buff. It was an accident, as he said. He gave our special knock and I thought it was you. Well, he didn't try to peek once. That's something. Anyway, he'd better not try any tricks on you or I will break his neck for him. I learned how in the Army. It's not hard.". . .

Quite inevitably, Senator Beck occu-



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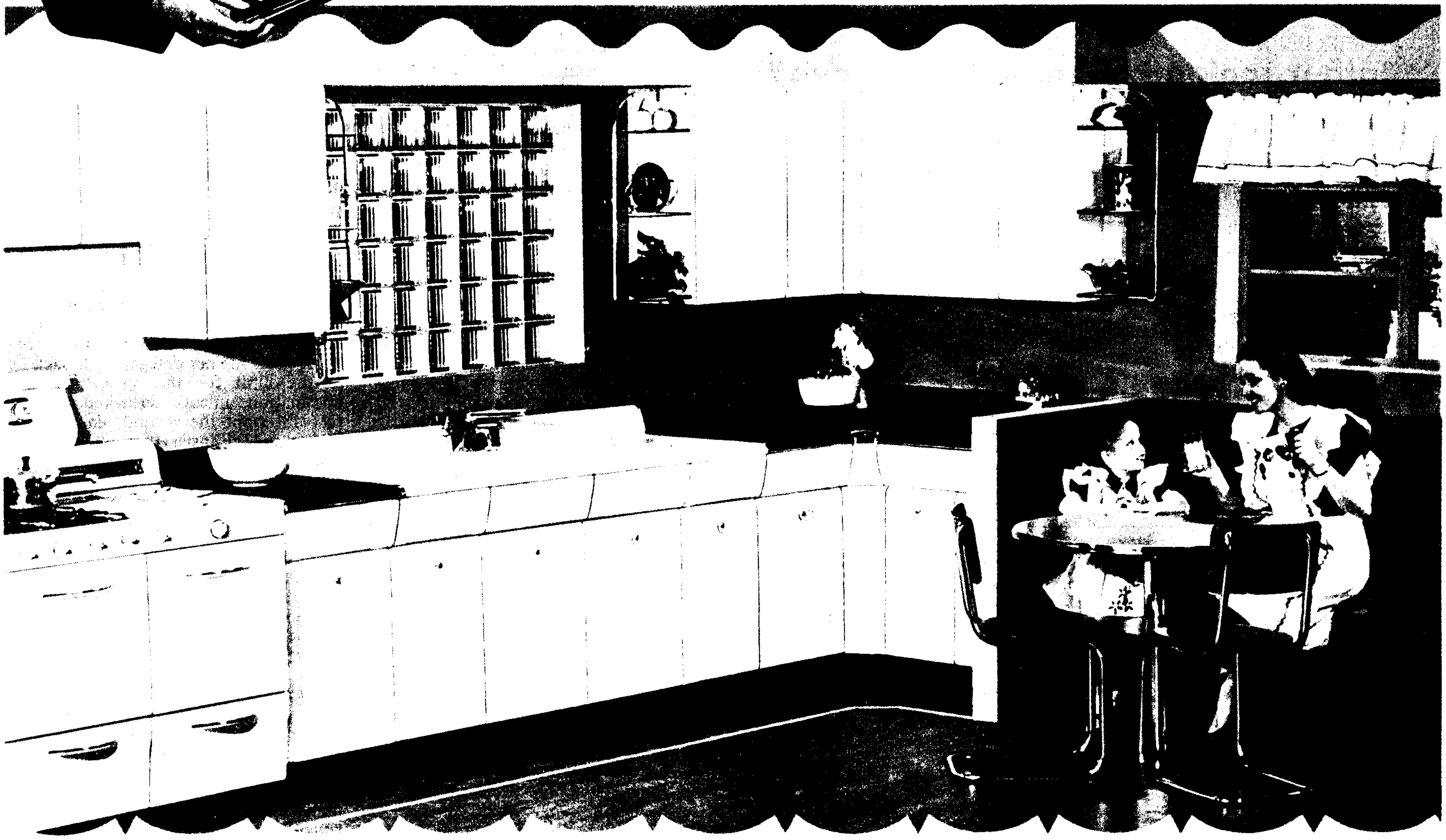

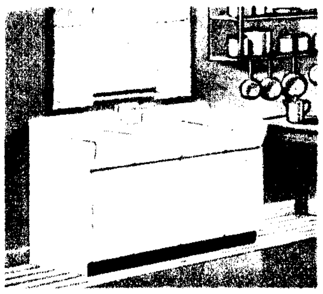

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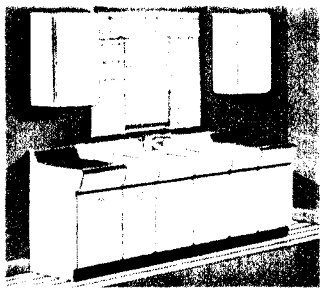

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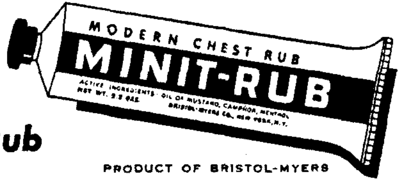

The Modern Chest Rub

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pied the Presidential suite at the Stevens and, also quite naturally, the senator had a quiet room farther down the corridor which he used when he needed liquid respite from the horde of Hoosier handshakers, delegates and alternates who crowded his headquarters. It was in a chair in this oasis that Urn found him—a tired, rather fat, friendly-looking man, with aching feet up on the bed and a brimming glass in his hand. He was that peculiar political ideal of a candidate—an imaginary point in the middle of the Party.

"Hullo, Arthur," the senator said, not attempting to get off the bed. "What can I do for the New York Record?"

Urn laughed. "Not a thing, Senator," he said. "Today I'm going to do something for you. You have the reputation for keeping your word. That's a lot in Washington. I've come here to propose a deal that will put you in the White House with no questions asked."

"Shoot!" said Senator Beck.

"You've been buying up some of Harrison's delegations, Senator?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Well, you're being gypped. Huntoon's passed the word to sell out Harrison, and he's collecting from you for double-crossing his own man."

"That speech on taxes?" Beck inquired.

"That's right!"

"Hm! Well, that's mighty interesting, Arthur, but even with the Southern delegates in my camp I'll have a long way to go. Harrison is still strong, and Clyde Morrow has a lot of reserve power which won't show until after the third or fourth ballot. I'll still be short of delegates."

"That's where I come in, Senator," Urn told him. "I can deliver all the Bruce delegates to you on the second ballot—"

"You can what?" Beck spilled his drink as he jumped to his feet.

"That's right, Senator. Mrs. Bruce has over a hundred delegates, eighty of them pledged solid. She'll deliver them to you on the second ballot, if—"

"If what?" Beck exploded. "That will give me close to four hundred and sixty."

"And the band wagon will be rolling by then and Huntoon will switch so there won't be a third roll call, leaving Morrow bottled up," Urn informed him. "That's the deal that Huntoon will offer you. That's why I'm here."

"Are you from Huntoon?" Beck asked suspiciously.

"Nope. I'm working with Mrs. Bruce. She wants the second place on the ticket. Huntoon thinks he's swindled her. He plans to use her votes to nominate you and then use you and Harrison to double-cross her. Now if you won't agree to play ball with Mrs. Bruce she's not going to deliver her votes to anybody. That means that Morrow will get it on the fifth or sixth roll call and we'll all be out of luck."

Jonathan Beck made a desperate attempt to look like a statesman—but it was too hot.

"How do I know that Mrs. Bruce won't switch to Morrow?" he asked reasonably. "You can't trust your own mother at this stage in a convention."

Urn nodded. "That's easy, Senator," he said. "You can trust arithmetic. When Mrs. Bruce gets up and asks her delegates to vote for you and they do—you can trust that, can't you?"

JONATHAN BECK agreed that there was nothing like votes on a roll call to prove sincerity.

"Okay, then," the reporter told him. "That's the way it will happen, if you give me your promise that you'll really support Miranda Bruce for the Vice-Presidency."

Again the senator plunged into temporary statesmanship. "Mrs. Bruce is a mighty fine woman, Arthur," he said with unction. "A true patriot and a real American. There's never been a woman Vice-President before, but—"

"There'd never been a third term before 1940," said Arthur.

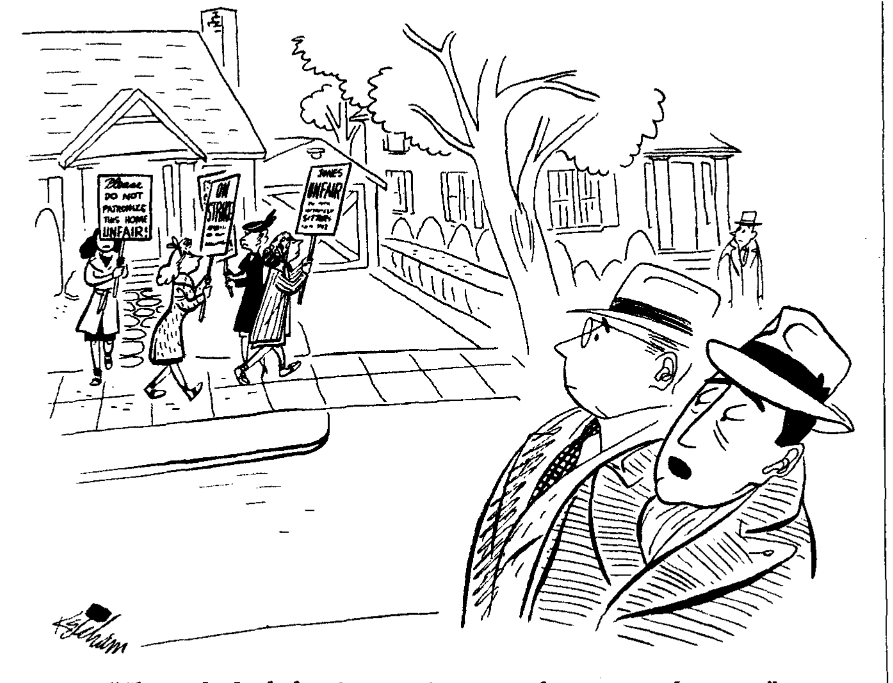
"That's right, boy. The old order changes, yielding place to the new, and we have to change with the times, don't we? You tell Mrs. Bruce from me that if she gives me her delegates I'll back her to the limit for the Vice-Presidential nomination, unless I get licked, in which case I'll want the second place myself. Damn it, I'll insist that the Party do justice to the women voters. Just imagine Jim Huntoon trying to double-cross me after all our years together in the Senate!"

"Don't let him guess that you know his game, Senator," Urn begged him. "Let him think he's getting away with it."

Beck gave a rumbling laugh. "In politics we play for keeps, Arthur," he replied. "Huntoon will never find out from me. I'll even buy his delegates at fancy prices. I'll need 'em on that second ballot. Keep in touch, boy! I'll be seeing you." . . .

To make his story complete, Urn had to interview Harrison and get his angle. After all, the Record was pro-Harrison. And it was this fact that gave him the intoxicating notion that he, too, could make a little political history on the side.

The final idea came to him while he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"ROCKITS"

by

Fortune

SHOES FOR MEN

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was waiting at the Harrison headquarters in the Congress Hotel. The cowboy band, the drum majorette, and the fifteenth rendition of Git Along, Little Dogies, Git Along! convinced him he should sell a little whisky to the Indians. Besides, he had never cared for the "Howdy, pardner" touch in politics, and he wanted to show Smith that she didn't know from nothing.

"Howdy, son!" Harrison boomed as he entered the inner-inner sanctum.

"Hello, Governor," Urn replied. "I want to check on this story about you turning down Mrs. Bruce for a place on the ticket. I've just come from Senator Huntoon," he added. "He gave me the story, but, of course, I wanted to check with you before I write it."

Harrison broadcast a hearty Western laugh. "Jim just went crazy," he said. "He wanted me to trade the short end of the ticket for that fool woman's delegates. Naturally, I turned it down flat."

"So did she, Governor, didn't she?"

"That's right. She did. Maybe you'd better play up that angle. It shows that she's got no political know-how. Wouldn't I look a pretty fool running for the White House with a woman for a running mate?"

"A hundred delegates are worth having," the reporter observed. "Think you can find them anywhere else?"

Harrison chuckled. "Sure. I'll have 'em on the third roll call. They can't stand out against the tide."

"Don't you think that Mrs. Bruce might have helped you in the campaign, Governor?" Urn asked. "She has a big following—five million votes according to my figures."

The governor ceased to be the breezy Westerner. "You're crazy as Jim Huntoon, Urn. About the only thing that could make the Party lose this election is to have a woman on the ticket. She'd give us the kiss of death."

The reporter concentrated on keeping the eagerness out of his voice. This was the key question. His face assumed an air of bewildered and childlike innocence. "Then if you got double-crossed out of the nomination, Governor, would you feel justified in taking your revenge by wishing Mrs. Bruce on your opponent?"

Harrison frowned. "Never thought about it that way," he said, "but that's pretty nigh the case. Naturally, I wouldn't do a dirty trick like that on my worst enemy—unless he was cheating me. But there isn't anybody going to double-cross me now. Jim Huntoon and I are like that!" He held up two fingers. "We've got the Southern delegations lined up solid, and he'll be lucky if he's got two hundred and fifty, and the rest are nowhere—favorite sons and this Bruce woman. And when the delegates see the old band wagon rolling and know that it's their meal ticket for the next four years, human nature will just naturally make them climb aboard."

Arthur Urn nodded. "I think I get the picture now, Governor," he admitted. "You're confident that you'll win."

"That's right," said Harrison.

It was his complacency that did it. It had been on the tip of Urn's tongue to hint to Harrison that his campaign manager was selling him short. In spite of his somewhat synthetic Western breeziness, Harrison was a good guy—clean, hard, friendly and not given to double-talk. He was far and away the most attractive of the men the Party had to choose from, and he was a dead duck.

BACK in his room, Urn pulled out his portable typewriter and began his dispatch to the Record, blandly datelined, Convention Hall, Chicago.

"Governor Alexander Hamilton Harrison, leading contender for the national Presidential nomination, vigorously refused tonight to play Wintergreen to Mrs. Miranda Bruce's Throttlebottom," he typed.

"The governor's campaign manager, Senator James B. Huntoon, had suggested that Harrison accept Mrs. Bruce as a running mate, in exchange for the Bruce delegates, now estimated at more than a hundred strong.

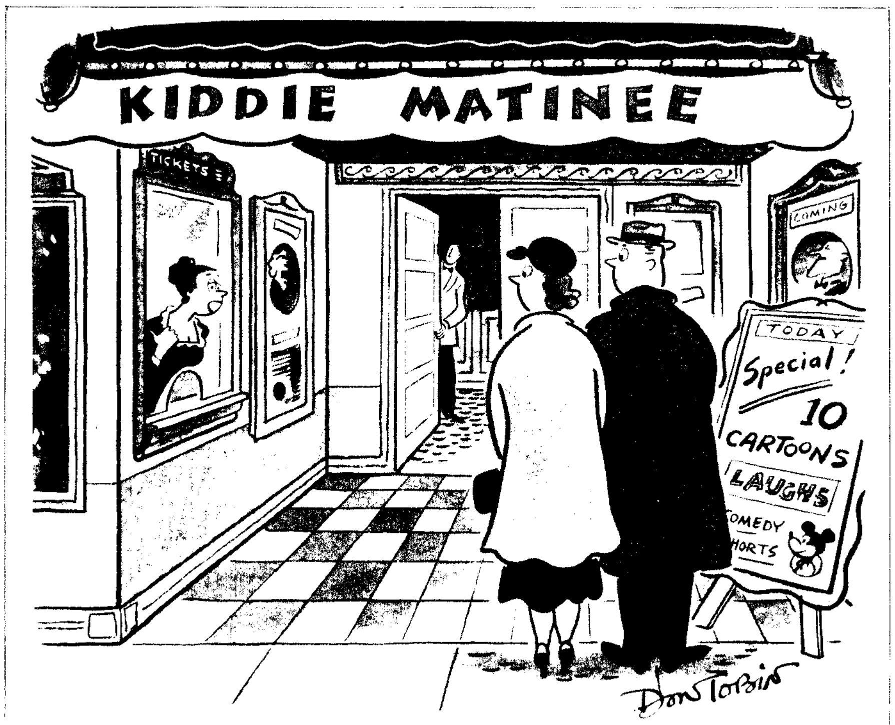
"'It would be the kiss of death,' Governor Harrison stated in an exclusive interview for the Record at his Congress Hotel headquarters.

"When word of this sensational development reached the throng of perspiring delegates, milling around the hotel lobbies . . . etc., etc."

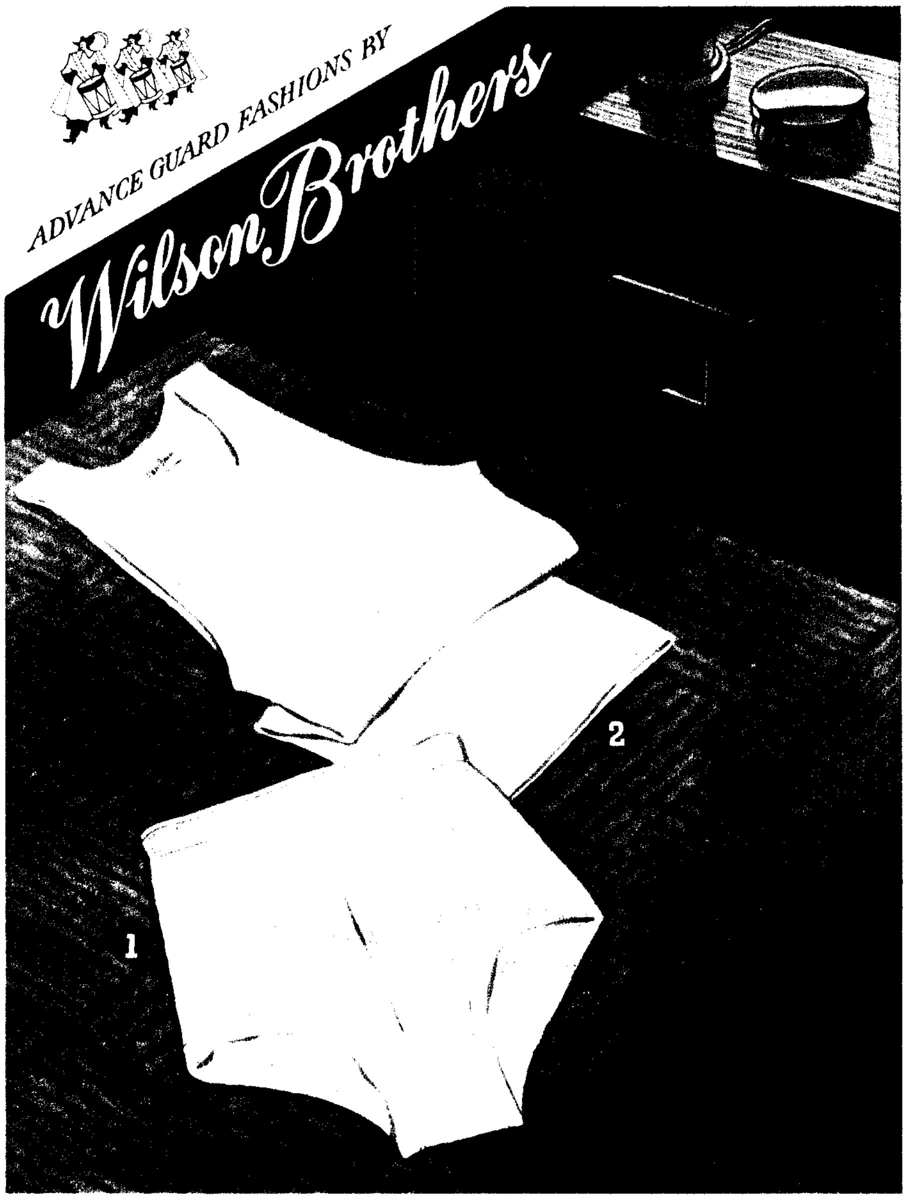
Urn smiled to himself as he tapped out the crisp details in a pure distillate of journalistic hooch. He had just undertaken, he decided, to stage a quintuple cross. Huntoon was planning to double-cross Harrison and triple-cross Miranda. Miranda's deal with Beck made it a four-way operation, while this scheme to get Harrison's support for Miranda on the Vice-Presidential assignment—if it worked—would be a kingmaker.

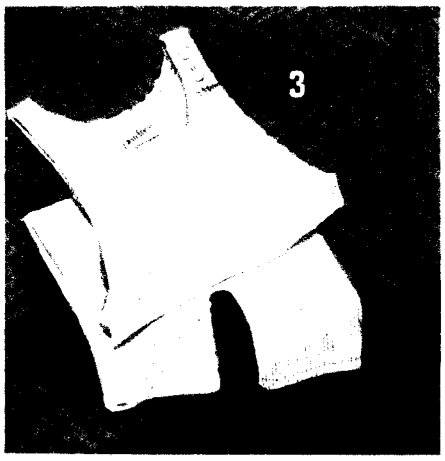
Yep, it was pretty clean. Mrs. Bruce, by being honest, would be the beneficiary of everybody else's trickery. And he had done it with his little hatchet.

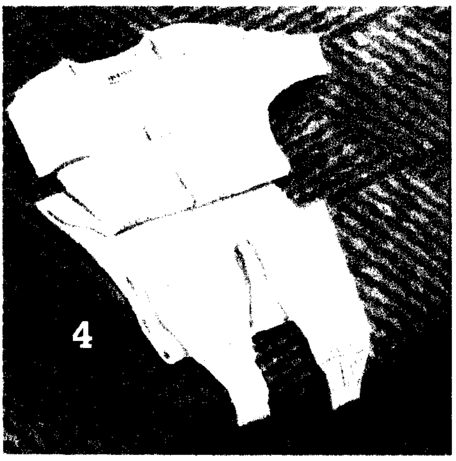
He finished the last tingling paragraph



COLLIER'S "They'll be coming out now. It's safer around the corner" DON TOBIN







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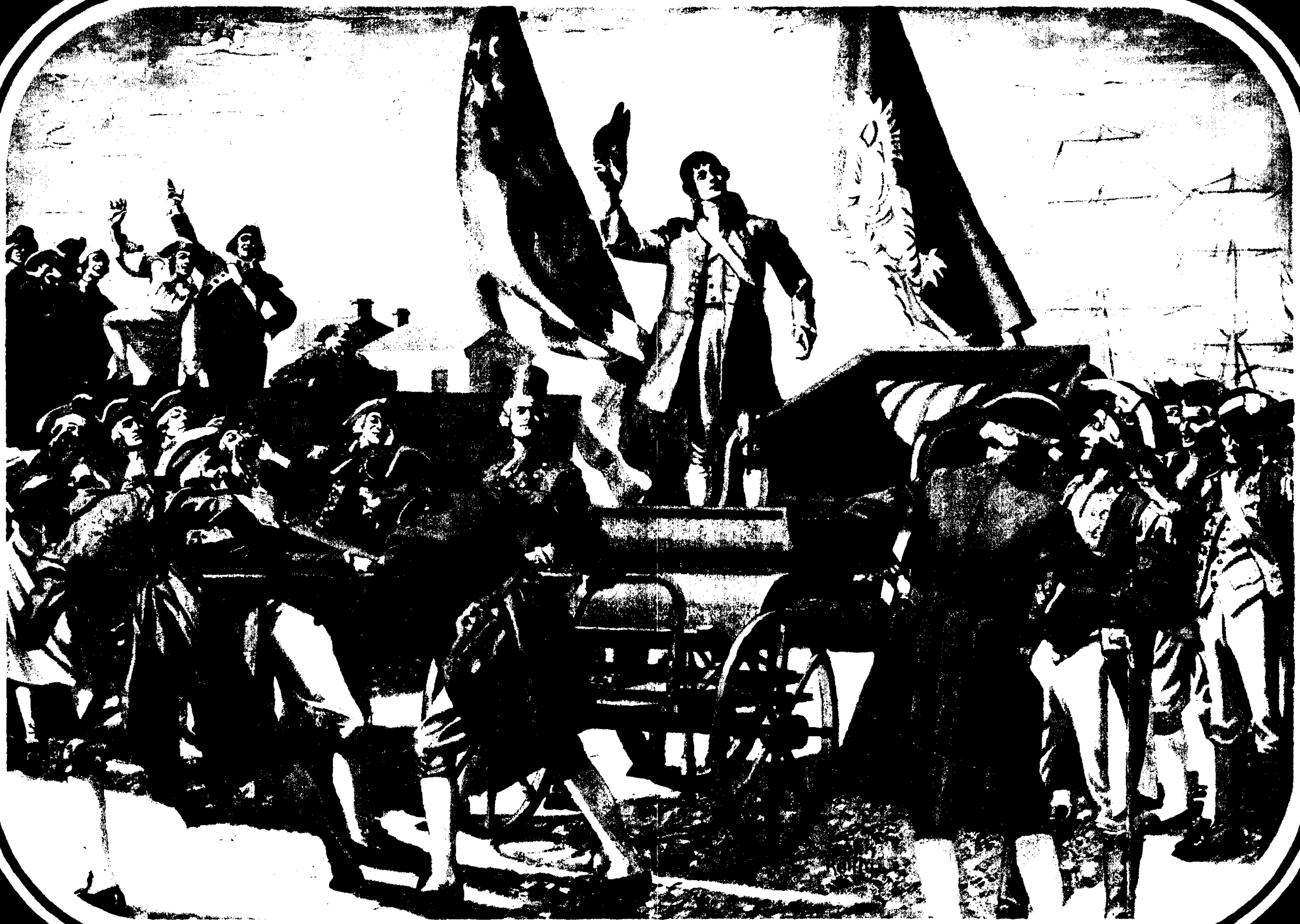

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and buzzed the Bruce suite, at the Blackstone.

"This is Mrs. Bruce's headquarters, Frank Mulcahy speaking."

"Hullo, Mulcahy," said Urn. "This is Arthur Urn. Thought I'd better let you know that I talked with that guy and he's promised to play ball."

"Has he now?" came Mulcahy's soft Irish voice. "All the way?"

"All the way, unless he misses the big assignment, in which case he'll want the short end himself. . . . Yes, his word is good. With me it is."

"And isn't that wonderful? I'll be telling Mrs. Bruce. She's in conference now with Judge Cadwallader and can't be disturbed."

MIRANDA was indeed in conference with the Supreme Court's oft-offered and never-accepted gift to the Party and would have been glad to break away.

"Now, my dear Mrs. Bruce," he was saying, "you have done wonders, simply wonders. But don't you think that you have done enough? I realize, of course, what you feel about Governor Harrison but Clyde Morrow is a different proposition. Just before I came to see you, he told me, 'Bernie, you can tell Mrs. Bruce from me that I'm with her one hundred per cent!' "

Miranda frowned. "Morrow hasn't a chance," she said. "He's never voted for anything except a bill to raise the salaries of members of Congress. I'd almost rather support Governor Harrison, who stands for all the wrong things, than a man who doesn't stand for anything." . . .

As this qualified endorsement was being given him, the Living Lincoln found himself confronted by ex-Governor Nearing, fresh from having sold both the Louisiana and Georgia delegates to Beck—deal to take effect after the first ballot—at fifty per cent profit over the original investment. He had, with Huntoon's approval, decided to needle Harrison, so as to make the coming sellout seem a little more plausible to the Party.

"Say, A. H.," Nearing said. "I've worked hard for you in this campaign. I ought to know where I stand with you, before we go over the falls."

Harrison grinned uneasily. "Shoot, Bill. What's on your mind?"

Nearing's reply was to the point. "The Treasury. I want either that or State, except that maybe you'll have to pay off Beck by giving him the top Cabinet job."

Harrison dropped the pretense of Lincolnian homeliness. "You know damned well, Bill, that what I want's got nothing to do with the case," he snapped. "You know as well as I do that Jim Huntoon will go into conference with the big banks and that they'll give me a list of names to choose from. If your name's on that list—"

Nearing heaved a gusty sigh. "I guess I didn't realize that you were so close to Jim. I thought maybe that tax speech of yours meant you were rolling your own politics."

Harrison laughed. "So Jim's worried about my tax speech, is he? Wish he'd ask me about it himself. Bill, taxes are going to stay high for the next few years whoever's in the White House. I figured it might be smart to tell the folks that. The papers liked it. It will help the Party after we get *in*."

Nearing burped again. "And won't Jim have a perfectly swell time passing the hat around to all the upper-bracket boys, explaining that if they kick in for the Party, their taxes are going to stay higher than a kite. You know, A. H., campaigns cost money, and people are funny about giving money, especially in politics. In business, now, they expect to get value for value received, but when you brace one of those lads suffering from coupon-clipper's thumb, he thinks he's cheated unless you promise him ten dollars back for every buck he forks over when you need it."

Harrison looked thoughtful. "Never thought of it that way, Bill," he admitted, "but I don't see that we'll need much money to win this year. Hell, we could elect a yellow dog with the people feeling the way they do about the Administration. Now, how about your being Postmaster General? That's the key to the Party. I could go for that."

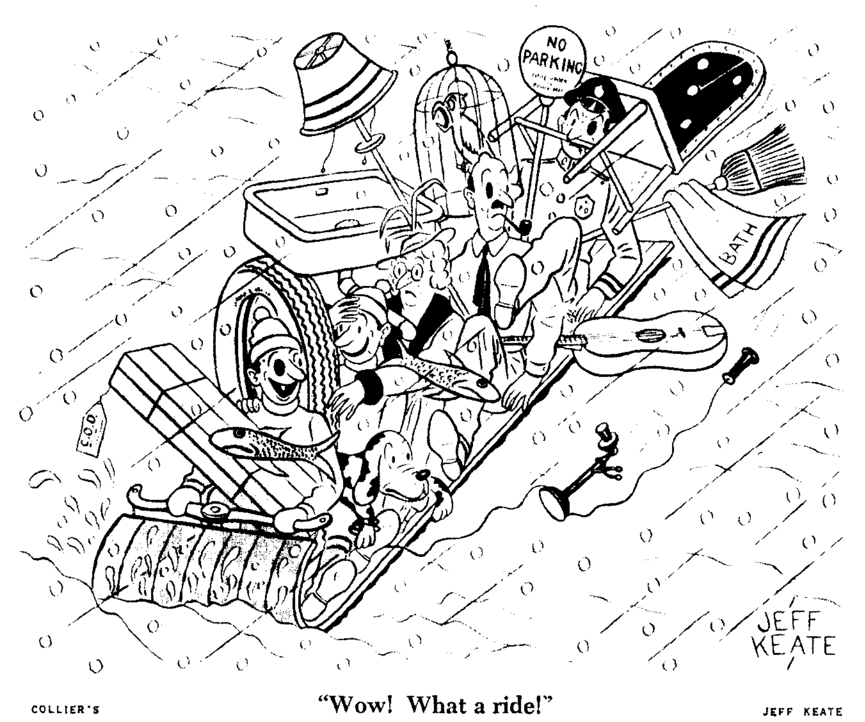
"I'd rather have the Treasury," Nearing replied. "So long, Governor."

THE loud-speaker blared through the little air-cooled cocktail bar that the Party had thoughtfully provided in the bowels of the auditorium for members of the drinking press: "A man who stands four square on the Constitution of the United States as handed down—"

"You oughtn't to drink Coke at a convention, Smith," Arthur Urn said. "It's the mark of an amateur. Whisky is the lifeblood of American politics."

"—by the Founding Fathers, a man who believes in capital, who believes in labor and who believes in a square—not a new—deal (laughter) for both."

"Miranda's Lili Marlene stopped the show," Mary observed. "Did you hear those G.I.s in the galleries whistle?"



COLLIER'S "Wow! What a ride!" JEFF KEATE

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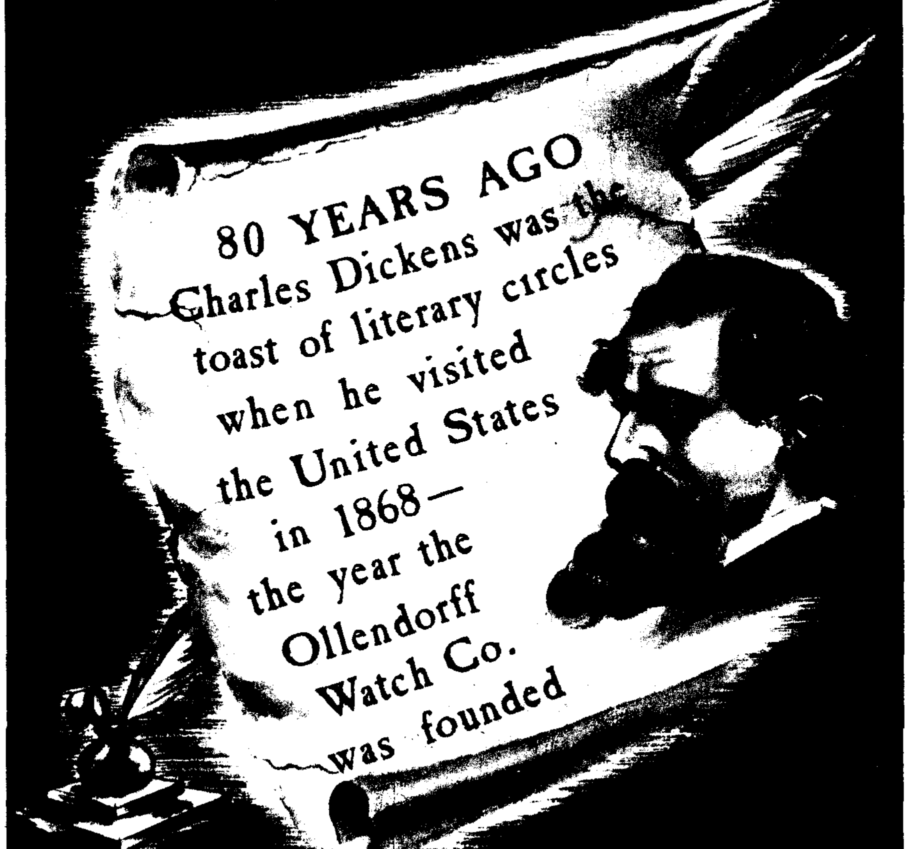
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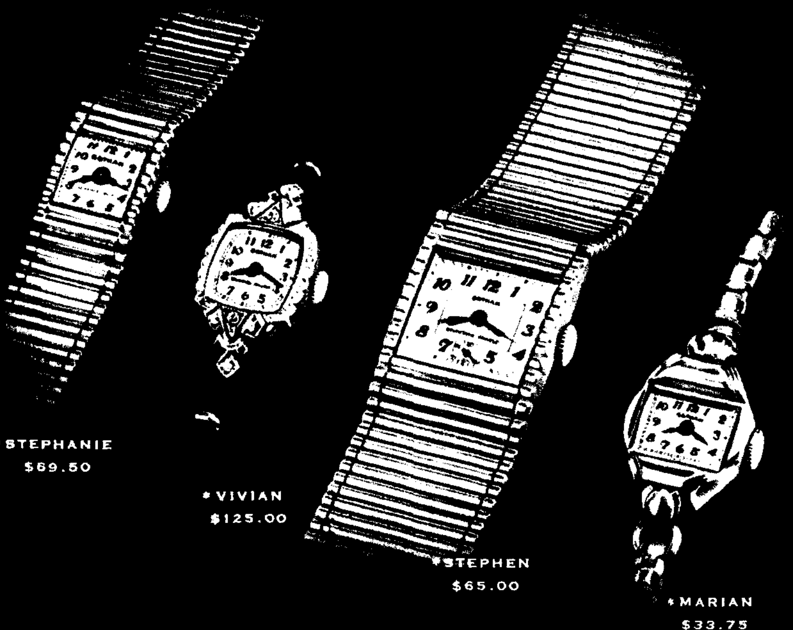

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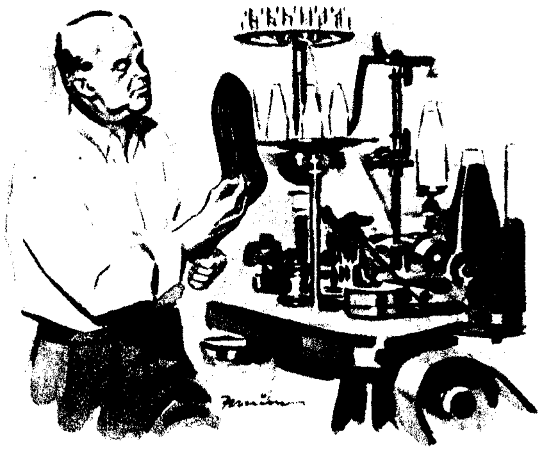

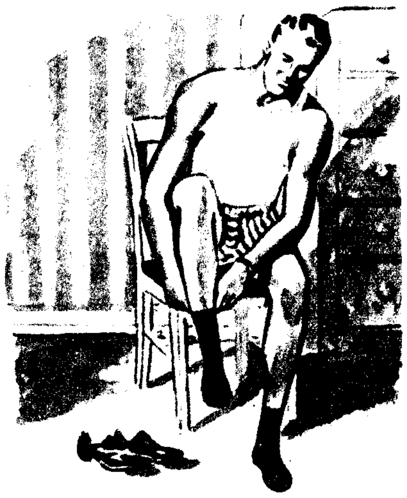

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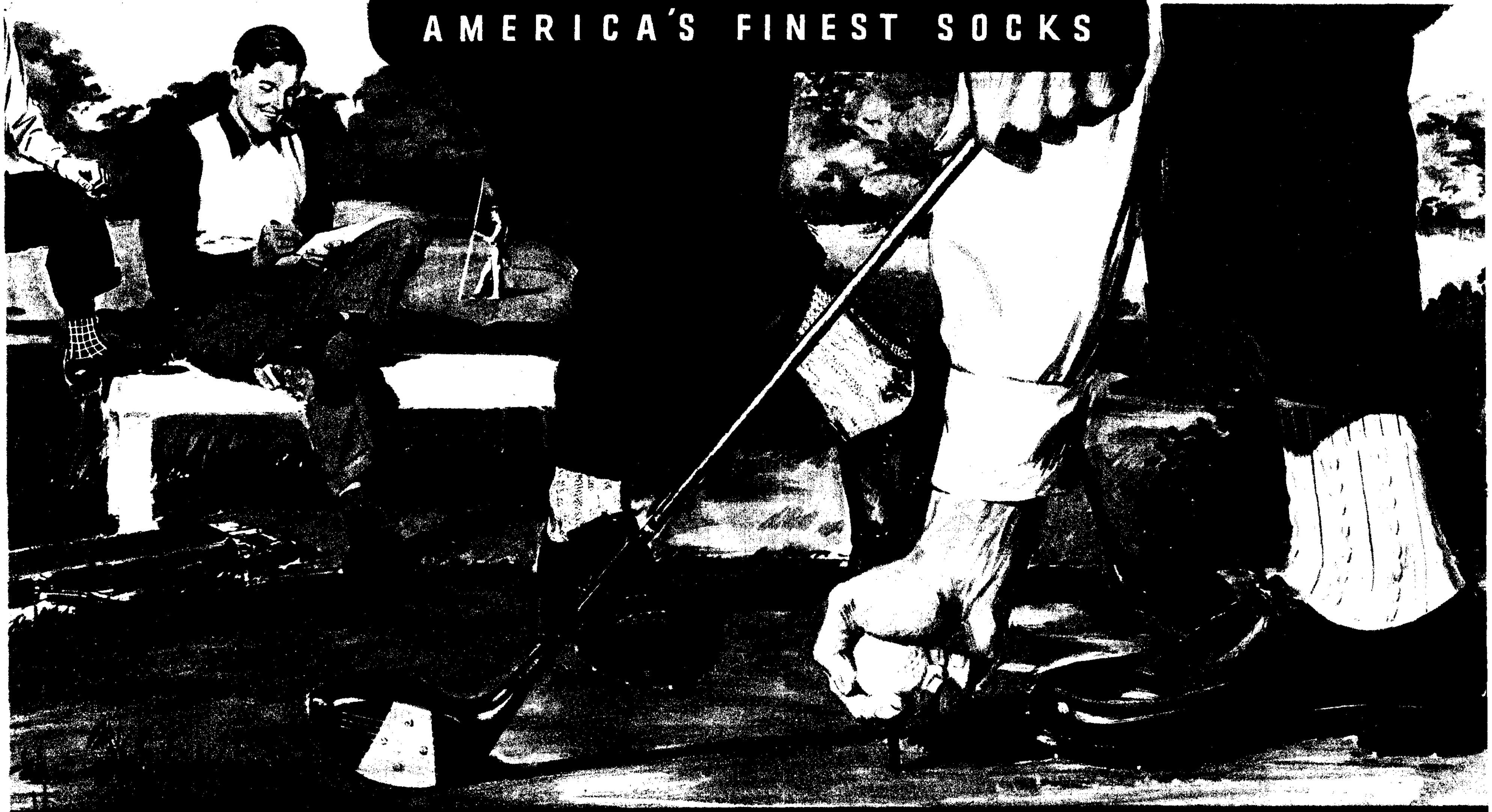


SEE THE NEW WESTMINSTER STYLES AT LEADING STORES NOW

"That's a special sound effect, Smith. I know Petrillo, see."

"—a man who yields to no other man or woman in America," the loud-speaker continued relentlessly, "in his love for—"

"No," Urn said. "The thing that stopped the show was that little number from Connecticut—"

"Anne Price."

"Yes. Anne Price who said, 'I nominate Miranda Bruce for the Presidency of the United States,' and then sat down."

"Who's this drip they're nominating now?" she asked.

"That, my child, is the last and least of the Favorite Sons. It is none other than—no, wait, he's about to give—"

"—Ladies and gentlemen of the convention, I give you Burton V. Hackleberry."

"Who's he?" asked Mary.

"Oklahoma, I think," said Urn. "Oil anyhow. Come on, Smith, we'd better get back on the job. First thing we know they'll start the balloting. You stick by Miranda, tell Frank to keep an eye on Beck, and I'll be near Harrison. He's not bad, you know, underneath all that Western breeze."

"To me," said Mary, "he's a case of Rocky Mountain fever."

ON THAT first roll call, the score was about what was expected: three hundred and fifty-two for Harrison, two hundred and sixty for Beck, one hundred and three for Miranda Bruce, and the rest split eight ways between the Favorite Sons, including Delaware's insignificant six for Clyde Morrow.

As a buzzing silence began to settle over the auditorium, Urn caught sight of a slender figure in navy blue fighting her way toward the microphone on the rostrum. It was Mrs. Bruce. The silence, if that was the word for it, bounded into a roar of protest as she endeavored to speak. Senator Huntoon pounded valiantly with his gavel, and the organ roared and roared with the Bruce campaign tune, Lili Marlene. But Miranda stood her ground and waited until weariness and curiosity had hushed the crowd.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she said. "I wish to address my delegates. Your loyalty is something I shall always treasure but I know that the time has not yet come when the Party will nominate a woman for the Presidency—"

The angry yell that shook the building was reinforced by happy and approving cheers from the delegates pledged to other candidates.

"So," Miranda continued, "I am going to release those delegates who are pledged to support me and request that they cast their votes for Senator Jonathan Beck of Indiana—"

The combined groan and roar that rose like a tidal wave was not hurt by the organist's spirited grand diapason of Git On Board, Li'l Chillun.

"—Senator Beck," Mrs. Bruce concluded, "is a man of his word. He does not believe that woman's place is necessarily in the maternity ward or even home on the range"—laughter, whistles and catcalls—"he loves his country and is loyal to his Party. He will, I know, advance our cause far better than could I, by continuing a losing fight."

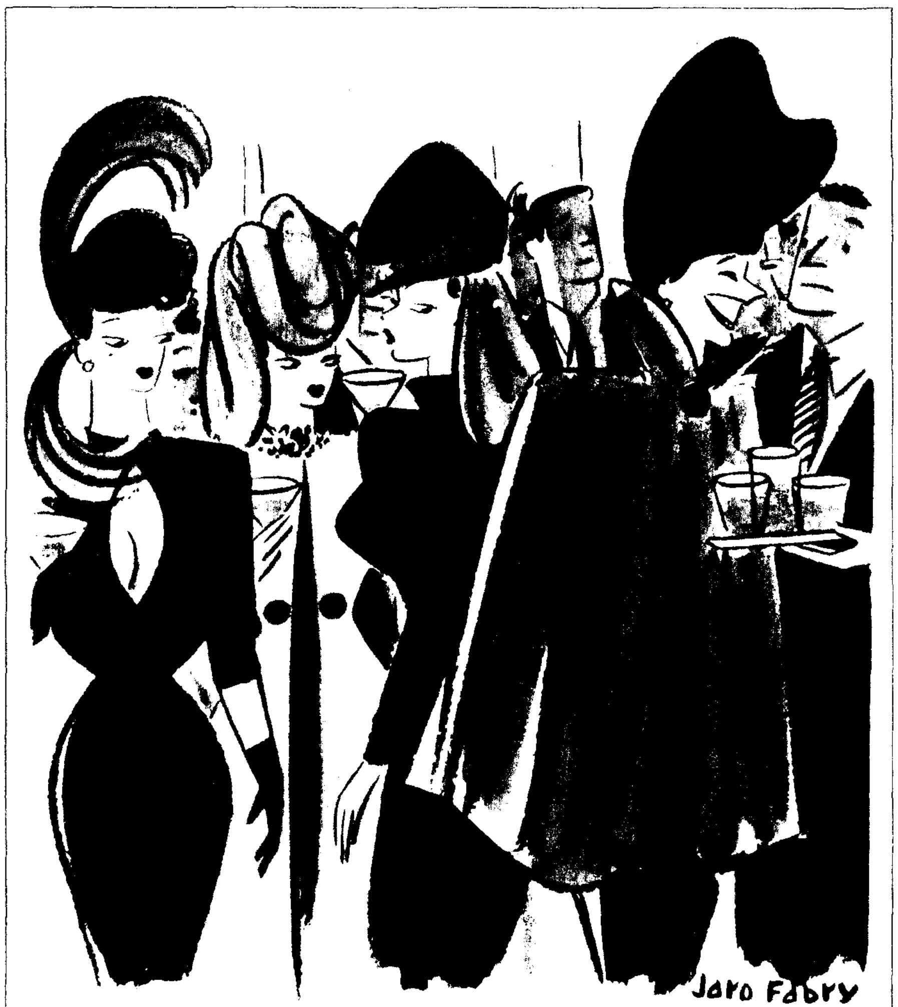
During the following Beck demonstration Urn typed a few takes for the Record and left his typewriter in the press box.

He noticed that the group of hangers-on led by Governor Nearing, who had previously crowded Harrison's box, had thinned out, warned by that mysterious instinct that directs the vulture to the carcass, and the politician to a "fix."

Urn ducked outside to stand where he could watch Harrison when the second roll started. He was anxious to know which way the governor would turn when he found himself knifed. If Harrison bolted and split the Party, he could do terrible damage to Miranda's plans.

Here it comes, he thought, as the clerk of the convention put the second roll call under way with a ringing "Alabama!"

(To be continued next week)



"I'll have a dry Martini—extra dry—no olive—just a lemon peel—any brand of gin—I'm just going to hold it—I don't drink"

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a bold new American concept of color

a burnished, golden skin . . . soft . . . supple in the hands of craftsmen with a flair for a lavish use of leather —

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Photograph by Johnson-Sarra Copr. 1948, The Manhattan Shirt Co.

What every woman should know about Easter ties

A man likes a real splash of color in his Easter ties. But color and pattern aren't the only things to consider.

Fabric is mighty important—and you can count on "Manhattan" tie fabrics to shed wrinkles and keep their shape. The way a tie is *cut* means a lot, too. It takes real skill to tailor a tie so that it knots neatly and naturally, and *holds* its knot. "Manhattan" ties get the same skillful tailoring that made "Manhattan" *shirts* famous.

Easter tie: $2.00. Other ties: $1.00 to $3.50

NECKTIES
by Manhattan
THE MARK OF QUALITY SINCE 1857

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

CANNED RICE

GENTLEMEN: Your article on canned rice by Frank J. Taylor (Revolution In Rice, Jan. 10th) asserts nobody ever successfully canned rice. As far back as ten years ago the writer did very successfully can rice. Canned rice was marketed—until Pearl Harbor stopped the use of tin for that product. NICK C. COAN, San Jose, Calif.

LIVING ON $0 A YEAR!

DEAR SIR: Regarding the fuzz and feathers in The Week's Mail (Nov. 29th) about on how much a month a family can live—my wife and I are in the late sixties, and our income for the whole of '47 was $235. We got along on it.

True we would like to have three squares a day instead of one; new clothes and shoes, and a stove, and maybe a typewriter, and maybe some warm blankets, or a show, or a radio, or a thousand other things. But if you ain't got 'em, you ain't got 'em. And you can't do nothing about it.

Of course, you have to forgo all luxuries, like bathtubs, cigars, white shirts and cake. You move out into the wilds and live in a shanty of your own constructon. If you are sick or your teeth ache you let them ache, there is no doctor for miles around to squander money on. If you are hungry, catch a fish, and if you are still strong enough to wield an ax there is trees in the forest to keep the shack warm. Don't think we are alone. There are thousands like us. Ain't civilization glorious? Yours, for bigger and better friendship trains and Marshall Plans (for others).

CAPT. EDW. A. WENNER,
Mast. Mar., Ret., Hardy Island, B. C.

ENKE—DENKE—DOOD IT!

SIRS: In response and protest to M. B. Abernathy of Clarksdale, Mississippi, who plugged Charlie Conerly (The Week's Mail, Jan. 24th) of the University of Mississippi, it was Fred Enke, Jr., of Arizona, who was the greatest ground-and-air gainer in the nation during '47. He made 2,187 yards by ground, 1,457 yards by air. It's time the nation realized that the University of Arizona has a football team and a good one at that. H. HUNT, Univ. of Arizona,
Tucson, Ariz.

Un-All-American

49TH STATE

DEAR SIRS: Since when did Manitoba become Canada's second smallest state, as reported by Lloyd Jaeger, Allandale, Florida? (The Week's Mail, Jan. 31st.) Indeed, when did Manitoba become a state? The last I heard of it, Manitoba covered 219,723 square miles, and was larger in area than Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick combined. And Texas covers 267,339 square miles. We Canadians call our states "provinces," even though some of our people feel occasionally that Canada is the 49th state.

LAWRENCE F. JONES, Toronto, Ontario

Welcome into the Union, O 49th State! Or would you rather the U.S.A. became the 10th province?

. . . Probably the most confused and confusing people in the world are Canadians living in America. They are so busy telling Americans they are not English and telling the English they are not Americans they haven't time to be Canadians except when they are in America, which is all the time.

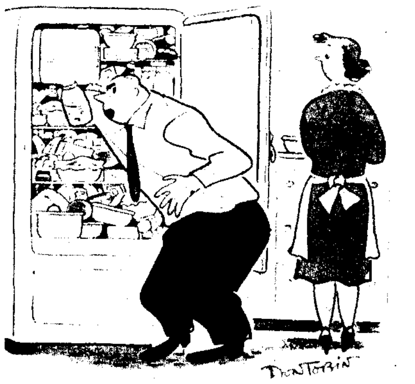
But they don't love Canada, either—not enough to go back there and live, not enough to give up all the freedoms and luxuries of our good old America.

They seem to like where they aren't: They won't live where they like, won't like where they live, won't live where they have citizenship, won't become citizens where they live.

MRS. PEOPLES ROGERS, Atlanta, Ga.

THEM WERE THE DAYS

DEAR EDITORS: There is only one answer to Don Tobin's cartoon (Jan. 24th) captioned, "What does it feel like?" It is:—"1940!" Those were the days when it took a truck to haul home the week's groceries for $3.50. Now a three-year-old child can carry home that much money's worth. STUART E. ALBERG,
Oakland, California



MOTORING TO THE TAX SOLUTION

GENTLEMEN: It is with a great deal of interest that I read Leon Henderson's article (This Will Tax Your Credulity, Jan. 24th). However, I propose that the automobile take over the tax burden by increasing the tax upon gasoline and new cars.

This goes for industry and business. Naturally the automobile industry will dislike this but if the remedy is good for the country in general it will naturally be good for the automotive industry, even though its relief will not be instantaneous.

This shift of tax burden would return traffic to the hard-pressed railroads; and would be a relief to highway congestion, fatalities, maintenance, and our big bugbear, the parking problem.

HAROLD R. BEYER, Warsaw, Ind.

OUR FAR-FLUNG READERS

DEAR EDITOR: I can say this much without any exaggeration that Collier's is the best mag in the world of today, as far as I know. Collier's is a composition of thrill, romance and joy. The cartoons are full fledged joke. I have never seen such a fine mag at such a cheap rate.

The only drawback of Collier's is that there is no article about India or Asia. Secondly we receive Collier's lately, i.e., the copies of August are sold here during the month of September or October. You must see to this that it is sent earlier to foreign countries than it is sold at America. That is the only drawback. I hope that you would try to go through these drawbacks and try to make Collier's a magazine for all and not for one community or race. That is all I have to say. JAI HIND,
M. S., Sampatu, Hyderabad State, India

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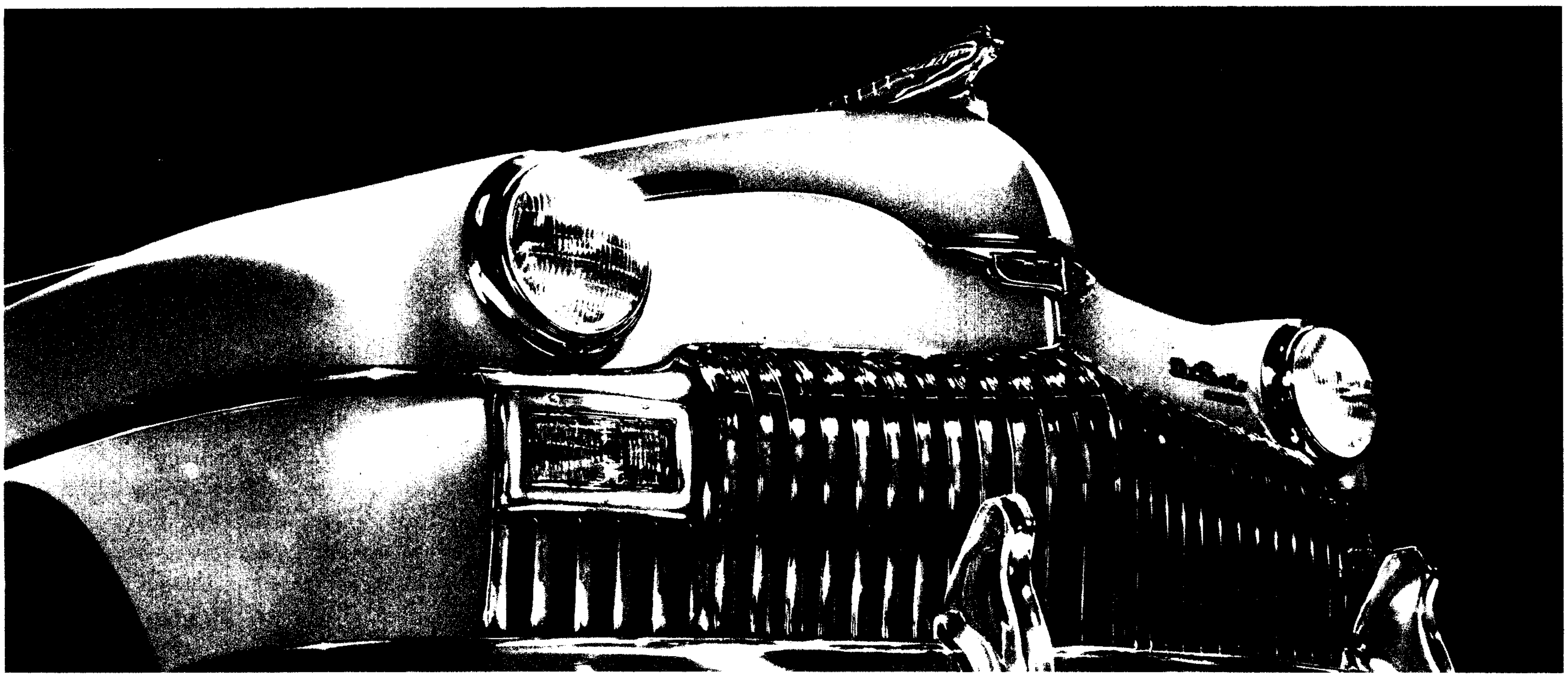
a man starts a whole new chapter in his life as a motorist. He *drives without shifting*...and he will never go back to the old way again.

To him (and to you), no new car feature could possibly be of greater importance.



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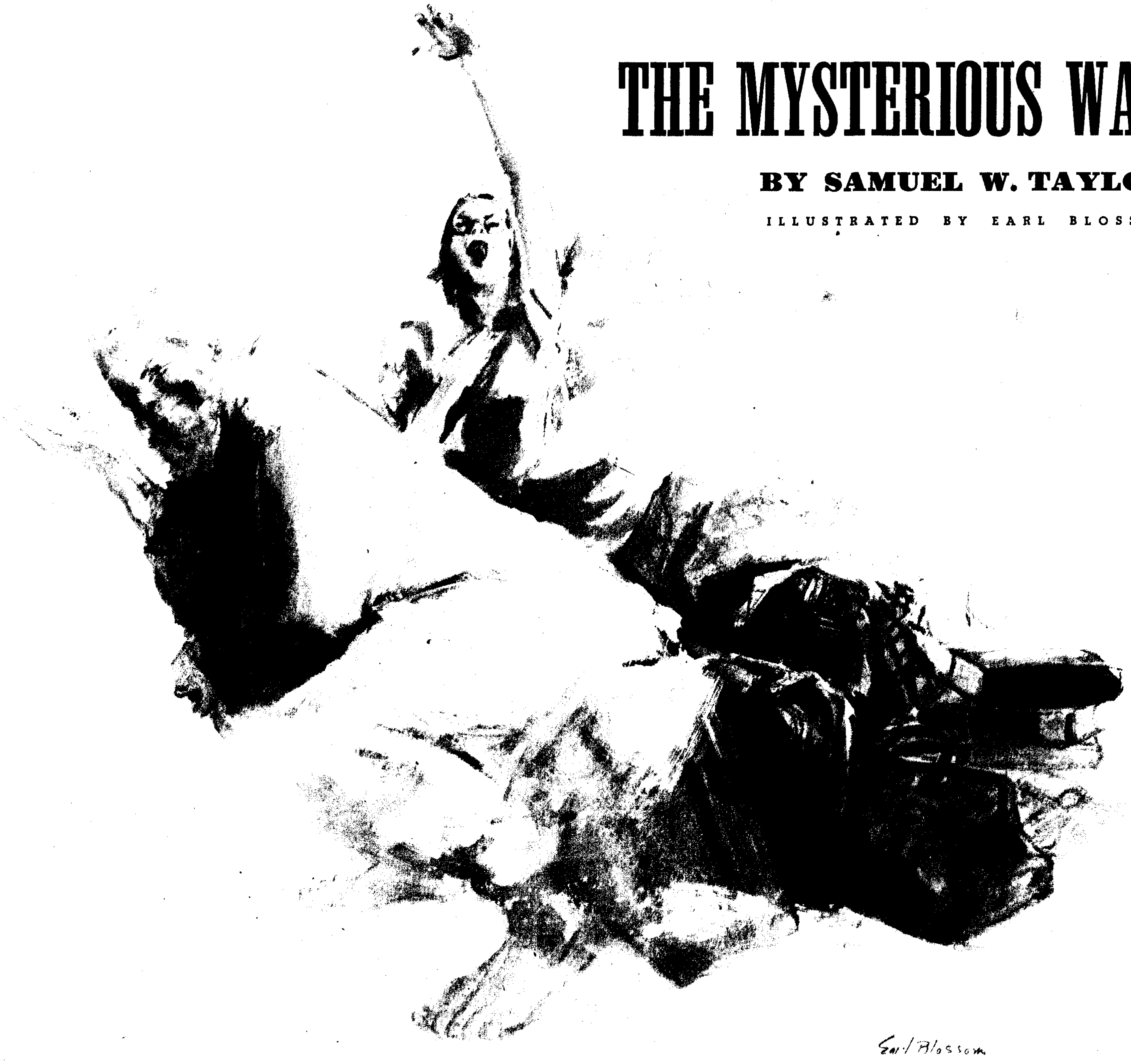
WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S **Burroughs**

THE MYSTERIOUS WAY

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM



The Story:

When old Moroni Skinner came down from heaven and paid his flying visit to the Mormon community in which he had lived, he really started something. But now most of the ruckus is over. His grandson, Jackson Whitetop, has straightened up and renewed his courtship of Katie Jensen, whom Moroni had commanded him to marry. Henry Brown is safely married to Anita. Ned Holt has Beulah Hess all to himself. Young Merrill Littlewall and Reed Carter have made up their differences.

One portentous matter remains to be settled: the Trouble, a controversy which has raged for years in the valley. In order to reunite the opposing factions, a new meetinghouse must be dedicated and built. Apostle Black has had a vision of a new meetinghouse to stand in a particular spot—the little hill on which Milo Ferguson's wife, Abbie, lies buried. And Milo is a stubborn apostate. A meeting is called to overcome the obstacles to a solution of the dilemma.

THE big north room of the schoolhouse was crowded, each desk occupied by two people, and the overflow standing along the sides and back. Everybody was on deck, Saint and sinner; this was something nobody wanted to miss. Milo Ferguson, a bit defiant and a bit amused, seemed slightly undressed without his cigar. Henry Brown and Anita were at a desk, their child asleep in a blanket on the desk top. Old Nephi Smith stood at the rear of the room, arms folded, eyebrows jutting as he contemptuously surveyed the folks assembled for this foolishness. His jaws occasionally chomped and a thin brown line of tobacco juice was faintly visible at his lip corners. Sid Worth, Young Merrill Littlewall and Reed Carter were together at the rear. Ned Holt and Beulah Hess had one of the forward desks. The bishop and Apostle Black sat at the teacher's desk up front, facing the audience. The latter was snoring gently. Sister Jensen was on the stool at the battered organ; Katie was standing among the crowd in the rear, beside Jackson.

"I hope something comes of it," Katie murmured. "He's so old, the poor lamb. His doctor told him not to make the trip. If anything's going to come of it, it's the last chance."

The bishop opened the meeting with prayer, and Sister Jensen played for a hymn. The bishop cleared his throat. "Brothers and sisters, you all know why we're gathered here this evening. I and my family, we started on a long trip just last night. But we're back. When we got to Salt Lake we heard that Apostle Black was"—he glanced around to make sure the old man was still snoring—"was very, very poorly. So this morning we called to pay our respects. He was feeble, and wasn't expected— But I wish you could have seen his face light up as we walked in. It was wonderful. And he said now he knew why he couldn't—why he couldn't die. Nothing would do but that he should get out of bed and come back with us immediately. Strictly against doctor's orders. And as we drove along the valley this afternoon he pointed to the spot where the new meetinghouse will be built. It was Brother—er—it was Milo Ferguson's pasture."

A murmur ran through the crowd. Eyes turned to Milo, who glared back.

"Try and get it," Milo growled.

"Brother Black." The bishop shook the old man gently. Apostle Black came awake, blinked, oriented himself, and got up with the bishop's help.

"I am old and I am tired," he announced, which was all too painfully obvious. "I have lived a long life and I'm ready to go on. But when I got ready to go I couldn't go, and this morning when Brother Jensen arrived I knew why I had to stay. There was still something I had to do. And I am

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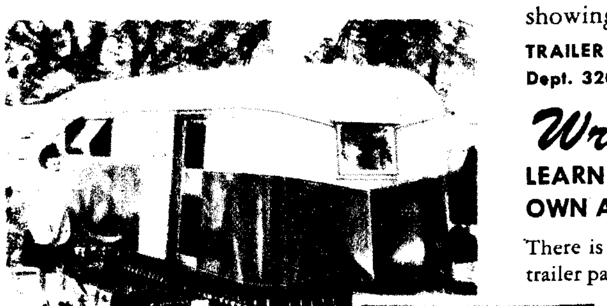

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here this evening to do it. I want to see the whole thing buttoned up tonight. As we drove through the valley I suddenly saw your new meetinghouse appear on a field, all white and gleaming bright. I had the car stopped and I pointed out the spot. Tonight I will dedicate that spot, and take back with me your pledge of money and materials to build the meetinghouse. And then my work here on earth is finished."

He sat down with the bishop's help. The speech had been short and to the point. And it was impressive. No ifs, ands or buts. It would be done, Apostle Black said simply, tonight.

"I will start the ball rolling," the bishop said. "I pledge a thousand dollars."

THERE was a moment of silence when anything was possible. The thing was rolling. One man, arising to follow the bishop's lead, would start a parade.

Nephi Smith's voice cackled scornfully. "What good's your thousand, Bishop? Where you going to build the thing—on a balloon? You won't git that land off'n Milo!"

"I still got my voice," Milo shouted across the room. "I can talk for myself."

"Well, don't git hostile. It's the truth, ain't it? You buried your wife Abbie there, and no psalm-singing gospel-shouters is going to disturb her bones."

"Whether it's true or whether it ain't don't cut no ice," Milo snapped. "All I said is I can talk for myself. You keep your big nose out of my affairs."

"Men, men," the bishop said. "We're not here to bicker. If you two want to quarrel, go on outside and do it."

"All right, kick me out," Nephi growled. "Shouldn't have come here in the first place." He began moving through the crowd, but his wife soothed him. "Got to spit anyhow," he protested, subsiding.

A titter ran over the room. "Try to kick me out," Milo bristled. "This schoolhouse ain't owned by no church. It's county property and I'm a taxpayer."

People were grinning. The bishop was haggard and helpless. The keynote of the meeting, that the thing was ordained and inevitable, had been rudely shattered by the bickering of the two apostates. At the organ, Sister Jensen ducked her head to conceal tears. Katie whispered to Jackson, "Those two old fools. It was moving. I could feel it."

"Anyhow," Milo declared, "I got something to say. I'm an apostate and I'm glad of it. All I ever got out of being a good Saint was lose everything I had in the world except one little piece of ground to bury my wife Abbie. You got miles of land in the valley, but no, you ain't satisfied. You got to take away the only thing I got left."

"Of course we will pay you for the land," the bishop said.

"No, by golly! My wife Abbie's bones ain't for sale! She was a good woman," Milo said. "We was together a long time afore she went away and left me alone. We had our ups and downs. Everybody does. But I never knowed what it was going to be like without Abbie until she was gone. She was a good woman. And I put her there to rest on that piece of ground where we'd always figured on having our house. She liked that spot, and I remember the day we was married she went out there and stood up on that little rise and—"

"Yes, Milo," the bishop said. "We all sympathize with you deeply, I'm sure."

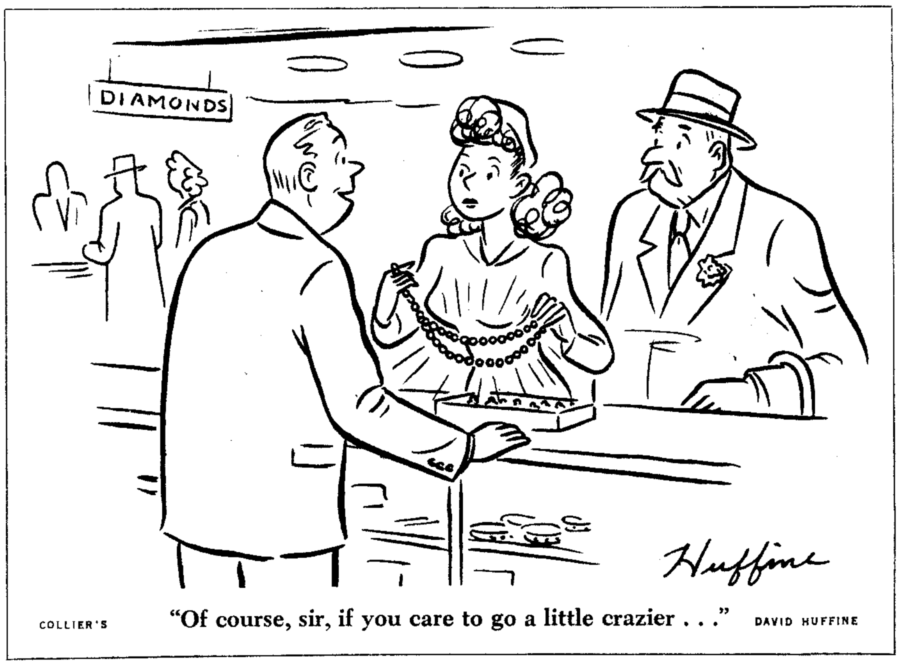
"Don't give me that soft soap, Bishop!" Milo cried. "I got the floor and I got something to say."

"Sit down, Bishop Jensen," Apostle Black said in a thin voice that carried through the room. "Let him have his say. I've known Milo Ferguson a long time. He's a good man even though he did take the wrong turning in the road."

"Thanks, Apostle. Some dang fools around here don't seem to remember that this here is the United States of America and a man can say what he damn' well pleases!" Milo glared about. "I'm an apostate and I want it understood first and last. I'm pretty old myself, but if anybody figures I'll soften up just on account of maybe I'll die sometime, they can think again." He sighed. "But my wife Abbie, she was a good woman. Firm in the faith to the last. And I guess now I know why old Moroni Skinner appeared to me. I figured it was on account of I should help out young Jack Whitetop. Couldn't see no other reason. But Jack can take care of hisself. Moroni, he told me my wife Abbie was unhappy over there. And now I guess it was on account of she knowed what was going to happen and she figured I'd be ornery about it. My wife Abbie, she knows me pretty good, and I'm a ornery cuss. But if she's going to be unhappy about it, why, it's her business. It's her bones. If she wants a church there where we figured on making our house, why, there ain't no better site in the valley. I guess Abbie figures a church is the best building that could go on that spot she picked out. Me, I don't give a hoot, if she wants it that way. If she wants to be there under the floor and be pestered by a bunch of hymns and preaching from now to eternity, why, that's her affair. If Abbie wants it, it's all right by me. You can have the land."

Beaming, the bishop arose to proffer thanks for the crowd, but Apostle Black's thin hand touched his knee and stopped him. There was a period of deep silence.

"Ahem!" Henry Brown, prodded by Anita, was on his feet. "I don't ask no



COLLIER'S "Of course, sir, if you care to go a little crazier . . ." DAVID HUFFINE forgiveness from nobody for what I done, and I'm not trying to buy my way into heaven. All I can do from now on is try to do better and hope in time to make up for it. But meanwhile I got to square up. I done plenty of thinking of late. If you don't live right it'll catch up with you sometime and you got to pay off with a penalty. Guess I always did know that, but I figured I was too smart. Now I know I ain't. I can get ahead without it. And anyhow it's wonderful to figure on squaring up and not being afraid to look nobody in the eye.

"Anita and me, we talked it over. Today I wrote a letter to the income tax people. Hope I won't go to jail. I'll pay up what they want, together with the penalty, and what's left—"

"Henry, dear," Anita whispered, tugging at his sleeve.

Henry sighed deeply. "What I mean is, I got better than eighty thousand dollars tucked away. Some of it should have gone to the government. Some of it would have been mine anyhow. Some of it I took from folks who wasn't as sharp as me. If it's all right by everybody, we'll use that money to build the church, less what the income tax people want out of me. I want to start off square."

OUT-OF-TOWN PAPERS, PLEASE COPY

The housing shortage has made our nest
The haunt of the unexpected guest,
Who's heard that we have an extra bed
And figures that's where he should lay his head.
Chirps he, "I'll stay just a day or two."
But that's not what he intends to do.

This type of visiting fireman stays
In our crowded midst for days and days.
So now for a mattress filled with rocks
And a spring as resilient as a box,
And then, perhaps, our guest will arrange
To visit somebody else for a change.

—Margaret Fishback

"I can't imagine a better use for the money," Apostle Black said. "Next?"

Ned Holt was on his feet to get rid of his twenty-eight hundred and sixty.

"Well?" Katie whispered to Jackson.

"Come to think of it," Jackson spoke up, "I never paid a cent of tithing in my life, or my folks before me. Figure I might as well square it up at a whack. Got a little coming on my sheep, and figure that ought to cover it. I pledge forty-five hundred dollars."

"You didn't have to leave yourself penniless," Katie whispered reprovingly.

"I was going to say five hundred," Jackson confessed. "But the 'forty' just slipped out."

"Now, wait a minute," Nephi Smith cried. "I donated the land the other time for the meetinghouse, and except I wasn't done right by we might all be there tonight and there wouldn't have been no flood. And Milo ain't getting ahead of me. If that old fool can give his pasture, then I got a thousand dollars ain't doing me no good. I can be as good a apostate as he can!"

"Thank you, Brother Nephi," Apostle Black said.

"I ain't no brother, you old fool!"

"Not so far from it."

There was a small commotion in the rear of the room. Sid Worth was shoving at Reed Carter. Reed Carter was shoving at Young Merrill Littlewall. Young Merrill was shoving at Sid Worth. In this deadlock, Sid Worth cannily changed objectives, and Young Merrill was shoved out of the crowd.

"All right, I'll talk for the three of us," Young Merrill said with a hangdog expression. "I reckon we're ashamed of ourselves. We figured it was only the right thing, but I guess it was a sharper's trick. Wasn't really hidden treasure." Young Merrill ran a hand through his iron-gray hair. He seemed fascinated by his shoes. "Well, Sid and Reed and me, we been fixing up Jackson's house on account of we figured we'd find money tucked away someplace. Well, there wasn't any. But Jack he'd left a skillet full of some coffee substitute on the stove that he'd been cooking up. Old Indian recipe with a little added, and you all know what that tastes like. And the stuff in the skillet was burned black. Well, we tried it anyhow. And I guess that's the secret, to cook it until it's burned black. Can't tell it from coffee. So we figured, well, the agreement was we'd have what we found, and we'd found that. So we organized a little company and we figured to make it and peddle it among the Saints. Plenty of money in it if it's handled right."

"I can testify to that part of it," the bishop said. "I've tasted Brother Jackson's Coffee-Near. Wonderful. And none of the harmful effects of real coffee."

"If it's all right with Jack," Young Merrill said, still studying the toes of his shoes, "we'd like to cut him in on it. And we'd like to donate ten per cent of the profits for church maintenance. Never seen a meetinghouse yet that couldn't use a little steady income."

Jackson looked across the desks at Ned Holt. Ned shook his head; he didn't want to be an Indian trader with his cleansing sacrifice.

"Okay by me," Jackson said. He confided to Katie, "Anyhow it probably tastes as bad as all the other homemade substitutes."

"Just what do you mean?" she asked, but he was paying rapt attention to a Saint who'd jumped up to pledge fifty dollars. For a few minutes people were crowding themselves to pledge anything from five to a thousand dollars, from a month's work to teams and scrapers. Then Sister Ormand got the floor and went into a long story about how she'd been told the whole thing beforehand in a conversation with the Lord. The bishop diplomatically turned her tap off, and everybody went to Milo's pasture, and Apostle Black dedicated the site.

"I'm very tired," the old man said happily.

THE bishop took him home. "Won't you come in, Jack?" Sister Jensen asked in a friendly way.

"Well, thanks," Jackson said, surprised.

"Getting pretty late," the bishop said.

"Nonsense. Come in a minute anyhow, Jack," Sister Jensen urged. "I've got some chocolate cake."

"Beryl," the bishop said flatly, "those young folks want to be alone together."

"Dad, what put that into your head?" Katie demanded.

Her mother patted her arm. "I understand, dear. You'll run Jack down to his place in the car, won't you? And, Jack, you must call around often."

"All right," Katie said. "Let's go, Jack." . . .

With Apostle Black tucked in, the bishop went to his bedroom. His wife was sitting on the edge of the bed crying.

"Oh, Waldo, I'm such an unfaithful fool!"

"Unfaithful?"

"Now, don't you go picking at words again! I mean, I haven't had faith. Ev-

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erything's turned out so wonderful. Just like it was supposed to. And all along I fought tooth and toenail against it. I even deceived you. I mean, tricked you."

"But it was all part of it, Beryl."

"And that's why I'm so happy," she sobbed. "It was a mean, selfish thing for me to trick you—and yet that was all part of it. Waldo, I wouldn't do a thing like that ordinarily. Something must have made me do it."

"That's how I've felt."

"Waldo, I've had faith because you had it and because I wanted to be a good wife. But now I've got it for myself. It's so wonderful!" she wailed tearfully.

"There's still one thing," the bishop pointed out. "Katie."

"She'll marry him. I know it. I realized tonight there was no use fighting against what has to happen. And he's changed, don't you think? His grandfather changed, after a visitation. Jack's got the blood."

"But," the bishop said, "Katie has a mind of her own."

AS JACKSON drove the bishop's car down the valley, Katie said, "What I want to give you is a piece of my mind."

"I'll take you piece by piece," Jackson said.

"And don't be smart. I never in my born life saw such a smug, insufferable hypocrite as you've turned out to be. You used to be a pretty nice fellow."

"Hypocrite?"

"You got Dad drunk yesterday. Don't deny it."

"Nephi gave him the cider."

"You might have warned him. How does he know the taste of alcohol? That cider had a spike that would knock your hat off!"

"How do you know?"

"And this Coffee-Near business. I don't know what jollop Young Merrill and the others found in your house, but I know what you gave Dad. I know real coffee when I see it!"

"Then why didn't you tell him?"

"That's what I mean. You think you're so smart lately. If I'd told him you were giving him real coffee he never would have forgiven you."

"I'm glad you care about that."

"Of course I cared. Simply because I was interested to see how your crazy idea would work out."

"Working out right on the button."

"Jack, that's why I can't stand you. Don't you ever have a moment's doubt about *anything?*"

"Can't argue about what's going to happen."

"And I suppose now I'm supposed to throw myself into your arms."

"Well, no." Jackson stopped the car and took her into his arms. "I'll go halfway. That's only right."

"Jack, let me go!" She didn't struggle very hard. "Jack, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Don't you love me?"

"I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth."

"Don't you love me?"

"You're so sure of yourself!"

"Don't you love me?"

Katie sighed and quit struggling. "Jack, I hate myself all to pieces."

He found her lips very pleasant. "I think there's a future to this."

"I ought to have more spine. I'm a jellyfish. I can't live with myself. I think we'd better go on."

Jackson continued down the yellow road, greasewood and sage flashing past on either side of the headlights. "What's wrong, honey?"

Katie sighed. "Jack, I'm old enough to make up my own mind about a thing like this. I did, and now I have to change it. Remember I told you about the soldier who went away and never came back? The ten glorious days with the only man I ever loved?"

"It takes time. I'm not jealous of him."

"Well, that's news! Who the devil did you think I was talking about?"

"I was away. I never saw the guy."

"You simpleton—it was you."

"Huh?"

"Jack!" Katie grabbed the wheel and steered the car back into the road. "Watch where you're going!"

"But I don't get it. I did come back."

"I thought so, too. But you went horizontal again as soon as you took the uniform off. Jack, you were wonderful on furlough. You know you're a handsome brute, and you were part of something and doing something. And that man never came back. So I made up my mind. And now I've had to change it and that's what I can't stand. It's so damned inevitable. I knew I'd have to."

"You sure didn't act like it."

"I'm tired of being shoved around. You're born and you get a first tooth and learn to walk and begin talking, and your parents praise you, but what have you done? It's all down in the book, and you're just following the groove with every other baby in the world. You get new teeth, and the boys tease you. Then pretty soon their voices change and they're bashful. You go out on your first date and before you know it you're dreaming about love as if you had discovered it for the first time in history. And you're helpless. Glands. Haven't you ever wanted to live your own life?"

"Well, I tried to," Jackson admitted. "Me, I figured the whole rat race was silly. I figured just to relax and to hell with it. Get plenty of rest and read some books and let the world go right on rat-racing. But look what happened to me. Now I got to be an eager beaver the rest of my born life. A wife on my hands and maybe after while—well, I'm just one of the rats from here on out."

JACKSON stopped at Henry's store. Henry was in his living room playing cards with Anita and Milo. "Guess I got a little generous, Henry," Jackson admitted. "Could you advance me five hundred dollars to get married on?"

Henry got the money from the store safe. "Just like your dad, Jack. Never happy unless you're in debt."

"I guess I'm a hustler from here on."

"I know it; just a little joke."

"Jack," Katie said as they were going on, "I never looked at it that way. I thought you were just lazy trash. Actually, you had the courage to rebel against the rat race."

"I was sort of in practice," Jackson admitted modestly. "And my dad before me. Wait a minute. You're not marrying me just on account of you're supposed to?"

"Supposed to? I threw myself at you until I blush to think of it."

"If you threw yourself you sure put English on that throw."

"What about your furlough? When you came back I decided I'd be sensible and do the right thing. And you stopped calling around, anyhow. But the other morning when you came out to the corral and told me we were going to get married—Jack, you don't know how handsome you were."

"And you all fixed to marry Henry!"

"Jack, I had a little pride. And I didn't want to be shoved into anything. If I married you I wanted to do it for myself and not because I couldn't help it."

This wasn't very clear, but Jackson figured he wouldn't worry about that as long as it turned out okay.

"Jack, let's not talk about that. Let's talk about—well, tomorrow."

"How about tonight?"

"I've got to get back."

"Full tank of gas. We can be married in the morning in Tooele. You know some folks there you can stay with."

"Dad would be furious."

"I've met his conditions. My sheep

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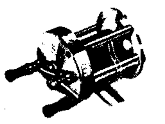
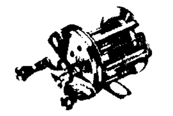
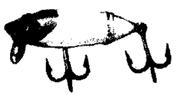






Fishing
BETTER FISHING

are worth what I owe on the mortgage. And the Trouble's settled."

"The bishop's daughter has to go through the Temple. You're only a deacon."

"Plenty of good couples get married first just ordinary and go through the Temple later. I guess the bishop's son-in-law wouldn't have much grief getting promoted to elder and getting his bishop's recommend."

"Well, it's—just something nobody would think the bishop's daughter would do."

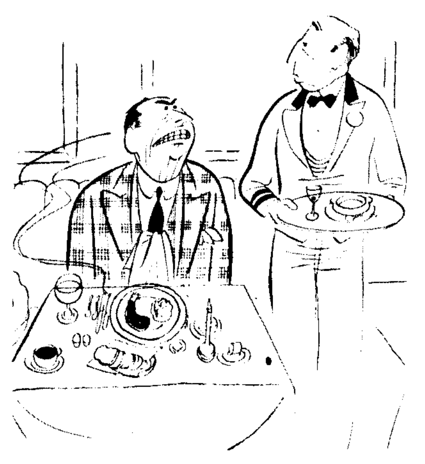
"I thought you wanted to live your own life? Anyhow, what if the minute I'm an elder they send me on a mission for two or three years?"

"Jack!"

When he reached the turn to his place he just kept right on going.

"Jack," Katie said dreamily, "think of all that's happened these past three days. It's never going to be dull, with you around."

"I've used up all that Grandpa Skinner told me," Jackson said thankfully. "I know what you mean about being shoved around. From here on I'm dealing off the wrist. Them that can see into the future can have it." . . .



"The menu said lamb chops-s-s-s-s-s!"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

Old Moroni Skinner was moving. It was on a Saturday, and since heaven had always been on a five-day week, which was one reason it was heaven, the neighboring angels were helping load up the heavy stuff on a cloud moored to the front gate. Moroni was happy. His grandson had come through handsomely. Yes, sir, Jackson had shown the true Skinner blood. Though privately Moroni had to admit, now it was all over and Jackson was safely married to Katie and in his remodeled house and working hard, and the meetinghouse was going up—he had to admit that during those hectic three days as he'd watched the records hour by hour he'd had some misgivings.

With his worries over, Moroni's work had improved. He'd been promoted to Chief Checker of the Compiling Office of the Accounting Section of the Current History Division of the Records Department, which was why he was moving into better quarters, for progress and glory are eternal.

"But just as you finally brought the load of diamonds and we made the rock garden," his wife Lucy complained, carrying the gold teakettle out to the cloud, "and the roof fixed, we got to move. It's always the way. I wish to Heaven that heaven would settle down one of these aeons. Always on the go. A body can't hardly get to know the neighbors and you're moving on. This eternal progress gets tiresome at times."

"I been thinking," Moroni said slyly. "I guess I'd better turn the promotion down."

"Moroni, I declare you vex me at times. All the worry of moving—why don't they fix railings on those clouds? You always lose something—and you'll turn the job down!"

"All right, I won't turn it down," Moroni said. He understood Lucy very well, which was another thing that made it heaven. He'd never been able to fathom a woman on earth.

"And besides that, what about Brother Ivers, who's promoted to your old job? Turn the job down! Brother Ivers has got his right to glory and progression as good as anybody else. Moroni, you grab that atomic bread baker and get it out to that cloud in a hurry and let's hear no more out of you!"

"Yes, Lucy," Moroni said. As he went out, a heavily laden cloud came floating up the gold-paved street and stopped before Moroni's pearly gate. Two angels, a man and a woman, were sitting atop the heap of their belongings.

"Brother Skinner?" the man said. "I'm Ivers."

"We're just leaving, Brother Ivers. Won't be only a few minutes more."

"Hate to rush you, Brother, but you know how it is up here. The others was waiting to move into our old place."

"Well, it's a nice little place you're getting," Moroni said. "I fixed it up good while I was here."

"It's lovely," Sister Ivers said sweetly. Moroni went inside for another load, and Sister Ivers said, "But I certainly wouldn't be caught dead with that rock garden in my front yard! Diamonds are so common. Can't we get some nice creek boulders?"

"Pretty hard to find around here." Brother Ivers sighed. He knew it would be creek boulders. Sometimes he wished a man didn't understand so much in heaven. Back on earth he'd sometimes felt, if only briefly, that he ruled the house.

MORONI and Lucy got on their cloud and wafted to the new quarters. "Say, this is classy!" Moroni said.

"But I certainly wouldn't be caught dead with that kind of paint," Lucy said. "Moroni, you'll have to get busy right away and do the whole place over."

"Yes, dear," Moroni said. He'd seen from the records that very day that Jackson was moving the bathtub and a closet and making an arch out of a doorway in his newly remodeled house. Good practice for the hereafter, look at it one way. Look at it another, Moroni thought, and you wondered just where the eternal progression came in.

He went outside glumly and saw Apostle Black walking down the street. "Well, Brother Black! Ain't seen you since you got here."

"Looking well, Brother Moroni," the other said, shaking hands. "But as I remember you was older, much older."

"You was younger."

"Well, yes."

"How do you like it up here?"

"Can't kick. They put me in the Destiny Department. I'm in the Immediate Impending Events Section. Interesting work."

Moroni chuckled. "Immediate Impending Events, huh? Well, I'll bet their records look like hen tracks during that three days when I settled the Trouble in the valley and straightened Jackson out. They sure slipped up on that!"

"Didn't cross out a line; I looked it up," Apostle Black said. "It all happened exactly the way it was supposed to, them three days."

"But what about my trip to earth and appearing to Jackson and Milo?"

"Just like it was supposed to. Personally, I don't know why they have to have a Current History Division at all. We always know in Destiny what'll happen. And it always does. Ought to get a transfer, Brother, to somewhere where your work amounts to something."

"Well," Moroni Skinner said, "I'll be doggoned!"

THE END

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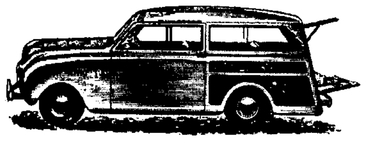

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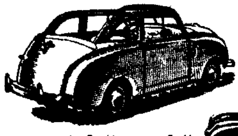

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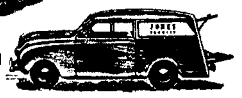

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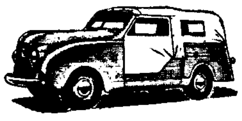

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THE TRACK THAT DOC BUILT

Continued from page 14

into the ticket machine at a place window. A short circuit flimflammed the works, and the totalizator hauled off and bet $300 on its own.

Only other time a totalizator has gone wrong at Santa Anita was when another droll customer managed to stick a dime into the ticket stamper, but this time he merely stopped everything.

Not all the money bet on Santa Anita horses goes through that totalizator. Not by a long sight, of course. There are bookies in Los Angeles as well as in many other cities and hamlets who will put up dough to prove that they know more about horses than you do. Strub and Santa Anita take a firm and pious stance *in re* bookies: They won't even discuss them.

The bookies, they point out, are not on their doorstep. They at Santa Anita, and at Hialeah and at Jamaica, for instance, run a legitimate business, and if rackets bite fortunes off its edges, that's not their concern.

What *is* on Santa Anita's doorstep, Doc likes to point out, is a horse of another color.

Ready? Here are some more big figures, but they are surprising. They explain why the parsons, the reformers and the citizens who just plain hate horses find themselves in a minority when annual moves are made to get rid of racing in California.

Some Amazing Financial Facts

According to the state Department of Finance, a grand total of $71,055,584.82 has been realized in taxes on horse tracks since the sport was legalized in 1933.

The University of California and the California Polytechnical College received more than $17,000.000 of this sum. State, county and district fairs received $28.000,000. Another $11,000,000 went for permanent improvements to fairgrounds.

This year, $9,000,000 of horse money has been apportioned to go into fish and game conservation. The Sixth District Agricultural Association will get $2,000,000. And another $2,000,000 goes for land and improvements for the California State Fair.

Which means, in short, that little old ladies from San Luis Obispo who receive prizes for their jellies, and week-end fishermen from everywhere are being bonused by horse racing.

They know it. Strub's press department, which functions all year, reminds them of it.

Charity days at Santa Anita since its opening have amounted to $4,595,492.60. This means a large constituency of cheering Elks, Jewish relief agencies, Red Cross workers and ladies' aid societies.

And still more. Santa Anita put up $400,000, cash, to erect a hospital for a group of Catholic nursing nuns at Lake Arrowhead last year, a gesture which any astute public-relations man might have thought would completely cover the field—from apple jelly at the fair to hospitals to fly-casting. Strub went further and became the only horse-track general manager in the world who sponsors grand opera.

Dealing directly with Edward Johnson, general manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Doc Strub flashed Santa Anita greenbacks and exerted influence by calling on his grand friends to insure Los Angeles a Metropolitan season in April.

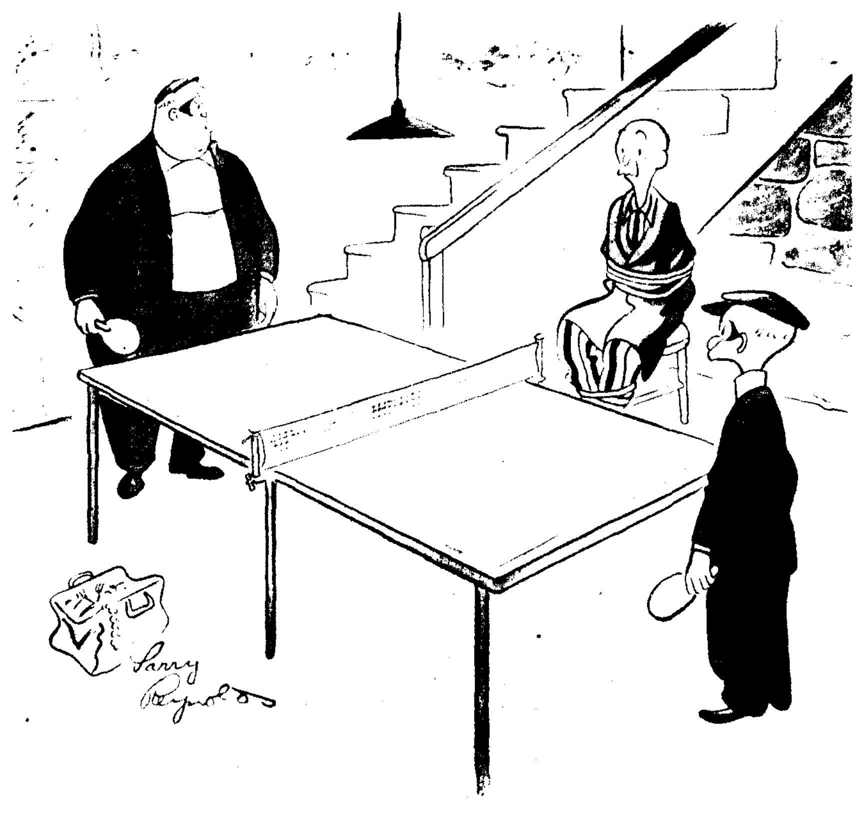
The track opened on December 27th, and will run through March 6th, prudently including five charity days. The stakes come to $700.000.

At the close of the season with the end of the eighth race on Derby Day, fifteen to twenty thousand women, equipped with baskets, paper bags and trowels, surge from the stands to the infield and dig up the pansies, calendulas, and violas—all $200.000 worth of them.

It's a tradition, smilingly encouraged by Doc Strub. It's things like that that make Santa Anita great, make Doc rich, and give authority to the rumor that the horse is here to stay.

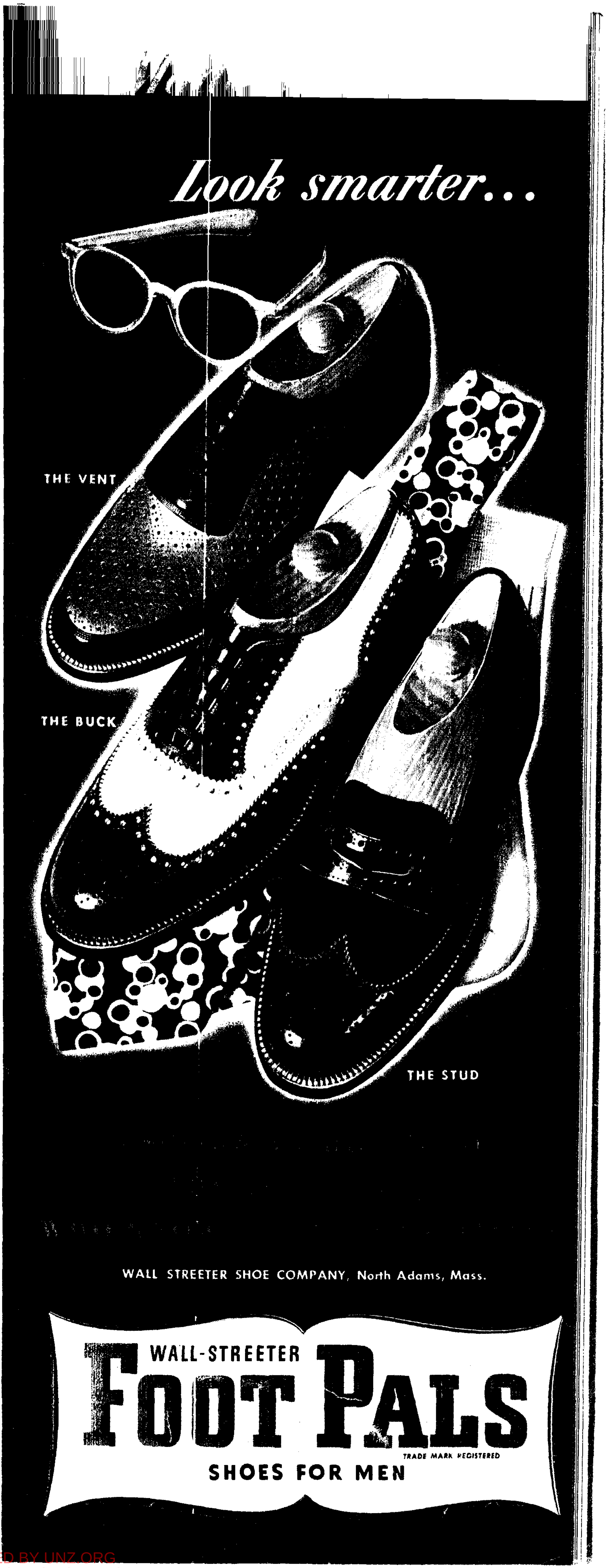
THE END

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Either you keep score right, or we won't let yuh referee no more!"

COLLIER'S



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JOHN N. GARNER'S STORY

Continued from page 23

hanging around Washington most of his life and should know . . . And I'm reasonably sure he knows the mistakes of the last seven years."

The man in the brown derby continued: "If you want a good, shrewd, able businessman to solve some of the problems growing out of the financial and taxing mess, take Wendell Willkie . . . He's a Democrat, I understand, though I am not sure, and he comes from Indiana . . . Al Smith? Too old . . . Yeah, I know Garner is older, but he's had more outdoor exercise than I have."

At his first press conference in Washington after the Garner announcement, President Roosevelt was asked to comment on it and on his own third-term aspirations. Mr. Roosevelt replied that he was too busy with foreign and domestic affairs to talk about potential events a long way off.

Something New in Party Politics

When Vice-President Garner with the legislative committee went to the White House on January 3, 1940, his own declared candidacy for the Presidency was nearly a month old. It would be the first time since the development of the party system in this nation that a President and Vice-President who had twice shared enormous electoral majorities would be arrayed against each other for the party nomination.

As polls showed Garner's big lead, more and more state political leaders called on him. One delegation, from Wisconsin, which holds the first primary of any of the larger states, informed Garner they intended to file his name there. A straw poll there had shown 65 per cent of the Democrats in favor of Garner.

The Garner campaign committee members were now face to face with the question of entering their candidate in the primaries. They did not have money enough to go into all primaries, yet they knew Garner believed all candidates should enter every Presidential preference primary. Long before his own political fortunes were involved he had said:

"No Presidential candidate in either party has ever fully used what primaries there are. The tendency has been for the candidate to enter only those primaries which he is sure he can win. I would like to see a Presidential preference primary held in every state in the Union on the same day. All candidates ought to have to announce their candidacies and enter all primaries. Even some clear-cut issues might be put on the primary ballot for an advisory referendum.

"The primaries, of course, would not be conclusive. The national convention would have to give weight to certain other factors. A candidate whose primary showing indicated his strength in key electoral states might receive more consideration than one who had carried smaller or less doubtful states. It is not likely that in a field of candidates any one could carry a majority of all the states in a primary. Then, there would be the Vice-Presidential nomination and the platform and the advertising which a convention gives to the nominees and the party's pledges. But the delegates from the states would know the sentiment of the people in the states."

President Roosevelt said at a February 5th press conference at Hyde Park that he was getting tired of efforts to sound him out on a third term.

The President said both he and the newspapermen at times have made "some perfectly grand wisecracks about the matter" and "it has been awfully amusing." He refused to comment on the fact that petitions had been filed in Illinois placing his name on the Democratic primary advisory ballot.

"Your newspapers are very silly," the President said to the reporters, "because very obviously, when anything is said it will be a time of my choosing and not of their choosing."

A reporter said:

"We will keep on trying, Mr. President."

The President admonished the reporters to tell their editors they were placing the reporters in "a ridiculous or immature position in continuing to ask these questions."

On February 7th, Garner bucked the powerful Kelly-Nash machine by entering the Illinois primaries. Garner in entering Illinois had made a sworn statement that he was a candidate. All interpretations of the Illinois law up to this time held that a sworn statement from the candidate was necessary before the candidate's name could be put on the ticket, but Illinois officials ruled differently this time and Roosevelt's name went on the ballot. Roosevelt had until February 24th to withdraw his name in Illinois, but he was on the high seas at that time and his name stayed on. The President now was at least a passive candidate in Illinois, Wisconsin and New Hampshire.

The Vice-President knew the cards were stacked against him and now felt certain that the cues for the third-term campaign were coming from the White House and were being so manipulated that the President could get the benefit of his party position without having the handicap of the third-term issue.

"It in effect is a plebiscite on his record conducted in his own party instead of a vote on an open candidacy," Garner said. "There is no risk to him. The country is kept guessing. It scuttles all democratic processes. He can work this so the nomination will be worthless to anyone else but himself."

Letter Rebukes F.D.R.'s Silence

Nevertheless the Garner campaign committee, with Mr. Garner's hearty consent, decided to contest California and Oregon. In his letter allowing his name to be used in the California preference primary, Garner directed an implied rebuke at Roosevelt for his continued silence.

Garner said: "I am sure you are actuated by the same thought and purpose which caused me to announce my willingness to accept the nomination, namely a desire to be of service to our beloved country subject only to the expressed will of the people.

"Free government is safe as long as the people have the right and opportunity to choose their public servants. My candidacy is in the hands of the people for their verdict at the Democratic convention at Chicago July 15th or at the general election next November."

By the middle of February the going was getting rougher for the Garner campaign.

"We get plenty of encouragement," said Roy Miller, a Garner manager, "but our encouragers stop there. In one state this week I asked a lawyer what he was willing to do. He said he could do nothing as his firm was handling HOLC and FHA business, which they might lose, and it would be unfair to his partners for him to cause them the loss. Another businessman told me his firm had some military supply contracts and he could not take the risk of opposing Roosevelt."

In March the campaign was proceeding in Wisconsin. It was a particularly hard state to contest. Roosevelt had got

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A sore spot in our lives has nearly always been topcoats. We've always thought we "had to take" bulging collars and lapels, wrinkly chests, and skirts that ballooned out behind and befront.

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These Mt. Rock people are coat specialists—alive and alert—and they have really applied new ideas in coat design at a dozen points. Examples:

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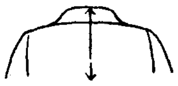

And they've put you right in the middle of your coat like a tent pole to give the coat an equal drape in front and behind.

If you've been a victim of topcoat misfits most of your life, at least give a Mt. Rock a test try on; it may change your whole coat life.

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assistance there in his two winning campaigns from the La Follette Progressives and in return had given them his support in their campaigns. The Progressives participated in the Democratic primary and despite the good races put up by Garner delegates outside of Milwaukee, Garner got only three Wisconsin delegates and Roosevelt 23.

Roosevelt also swept Illinois in the primary the following week. In California where Garner had defeated Roosevelt and Smith in 1932, Roosevelt had a one-sided victory, only one of the state's delegates going to Garner.

Before the Democratic National Convention met in Chicago, Garner was not only certain that Roosevelt would be nominated but, barring a miracle, would be elected. The Vice-President, who was never fooled on any election, felt that the Willkie nomination at Philadelphia was another "throwaway" for the Republicans.

"By all standards as political parties have applied them in this country, Willkie is the least available for any Presidential candidate nominated by either party in modern times," Garner told me. "He has no record of either elective or appointive public service and no record of high military service.

"He has been elected to no office at all nor received a preference in any party primary. There is not a shred of ballot-box evidence that he has any grass-root strength for he entered no Presidential primary nor was he considered in any state convention electing delegates.

"His utility background and his Wall Street law practice will be against him with many independents and progressive voters. He is an unknown quantity to the country from every standpoint in so far as public office is concerned. I know all about the telegrams but telegrams don't come from polling booths. He is a former Democrat and can hardly expect the enthusiastic support of the Republican organization.

"Any candidate considered at Philadelphia would, in my opinion, have done better than Willkie will this fall. There are twenty million Republicans and last-ditch anti-Roosevelt Democrats and I doubt if Willkie gets more than those."

The Vice-President was surprised that as the Dewey and Taft situation developed, Vandenberg had not been the compromise candidate.

"A man has got to be what he is, and so has a party," he said. "The Republicans are out of character without a Republican as their candidate."

Just before I left for the Chicago convention Mr. Garner told me he wished me to serve as his proxy on the Democratic National Committee, and as his spokesman at Chicago if occasion arose.

There had been talk, and Garner had been felt out—he did not know how authoritatively—on whether or not he would be agreeable to "making it the same old team" for a third time. If that possibility developed, it was understood between us that I was to tell the convention Mr. Garner would not again take the Vice-Presidency under any circumstances. But no action was necessary. The bewildered delegates waited around until Roosevelt named Henry Wallace as his choice. They came near rebelling, but finally accepted the decision.

Why Texas Delegates Wavered

The triumphant New Dealers were making an energetic try for nomination by acclamation. Some of our Texas delegates thought that in view of the certainty of Roosevelt's nomination, Mr. Garner's name should not be put forward.

I told them I could not see it that way, that Mr. Garner regarded the precedent against a third term for any President almost as compelling as a provision of the Constitution itself, that he had never had any idea he could beat Roosevelt, but that he had stood for the nomination, won delegates, and his name would be presented. . . .

Feeling was high against Garner and Farley for allowing their names to be presented. With Wright Morrow of Texas, who was to nominate Garner, I went to the soft-drink stand just outside the convention hall door. Morrow was wearing a Garner button. As we started back into the hall a policeman stopped Morrow and reached for the Garner button.

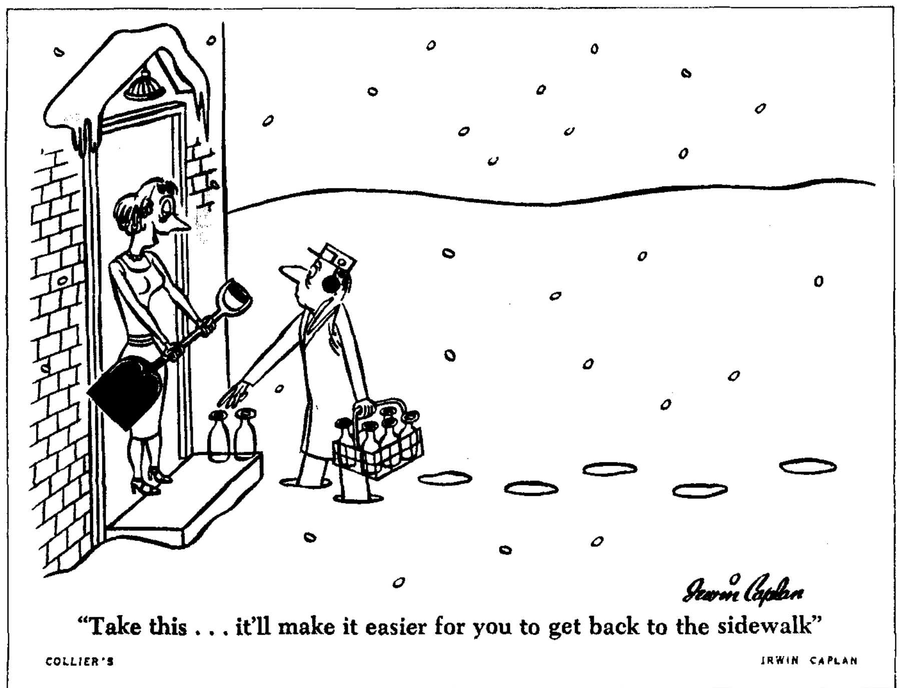
"You better take that off," the officer said. "You might get hurt in there wearing that button."

Morrow replied that he came wearing it, and intended to keep on wearing it. "I suppose you will protect me if any one jumps on me," he said.

The policeman said he could not be responsible for consequences.

When we got into the hall again, every aisle was jammed with persons who were not delegates, and who had no admission tickets. Morrow and I went to Chairman Barkley and told him the Garner men wished to put on a parade and demonstration. The Texas Cow Boy Band, with four white horses, was on hand to take part.

The harassed Barkley said he was alarmed at the size of the crowd already in the hall, but that he would call the sergeant at arms, Edwin Halsey, and see what could be done. Halsey was doubtful. He hoped we would not try a parade, but we insisted, and finally he cleared the aisles. We held the parade,



"Take this . . . it'll make it easier for you to get back to the sidewalk"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

"I...? Eat too much?"

"Why, compared to you, Richard Williams, I eat like a bird!"

"Now hold on, Honey. That's not what I mean at all."

"Well . . ."

"If you'll give me just a second to explain . . . I was thinking about the 45,000 meals I'll have to provide for you during your *lifetime*."

"For goodness' sake! Why worry about that now?"

"I'm not worrying about it any more, Hon, because I had a talk with that friend of mine from Mutual Life today. He showed me how their 'Insured Income' Service can help me be sure you'll always have enough money coming in each month to pay the bills, even if I'm not around. And if I am, we won't have to worry about money when I retire.

"So you see, I'm making sure of your next 45,000 meals."

* * *

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Do you envy those handsome successful men because their hair always looks so neat and well groomed? Then try Kreml Hair Tonic. Kreml is preferred among America's most successful men—bankers, doctors, lawyers, big business men. And there are plenty of good reasons WHY.

Kreml keeps hair neatly in place *longer*, always looking as if you just combed it. Kreml gives hair such a nice, healthy-looking lustre, too. But this *highly specialized* hair tonic does LOTS MORE than just keep hair looking handsome—

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Kreml never gives hair that old-fashioned, plastered down 'gigolo' look. It always feels so nice and clean on hair and scalp. No grease comes off on hatbands.

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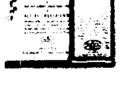

and were surprised at the number of delegates from other states who fell into the marching line. . . .

The end of the Garner candidacy came on Wednesday, June 17th, when at a six-hour convention session the platform was adopted, candidates were placed in nomination and Roosevelt was nominated.

On July 22d, Mr. Garner, who had remained in Washington during the national convention, left for Uvalde. He made no statement as to when he expected to return but he had stripped his office and hotel apartment of all their pictures, mementos and personal belongings. He returned in September, presided over the Senate until Congress adjourned and remained a few days afterward.

On his last day he had a long visit with Senator Glass. Pat Harrison and other colleagues came in. They were not sure whether he would return for the January session.

Garner made no public statement during the campaign. He did not vote in the November election.

The retiring Vice-President returned in January to preside over the Senate until the end of his term. He received the regular invitation to the Cabinet meeting and attended.

A few days before the end of his term Garner was guest at a luncheon given by Jesse H. Jones, William S. Knudsen, Pat Harrison, Bennett Clark, Finis Garrett and other old friends.

He swore in Henry Wallace as his successor and took part in the inauguration ceremonies. In the closing hours of the Senate, Senators praised his service to his country. Senator Austin of Vermont called him a cross between Sam Houston and Roger Williams.

The former Vice-President had enjoyed his service in Washington.

Farewell to the Capitol

"I have been here 38 years," he told a group of friends who called to bid him farewell. "That is just one fourth of the 152 years of the life of this republic up to now. I am going home to live to be 93 years old."

I asked him if he thought Roosevelt's third nomination could have been stopped by any sort of strategy. He said nothing could have stopped it.

"But if I faced the same situation again I would try it. I would try it against any President seeking a third term. I would know that I had little or no chance for success, but I would take the long chance."

Then he said: "Roosevelt will be a candidate for a fourth term if he lives. The next time his candidacy will have less opposition than it had this time. He will never leave the White House except in death or defeat."

In 1943, Garner predicted to me at Uvalde that Roosevelt would drop Wallace as his running mate in 1944 and ask Wendell Willkie to go on the ticket. His theory was that Willkie would try for the Republican nomination again and fail.

He thought Roosevelt would make the offer to Willkie on the eve of the next Democratic convention just as he had offered the two war-making Cabinet portfolios. However, the political situation inside the Democratic party made such a move virtually impossible by the time the convention was called.

After Roosevelt's death Garner told me at Uvalde: "Roosevelt would have run as long as he lived and was in office. He was ambitious. He wanted history to record him as the man who served longest in the Presidency. He was afraid someone would undo his work. But I think he would have had a better record and a more desirable place in history if he had not run for a third term."

When I asked him if he regretted throwing the 1932 nomination to Roosevelt, he replied:

"As a party man, if the same situation were presented to me again as it was in 1932, I would do the same thing. Roosevelt made a good President for four years, and could have been a great one in the second four. I wish I had not felt obliged by party loyalty to go on the ticket with him, but I did. He needed a Joe Cannon as Speaker. That would have been a check on him.

"Theodore Roosevelt had Cannon to check him in all but the first two years of his Administration. I would have liked to play that part in Franklin Roosevelt's Administration. I think I could have talked him out of a lot of things. That could have been my contribution. I would have had no desire to dictate his decisions. I would not have tried to tell him what he could do. But there would have been times when I would have told him what he could not do."

At different times, and in several conversations, Mr. Garner spoke of other Presidents under whom he had served, but he would never make comparisons.

A Tribute to Woodrow Wilson

"Wilson was the greatest intellectual aristocrat I have ever known," he said. "His messages to Congress were the most statesmanlike of any I have ever heard or read—they lay over all others like a dollar lays over a dime. Some of the great moments of my life were when he stood before Congress. His vocabulary was unsurpassed. He could always come up with just the proper word or exact phrase. Wilson believed in open covenants, openly arrived at. He dealt with the whole Congress, not just a few leaders.

"Coolidge was very kind to me. . . . I liked to go with Nick Longworth to have breakfast with him. . . . I was never late and Nick was never on time. . . . I had nice visits with Coolidge while waiting for Nick to arrive. . . . Coolidge seemed to have an unerring judgment of people. . . . He could spot a gold-bricker quicker than anyone I ever saw.

"William Howard Taft was the perfect constitutional President of all my time in Washington. But he was not rated a successful President. I don't know whether that proves anything or not. He came along when his party was jaded from successive victories and torn by dissension. Some men of high character and lofty attainments have been failures as President. Some men of mediocre ability have been rated successful Presidents. . . . Taft never tried to control by patronage or otherwise. . . . It's easy for a President to usurp powers. Franklin Roosevelt found that out."

Of Herbert Hoover he said: "I fought President Hoover with everything I had, under Marquis of Queensberry, London prize rings and catch-as-catch-can rules. But I always fought according to the rules. My judgment may have been frail as to the proper solution of the vexing problems but my course from 1931 to 1933, while I was Speaker, as in all of my public career, put public welfare above partisan advantage. I thought my party had a better program for national recovery than Mr. Hoover and his party.

"I never reflected on the personal character or integrity of Herbert Hoover. I never doubted his probity or his patriotism. In many ways he was superbly equipped for the Presidency. If he had become President in 1921 or 1937 he might have ranked with the great Presidents. Today I think Herbert Hoover is the wisest statesman on world affairs in America. He may be on domestic affairs, too."

(This is the fourth in a series of articles which tell the Garner Story. The last will appear next week.)

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Stormy
Very Dry
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29
30
31
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GRANDMA WOOTE

BY MICHAEL FESSIER

ONE dreary morning in Boston, Grandma Wooten sat on her front porch and thought: Shucks. Ordinarily the nice old lady was not given to addressing the world in such strong terms but today she just didn't care.

She brooded for a moment and this time she expressed her thoughts out loud.

"Shucks," she said, and then in a mood of complete recklessness she added, "Double shucks."

Right out loud.

"Were you addressing me?" inquired a voice.

Startled, Grandma Wooten looked around. At first she thought a flowerpot in front of her had been wired for sound. Then she realized that the voice came from the yard next door and the speaker was a gray-haired woman whose age Grandma Wooten had at times estimated to be somewhere between fifty and a hundred years. The two women had been neighbors for five years and during that time had never exchanged a word. Not that Grandma Wooten hadn't been tempted. There was the matter of the tulips, for instance. During her first year of residence the neighbor's tulips had bloomed in December. Grandma admired the cozy pattern they made in the snow and had wanted to ask her where she got her bulbs but they had not been introduced and so it was out of the question. In the ensuing years Grandma had learned to take the winter-blooming tulips for granted, the edge had worn off her curiosity and she had stifled the impulse to speak to her neighbor.

But today Grandma Wooten was in a reckless mood.

"I was wondering," she said, "if you wouldn't like to drop in for a cup of tea."

"I think that would be right nice," said the neighbor. She came over and sat in the parlor while Grandma prepared the tea. Grandma poured the first steaming cup, and the neighbor took a swallow that would have scalded the gizzard of a phoenix.

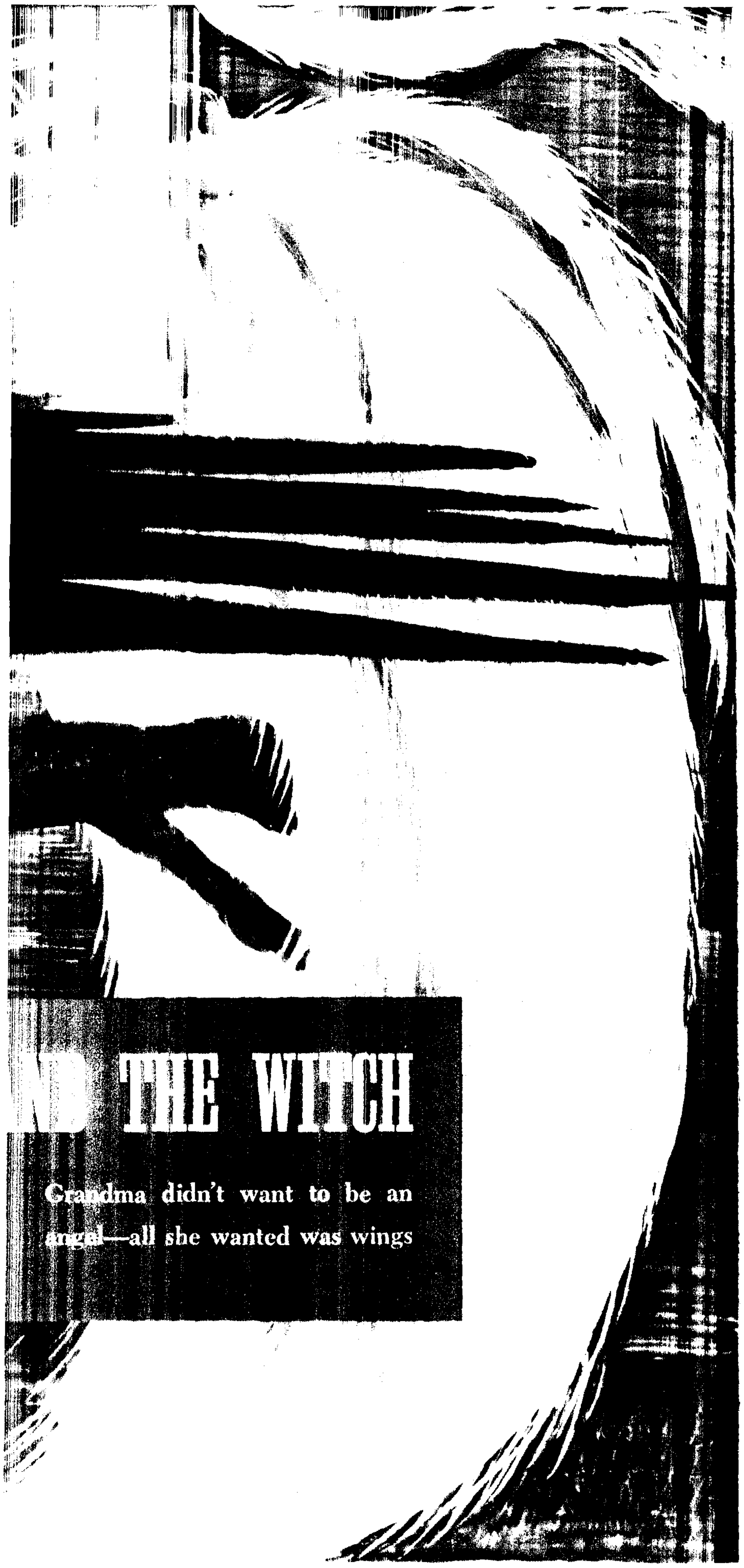
"My!" said Grandma. "Don't you find that hot?"

"It's all right," said the neighbor. "But you ought to try it while it's still bubbling. Adds a certain tang."

"Gracious," said Grandma.

"You seem perturbed," said the neighbor. "As I remember, you said, 'Shucks.' You even went so far as to say, 'Double shucks.' "

"I did," admitted Grandma Wooten candidly. "I am more than perturbed. I am bored silly."



THE WITCH

Grandma didn't want to be an angel—all she wanted was wings

Farmer Sweigart's sense of property asserted itself. He raised his shotgun, took careful aim, and shot Grandma Wooten in the tailfeathers

"Tsk, tsk," clucked the neighbor sympathetically.

"Life," said Grandma, "is an old fireplace full of last winter's ashes."

"I like the way you put it," said the neighbor.

Grandma beamed. How had she allowed this virgin field of understanding to go uncultivated for so long?

"My son, Wallace," she said, "thinks I'm an old stick. So does his wife, Ellie."

"They mean to you?" asked the neighbor.

"Not intentionally," said Grandma. "On the surface it's solicitude. It's 'Don't go out today, Grandma; it's too cold. We'd like to take you with us to the theater but remember your sciatica. Now you know, Grandma, prize fights are no place for a woman of your years. No, Grandma, you can't learn to drive a car. What would people think?' Things like that."

"I see," said the neighbor.

"The gist of the matter is they think I'm an old nuisance," said Grandma. "I think they'd have me put in a home if I didn't have money."

"Have you a lot of money?" politely inquired the neighbor.

"Somewheres between ten thousand and a million dollars," said Grandma. "I never did figure it out. Anyway, what good is money? They won't let me spend it."

"I know how you feel," said the neighbor. "Suppose you tell me more. Perhaps I could help you."

"Could you, perhaps?" asked Grandma hopefully. "How?"

"Well, I'm a witch, you know," said the neighbor.

"No, I didn't know," said Grandma. "Are you really?"

"Yes, indeed," said the neighbor. "I'm a good witch, though. Name's Brock. H. K. Brock."

GRANDMA looked sideways at H. K. Brock. "Glad to make your acquaintance," she murmured. "Fancy that! A witch. How does one go about being a witch?"

"It just came over me all of a sudden when I was a girl of eight," said the neighbor. "I was aboard the Mayflower."

"I've often wondered about your age," commented Grandma. "That accounts for the winter tulips, doesn't it? Your being a witch, I mean."

"It's just that I have a green thumb," said H. K. Brock modestly.

"Brock, Brock," mused Grandma. "That seems to ring a bell. The Piccadilly Brocks, by any chance?"

"The same," admitted the neighbor.

"Then, if I recall my family history," said Grandma, "one of my ancestors had something to do with burning one of your ancestors."

"Ancestor, hell!" said H. K. Brock. "That was me. Excuse the language."

"I'm glad it wasn't permanent," said Grandma. She studied her neighbor with added interest. "You must have led an exciting life."

"Exciting!" said H. K. Brock. "I could tell you things that'd make your hair curl."

"Please do," urged Grandma.

So H. K. Brock told Grandma some things that made her hair curl. . . .

"As I was saying," said Grandma, smugly viewing her new coiffure in the mirror, "I'm not appreciated around here. I don't think they like me very much and, as a matter of fact, I'm not very fond of them, especially my son, Wallace. He's such a clod."

"I understand," said H. K. Brock. "I've had literally hundreds of sons and I had no use for any of 'em. They were all so disgustingly normal. Couldn't even so much as do a card trick."

"Right now," said Grandma, "my son and his wife are out to the air circus. I don't know why they went excepting that it's free. But *I* would have enjoyed it. I learned all about flying from Popular Mechanics. But would they take me? No."

Grandma stretched her arms and sighed.

"Ah, me," she said, "I wish I were as free as a bird."

After a momentary dizzy spell, Grandma looked around and said, "Cheep, cheep." Then she looked at H. K. Brock, puzzled. "Why do you suppose I said, 'Cheep'?" she asked.

"I wouldn't know," said H. K. Brock, "except that maybe it's because you're a bird."

"Am I really?" asked Grandma.

She fluffed out her wings and gazed admiringly at them.

"Well, so I am," she said. "A bird. Fancy! What kind of a bird am I?"

"That I couldn't exactly say," H. K. Brock told her. "It's just a little something I whipped up on the spur of the moment. There's a little of the cockatoo mixed in with bird of paradise and a dash of eagle, thrown in to give you body."

Grandma again admired her plumage which was red, white, yellow, magenta and mottled purple.

"And such nice colors," she said. "My, I must say I'm very much obliged."

"Oh, it's nothing," said H. K. Brock, graciously.

"I think I'm going to like being a bird," said Grandma.

"Of course, you can always change back to yourself at will," H. K. Brock told her.

"That's real thoughtful of you," said Grandma. "I don't think I'd like sleeping in trees." She flapped her wings tentatively. "Do you suppose I could fly?" she inquired. "Or is that asking too much?"

"Just try it," urged H. K. Brock.

Grandma Wooten flapped her wings a few more times and finally became airborne. She circled the room twice and then swooped out the window and soared majestically into the air. H. K. Brock watched her until she became a mere speck in the distance and then went to tend her tulips.

At first Grandma contented herself with straight flying. Then she tried a few swoops and spirals and in no time at all attained great proficiency in advanced wing work. She floated lazily for a while in a favorable air current and then made a couple of speed runs between the city hall and the harbor. Finally becoming a little tired, she flew to a telephone pole and roosted.

Gracious, she thought, I do believe this is going to open up an entirely new life for me.

From a distance, a cruising goshawk spied Grandma Wooten and spiraled down to investigate. Being a bird of sober judgment he at first refused to believe his eyes. He hovered for a moment and stared unbelievingly, hoping against hope that this horrid creature was a mere figment of his imagination.

"Oh, go away and mind your own business," said Grandma Wooten crossly.

The goshawk squawked poignantly then blopped off, his nervous system shattered.

Far in the distance, Grandma Wooten heard the roar of airplane motors. That reminded her of something so she stretched her wings and sped off into the blue.

AT THE air circus Wallace and Ellie Wooten were sitting in the grandstand placidly eating peanuts and watching the death-defying aerobatics of Pierre Peronne, the famous French stunt flier. Peronne was doing outside loops as a warmup!

"What's that flying alongside the airplane?" suddenly asked Ellie.

Wallace looked closely.

"I think," he said nervously, "it's a bird."

"A monstrosity of a bird," said Ellie. "A perfectly incredible bird. And look it's looping, too."

And that's exactly what Grandma Wooten was doing. Having observed the pilot long enough to catch the technique, she tried a tentative loop and, flushed by success, executed several more—great swooping outside loops that brought gasps from the crowd.

(Continued on page 81)

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RONDELL

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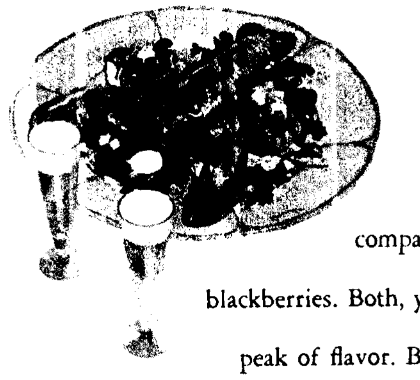
Blatz
BEER

KERLEE

At the Peak of Flavor



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Blatz
BREWING BETTER BEER
FOR THE 97TH YEAR

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THE MERMAID IN THE BOTTLE

Continued from page 28

the winter social season, they entertained in their town house in Charleston. In the summer, they moved to the beaches or inland to resort towns like Camden, Summerville and Aiken, where they believed the odor of pine prevented malaria.

In old Charleston, life was gracious and easy, with plenty of leisure for balls, concerts, theatricals and talk. Today, despite a shortage of ready cash, it still is. Visitors, impressed by its graceful drawing rooms, its urbane talk, its interest in music and the theater, and its large and often best-selling literary output, are always amazed to discover that Charleston, totaling no more than 80,000 souls, is smaller than Sioux City and only half the size of Bridgeport, Connecticut.

The city, like the surrounding countryside, is friendly but not folksy. Charlestonians outdo even New Yorkers in leaving one another alone, and the hivelike proximity of living quarters may have something to do with it.

Neighbors Aren't Too Sociable

Many of the big old houses have been cut up into private apartments. One of them, near St. Michael's, is so arranged that entrance to the rear apartment can be gained only through a central bathroom shared with the front. The same tenants have occupied these apartments for eight years now, and at least one of them is rather proud they have never developed a speaking acquaintance.

Relax is the region's watchword; take it easy. Charleston itself sets the example. "You can drink or talk yourself to death here," says one businessman, "but no one's ever died of overwork."

People don't like to be pinned down to definite appointments. A newcomer who bought a house engaged a contractor to make some repairs and said in parting, "See you at ten then." After several days and no sign of workmen, the man called up to ask if he'd been forgotten. "I told you I'd be there at ten," the contractor assured him, "and I will the first morning I have a chance."

Shopping, too, is a leisurely affair. In Old Charleston, Ohlandts and the self-service Automatic are social centers as well as grocery stores. Until he died a few years ago, John Ohlandts waited on customers in a gray morning coat and wing collar, carried on philanthropies, public and private, and invested the grocery business with senatorial dignity. His son Willie carries on the business in the same tradition.

Modern bookkeeping and efficiency methods are unknown here, but the service is wonderful. When a customer goes away for the summer, Ohlandts pays the servants, keeps an eye on the garden and sees that the house is in readiness when he gets back. Some Charleston specialties you may want to pick up at Ohlandts are pickled shrimps, spiced artichokes and benne seed cookies.

People in the Low Country speak softly and rapidly and freely employ grammatical short cuts like "hot the coffee" or "up the window." They wince at the Deep South accent you find in Atlanta, and deny they have any accent at all. In the next breath they tease upstaters for trying to imitate the "Charleston accent." To the outsider it's apt to sound like ordinary English spoken while suppressing a yawn or worrying a small pebble between the front teeth. Good sounds like gude, beer like bay-ah, garden like gyardan, milk like mulk, battery like bott'ry, here like hay-er, hair like hyair, and, of course, boh meets gyirl.

When you visit Charleston or any of the other Low Country resort towns, don't count on amusing yourself at dance spots, gambling casinos and cocktail bars. There are no real night spots, and few restaurants that stay open after eight or nine in the evening. From April 13th to 16th Charleston will stage its annual Azalea Festival with parades, beauty queens, kite-flying contests, and a revival of the old lance tournament in which "knights" on horseback compete in spearing a small ring suspended from a crossbar—and the winner tilts his lance at the Queen of Love and Beauty.

Apart from the festival, you can take in a show at the Dock Street Theatre or the Footlight Players, both first-rate community theaters, or attend a concert or a movie. Otherwise, as a pretty girl at the Chamber of Commerce informed a young male tourist who asked her for a date, "Charleston does not entertain, it edifies."

Driving in from the north, you get your first edifying view of Charleston from the soaring 2-mile-long Cooper River Bridge over which Route 17 enters the city. You'll get the best view of all, though, from the sight-seeing boat out to Fort Sumter, where the Civil War started just 87 years ago come April 12th.

Since half the fun of sight-seeing in Charleston is wandering off down some twisting alley or peering into the walled gardens, your best bet is to walk. In a space not much bigger than the Pentagon, you'll find most of the notable old houses and most of the historic landmarks, including St. Michael's, the older and more gracious St. Philip's, the powder magazine used in the Revolution, the Dock Street Theatre handsomely rebuilt by the WPA, the old Slave Mart, and Fish Row, the tenement alley which DuBose Heyward renamed Catfish Row for his play, Porgy.

Even the street names in old Charleston suggest another era. You can meander down Zig Zag Road, lounge on Longitude Land, or kiss your girl in Do As You Choose Alley. If you're in a meditative mood, you can spend a whole day reading epitaphs along the Garden Walk, a half-mile path that traipses through the flowering graveyards of six churches in the heart of the city.

When the Fishing Fleet Returns

If you're an early riser, you can walk over to Adger's Dock on East Battery around seven o'clock and watch Charleston's fishing fleet come back with its catch. Trucks are waiting to haul their supply to the stores, and the town's famous Negro street vendors are there too with sacks and pushcarts.

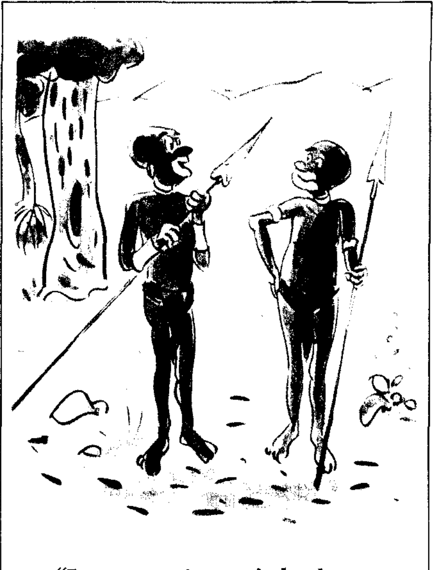
"Raw-uh! . . . . Raw-uh! . . . . Raw-uh!" is one of the commonest of the cries, with an occasional, definitive "Raw-uh Swimps!" For crabmeat, Charlestonians prefer the female, and this accounts for another of the cries you can hear any morning throughout the town: "I got she-crab . . . she-crab . . . she-crab," and a final hot lick, "I got Sheeeeeee!"

Once in a while you can hear the well-known porgy cry, "Porgy walk . . . Porgy talk . . . Porgy eat wi' knife and fowk." One of the best cries is an imaginary dialogue between the vendor and the housewife. "*Is* you got honey?" this vendor asks in a high falsetto, and then in a rich bass: "Yes, ma'am, I'se got honey!" "Well how you got 'em?" "I got 'em in the comb. Yes, ma'am, sweet honey in the comb!"

If you like to take photographs, load up with color film. The houses are painted every color of the rainbow, and some the rainbow hasn't got. At every other turning, you bump into an impromptu flower market—wherever a half-dozen Negro women balancing flower baskets on their heads decide to pass the time of day. The gardens and graveyards, too, are full of color.

This spring, for the first time, you can also prowl through the interiors of some 32 of the oldest private homes on tours arranged by the Historic Charleston Foundation. Each tour of four homes, complete with a look at the family china, silver and jewels, will cost $3 plus taxes, and part of the proceeds will be turned over to the owners to help maintain the buildings. The idea came by way of Natchez, Mississippi, where profits from the tours have saved many old houses from being used for scrap lumber and kept them in good repair.

North of Charleston, Georgetown is a convenient place to pause while you visit Brookgreen and Belle Isle Gardens, though Myrtle Beach some 35 miles farther up the coast will give you a much wider choice of food and accommodations and possibly a swim on one of the East Coast's most magnificent beaches.



"I suppose it won't be long before they'll be propelling spears with atomic power"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

If you have time to give Middleton, Magnolia and Cypress Gardens, and Mulberry Plantation the long and lingering attention they deserve, you can put up comfortably in the quiet little resort town of Summerville. A hundred years ago, the first law enacted by the town council made it a crime to cut down a tree without special permission. The law has paid off handsomely in the century-old pines which tower over the village. If Summerville is crowded or too expensive, you can stop at Walterboro.

But if you're in the mood to sit back and take things easy, by all means go to Beaufort, a rich ante bellum planters' resort half lost in a cluster of 64 semitropical islands between Charleston and Savannah. Beaufort (rhymes with View-fort) is a triumph of relaxation. Old as Charleston and in many ways just as historic, it takes pride in having no monuments at all and no city plan or system of any kind. In most towns, houses are built along the street. In Beaufort, the streets are built to accommodate the houses, which are set down any way that happened to suit the planters who built them a hundred-odd years ago.

Among the more substantial male citizens, a favorite diversion is the gathering at the "sittin' plank"—a board nailed between two stumps in a vacant lot. Some, of course, prefer the grassy slopes of the Inland Waterway where they can talk lying down.

Besides the privilege of doing nothing, you can do absolutely anything you please in Beaufort, so long as you don't make a fuss about it. This applies even to roosters, which are forbidden by city ordinance to crow before sunrise. The railroad station was built a mile out of town so that nobody would be annoyed by the tooting of the one train a day. Till 1926 this train and, of course, small boats were the town's only link with the mainland. When the automobile bridge was built, the town promptly passed a law against unnecessary horn tooting. Even today, traffic is often slowed down to the gait of the oxen still used in these parts for plowing and hauling.

Union forces, who captured the islands early in the Civil War, found only slaves whom the planters had left behind. The federal government resettled most of them on 10-acre tracts on St. Helena Island, and Quaker philanthropists set up Penn School to provide education.

Today St. Helena is almost entirely inhabited by their descendants, called "Gullahs," who support themselves by truck farming. Thanks largely to Penn School, which has kept right on growing despite a constant shortage of funds, illiteracy and the extremes of poverty are gradually disappearing from the island. Besides the elementary and high school enrollment of 300, almost a hundred veterans are taking the school's practical courses in farming and mechanics. The teaching staff of 26 have no spare time. When classes are over, they carry their teaching out to the individual farmsteads scattered over the island.

Burial Customs of Long Ago

In some of the cemeteries on St. Helena and on Edisto Island up the coast, you'll still find graves covered with cherished possessions of the dead—including medicine bottles, clocks, spectacles and dishes. Disturb these and you invite trouble from "plat-eye," the Gullah version of the evil eye.

Though Penn School and other Negro schools have made great progress in spreading elementary education and understanding of diet, sanitation and medicine, a few of the old superstitions still linger among the poorer Negroes up and down the coast. An ax under the bed cuts the pain of childbirth. Hair and nail parings finely ground and added to whisky will make you irresistible to anybody you can persuade to drink it. Boo Daddies and Boo Hags, male and female witches, walk abroad on moonless nights; and Drolls, the spirits of children who die unbaptized or in pain, cry through the dark swamps.

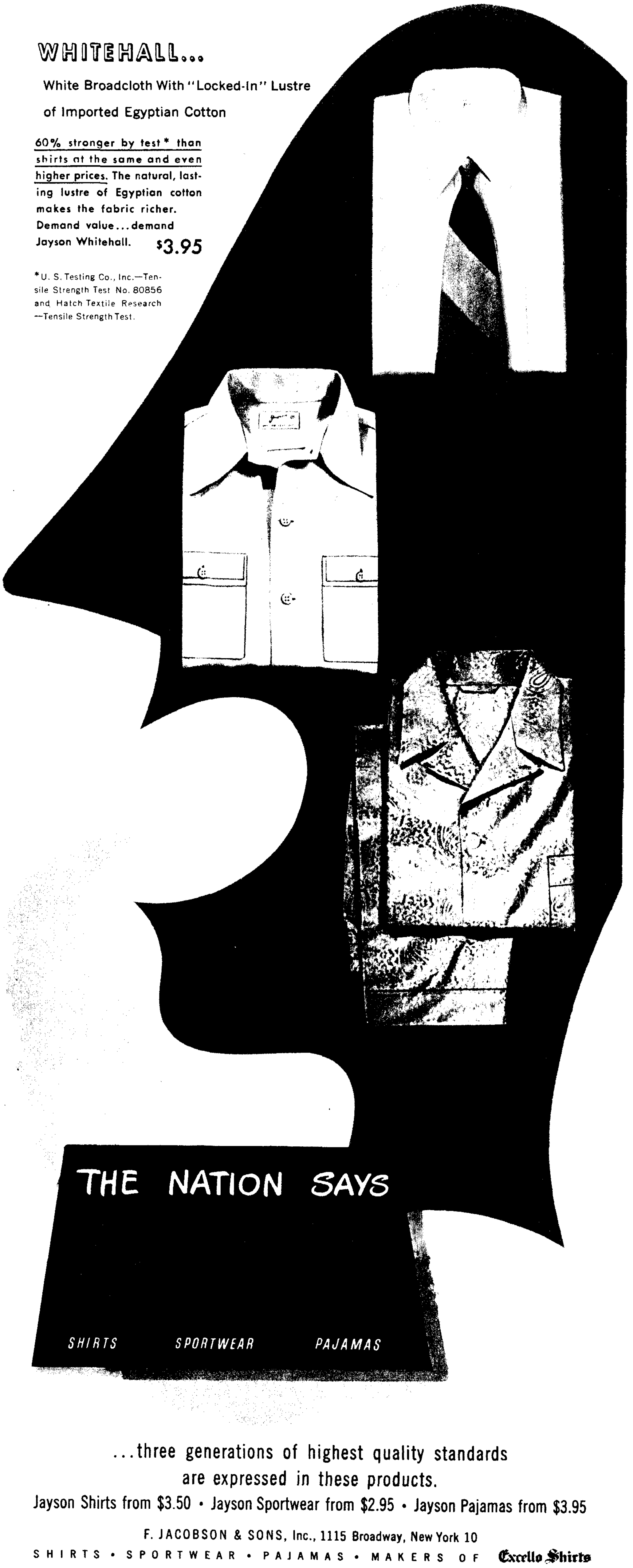
In Charleston survives one of the strangest myths of all. Last winter a guest arriving at a dinner party greeted the butler with a remark about the long spell of disagreeable weather. "Yes, ma'am," said the butler. "Looks like some folks never will learn to leave them mermaids alone."

He was referring to something that happened a couple of years after the Civil War. A heavy rain set in early in July and continued week after week without letup, spreading flood and panic throughout the ruined city. The superstitious put the blame on Dr. William Trott, who ran the old pharmacy on King Street, and incidentally kept anatomical specimens in quart bottles of alcohol. Somehow word got around that Dr. Trott was keeping a mermaid imprisoned in a bottle as tall as a man and that Charleston would drown and sink into the sea unless she were released.

As the deluge went into the fifth week, a large crowd appeared in front of the pharmacy and Dr. Trott finally opened up to let 3 of its members ransack the store from front to back. They didn't find the mermaid. But within the hour the sun broke through bright and hot.

If the belief in mermaids has persisted ever since, well, that's understandable. Beautiful to look at, hard to embrace, half myth, half memory, the real mermaid in the bottle is Charleston herself. As long as she remains imprisoned in her past, it'll keep right on raining tourists.

THE END



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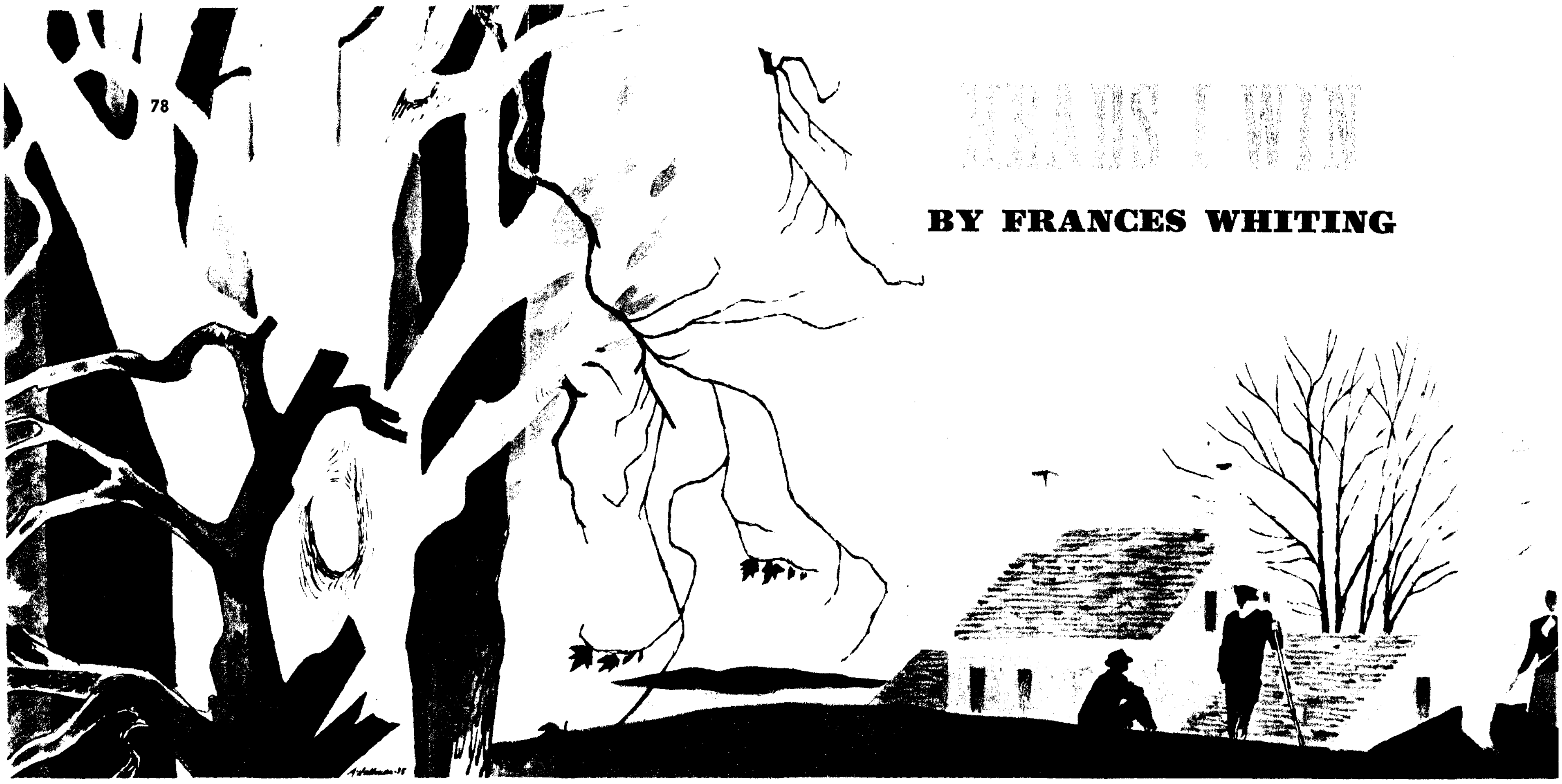


HEADS I WIN

BY FRANCES WHITING

IN HIS high-backed leather chair, comfortably molded to his big frame by endless hours of board meetings, Jonas Clark sat and waited for the sun to shine through the southwest window and hit old Harkins' bald spot.

Jonas knew he should be paying closer attention to the ceremony of his farewell appearance as founder and lifetime president of Clark & Company. On Jonas' right, his successor wore the proper blend of modesty and aggressiveness on a somewhat undistinguished face.

It was nearly over. The labor delegate had said he wished there were more men in management like Jonas Clark. The mayor had paid tribute to Jonas' civic-mindedness. The trustee from Jonas' university had spoken of undergraduate days—and the need for funds.

Soon Jonas would respond with a ringing call for more and better Clark electrical appliances. It was all sincere, but to Jonas somewhat like a beloved phonograph record that had been played too often.

Everybody said Jonas Clark would go crazy after a month of idleness and start something new. Indeed he would, a new life, including new faces and places, the new boat, a thousand things, all with dear Ellen who had waited so long.

Jonas had no quarrel with life, no regrets. He had always done exactly what he wanted to do, which was work like a dog, making and marketing good electrical appliances at a profit. Setting his life in order for retirement had been easy because it was an orderly life directed by a clear and disciplined mind. When he walked out of the board room today he would file his career under finished business.

On the personal agenda of Jonas Clark, however, one item remained. That one nagging little item had been pricking his conscience ever since he and Harry Ogden had flipped a coin to settle who would buy the other out and take over the business of Clark & Ogden.

Thinking about Harry, Jonas missed the gleam of sunshine on the chairman's bald spot and scarcely heard his own speech. As he came out of the Clark Building to get into his car, the strongest reminder he carried was a right hand sore from being wrung, and—oh, yes—the testimonial platinum watch.

Instead of turning off the parkway for Greenwich and home and Ellen, Jonas kept on going. He knew where Harry lived. He had kept an eye on Harry for years through the Bridgeport office. Ogden, the reports ran, was a professor of physics in a small Connecticut college. He had a wife named Margery, one married daughter, two grandchildren, a salary of forty-five hundred dollars a year, a small annuity, and a research laboratory over the garage that housed his 1939 car. He spent his spare time in the laboratory or writing textbooks.

THE reports made Jonas feel better. Funny about kids, he thought, moving smoothly up the parkway. In college he and Harry had been all fire and flame about electrical engineering, complementing each other so perfectly that the partnership after graduation had been a matter of course. The trouble began when one of their experiments turned out so well it promised to be valuable. After that they continued to be friends in the laboratory. But the moment they sat down at a desk, in their own or anybody else's office, they became enemies. They couldn't see eye to eye on production, marketing or any of the things that mattered. Deals fell through, leaving them discouraged.

Harry said he would just pull out, sell out—anything—but Jonas could not accept such a sacrifice. They tossed a coin. They had always tossed a coin, to decide who would take Margery to the dance or who would go down to the corner for a paper. Harry always flipped it and Jonas invariably called heads. On the toss that parted them, Jonas called heads and won. With his share of the partnership Harry married Margery and went to Europe.

The Ogdens' old white house was beautiful in the October sunset. Harry was raking leaves inside the fence as the car drove up, and Margery, placid and motherly, was tending a small fire in the roadway. As Harry dropped his rake and hurried forward, Jonas saw that he had taken on weight.

Harry said, "Well, well, this is fine. We read about you in the paper, Jonas. You're not quitting because you're sick, I hope."

Jonas said no, and talked about his plans; and Margery hurried into the house. "Still Scotch and water, Jonas?" she called back over her shoulder. It was warm and friendly. They sat down. Harry said he had a sabbatical year coming up and was thinking about a trip. Jonas described the new boat.

The sun dropped lower as they sat over their drinks. When Margery left them to get dinner, Jonas despaired of broaching the subject that had brought him to this peaceful place. It didn't seem to fit. Better after all just to leave things as they were.

As Jonas stood up to leave, Harry protested, "But Margery is counting on you for dinner. Please stay."

Jonas hesitated. "I shouldn't," he said. "My wife is counting on me, too."

With a flicker of the old familiar smile, Harry pulled a quarter from his pocket. "You call it, Jonas," he said.

Jonas Clark shook his head. "Never again, Harry, not with you."

The two men looked at each other gravely. Jonas said carefully, "Harry, there's something on my mind. I've never felt right about that toss that gave me the business."

Harry Ogden reached out a protesting hand and started to speak.

"No, let me finish," Jonas said firmly. "I've got to set this straight. I can't rest until I do. You lost the business on a fair toss, Harry, but it wasn't my fault it was fair."

Harry said, quietly, "Go on, Jonas."

Jonas forced himself to look at his old friend's eyes as he continued, "Do you remember that I tried to hand you a coin from my pocket for that toss?"

"I remember."

"And you wouldn't take it?"

"That's right," Harry Ogden said.

"The coin I tried to give you was crooked, heads on both sides. I bought it just for that toss. When you refused it I tell you I sweated blood. I called heads and won, but believe me, Harry, I've sweated blood since, too. That toss made a better man of me, Harry, knowing how close a man can come."

Harry Ogden was silent. Jonas gave a deep sigh, as if he had put down a burden. The silence lengthened between them.

Jonas spoke after a while. "You're shocked, aren't you, Harry? I'd like to make it up to you somehow, anything you name. After all, the business made millions for me. And you haven't hit the jack pot, I know—not in money."

Harry Ogden said at length, "No, I'm not shocked. I was just thinking—about honesty, and men, and what they will do to get what they want."

Jonas said, "I wish you'd let me make it up to you."

Harry shook his head. "You don't owe me a thing. As it turned out, we both got exactly what we wanted. I wouldn't swap my life for all your money. We're both perfectly happy."

Jonas put out his hand. The other man shook it warmly. "I'm glad I came," Jonas said. "Now I can go home to Ellen." As Jonas walked to his car, he was whistling.

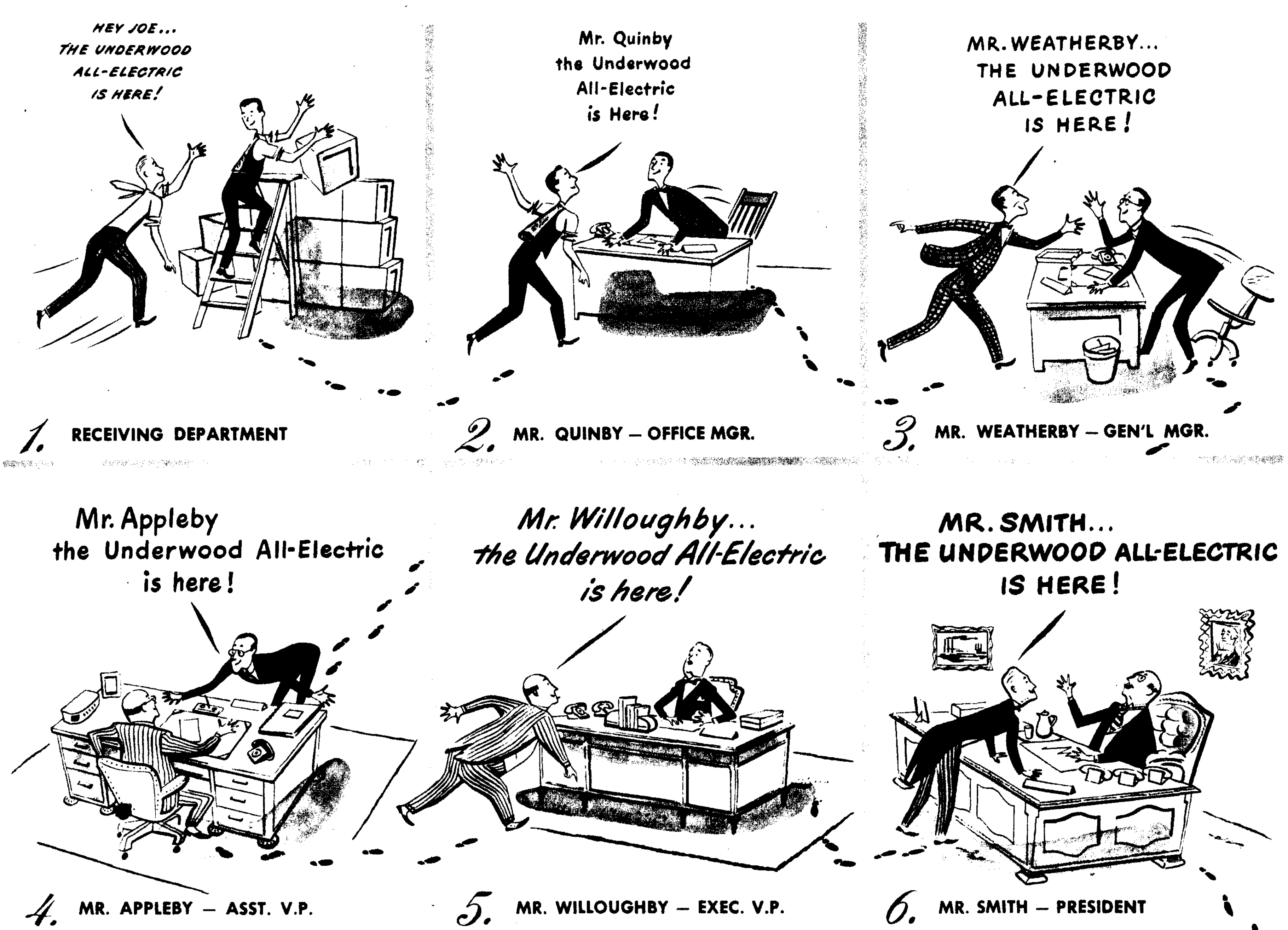
HARRY OGDEN went indoors. "Margery," he called, "where's my lucky piece?"

Margery answered from the kitchen, "In the desk, dear, on top of that citation from the War Department."

When Harry found the coin he turned it over and over in his hand, lovingly. He had been tempted to show it to Jonas. Jonas Clark had always been such a bullheaded old son of a gun, so incapable of understanding that his partner really loved research, hated the business, and wanted nothing in life but Margery and science and a laboratory. No, it had to be Jonas' way, a toss of a coin and Harry stuck for life perhaps with the Clark & Ogden electrical business. Harry studied his lucky piece, the beautiful illegal, counterfeit quarter with heads on both sides, the coin he had bought to make sure that two men would win.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. HALLMAN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All-Electric
is Here!
MR. WEATHERBY...
THE UNDERWOOD
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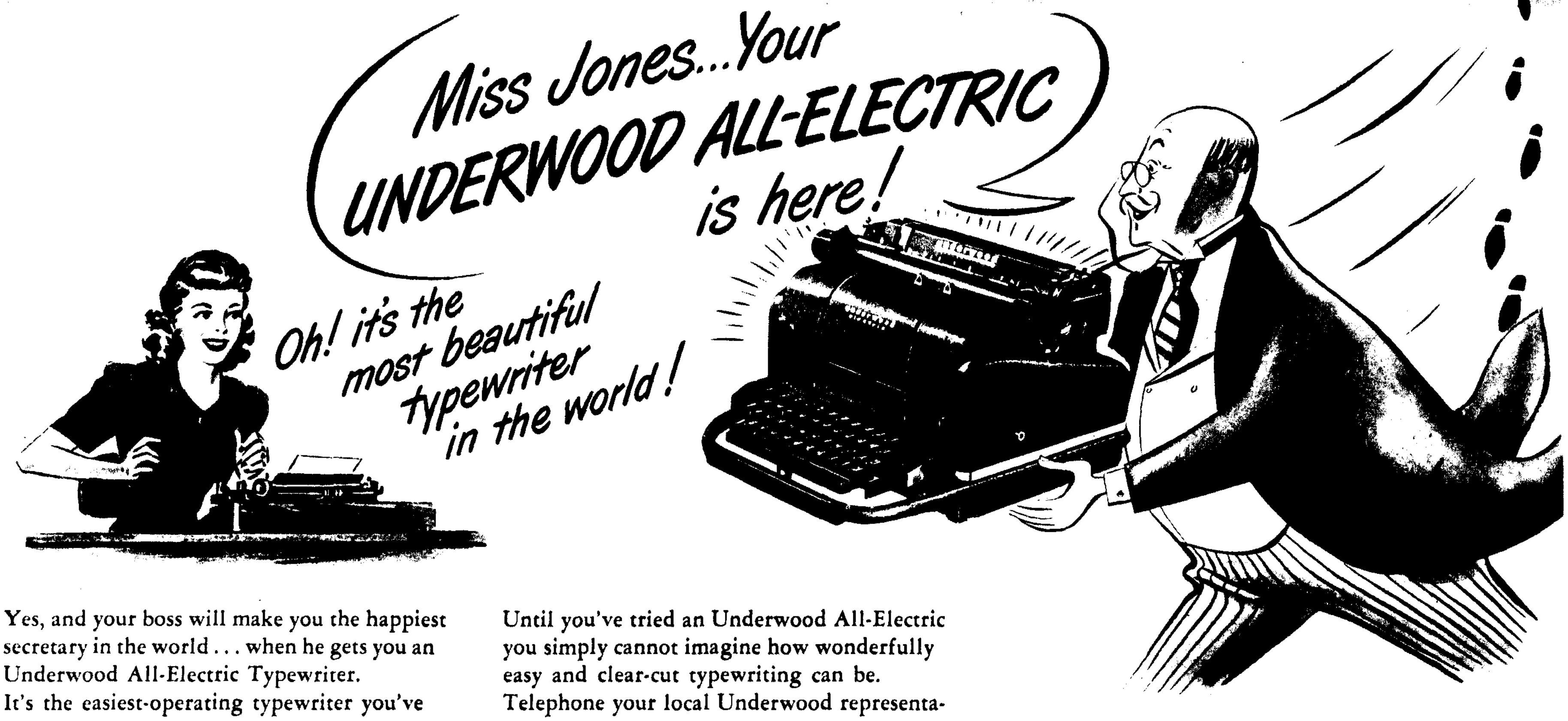
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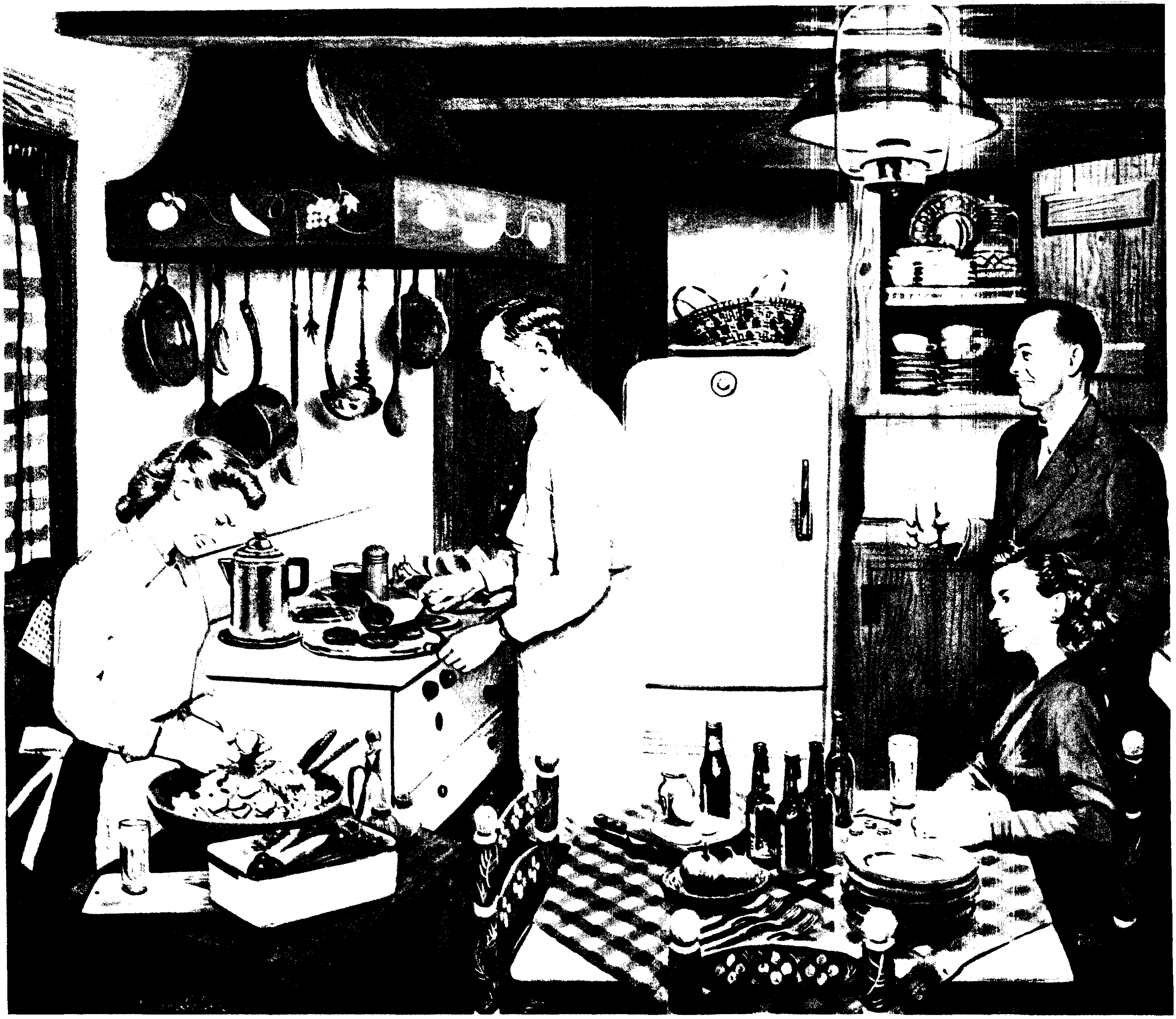

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GRANDMA WOOTEN AND THE WITCH

Continued from page 75

"Thank goodness," Wallace told Ellie. "These other people see it, too."

"I wish I didn't," said Ellie. "I wish I were home."

Pierre Peronne flipped the plane over on its back and roared across the field close to the ground.

"Now," said he, "I'll show these Americans something."

A cheer, heard even over the sound of the motor, came up from the crowd and Pierre was pleased until he noticed that a bird was flying alongside him, upside down and at a speed which matched his. Pierre's hand jerked spasmodically and his plane swerved to the right. So did the bird. Pierre attained a sort of desperate control over himself. At all costs, he must elude this fantastic fowl or never again trust himself in the air again. He looped crazily, gained altitude, dived like a rocket, pulled up so abruptly as almost to tear his wings off and still Grandma Wooten flew alongside him.

Never had the people of Boston seen such a thrilling sight as Grandma Wooten provided that afternoon. They cheered wildly and were too excited to wonder where the bird had come from or to try to explain its presence there. Their only emotion was of satisfaction at getting their money's worth. Those who cheered the loudest were the ones who, after sober reflection at home, denied vehemently that there was such a thing as an acrobatic bird but instead insisted that it was just a trick.

FINALLY Pierre gave up. He landed, taxied his plane to its hangar and sat sulking in the cockpit for the rest of the afternoon.

"The State Department," he told one of the officials darkly, "shall hear about this."

Grandmother Wooten entertained the crowd solo for a few moments and then, drunk with power, entered the speed events. She was circling the pylons, an easy third, when she got in the wake of a jet plane and scorched her tail feathers. Chagrined and mortified, she called it a day and flew home. . . .

When Wallace and Ellie returned from the air circus, Grandma Wooten was sitting not too comfortably in her easy chair, knitting.

"Oh, Mother," said Wallace. "It was so thrilling. There was a bird, or at least I *think* it was a bird, and it did stunts."

"Really?" asked Grandma.

"How I wish you'd been there," said Wallace.

"I was," said Grandma.

"You were?" asked Wallace. "How'd you get there?"

"Oh, I flew, of course," said Grandma Wooten.

Wallace laughed.

"I thought you were joking," he said.

"I wasn't joking," said Grandma. "I was there. I was the bird."

"Huh?" said Wallace.

"You heard me," said Grandma.

"But I thought you said you were the bird," said Wallace.

"Look," said Grandma, "this repetition isn't getting us anywhere. I *was* the bird. Look."

Grandma changed herself into a bird and sat on the arm of the chair, preening her feathers.

"Well, what do you know?" gasped Wallace. "She *is* a bird."

"I can see that," said Ellie. "But don't just stand there. Do something."

"What?" asked Wallace.

"Well, make her stop," said Ellie. "I won't have any bird sitting on my chair preening her feathers even if she is your mother."

"Mother, please," urged Wallace.

Grandma Wooten changed back into herself.

"This is better," she remarked. "It spreads the burn over a wider area. That jet plane!"

Wallace sat down and regarded his mother with admiration.

"How do you do it?" he asked.

"I can't tell you exactly," said Grandma. "It's a little something a witch did for me."

"What witch?" asked Ellie.

"Our neighbor," said Grandma.

"Heavens, what a day!" gasped Wallace. "Do you mean we've got a witch for a neighbor?"

"Yes," said Grandma. "Haven't you noticed the tulips in December?"

"Well, yes," admitted Wallace, "but I never really believed it."

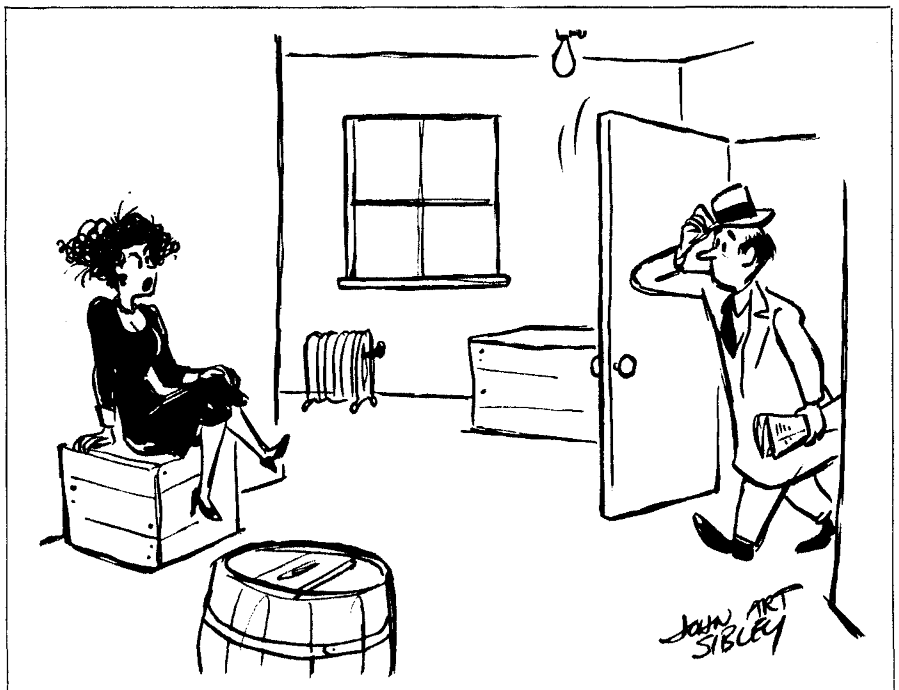
"Neither did I," agreed Ellie.

"Well, well," said Wallace. "So a witch taught you how to be a bird."

"Name of H. K. Brock," said Grandma. "She gets all the credit."

"What credit?" demanded Ellie. "What's there to give anybody credit for?"

"Well, for Heaven's sake," said Wallace. "It isn't everyone who can change



"The finance company rearranged the furniture today, dear"

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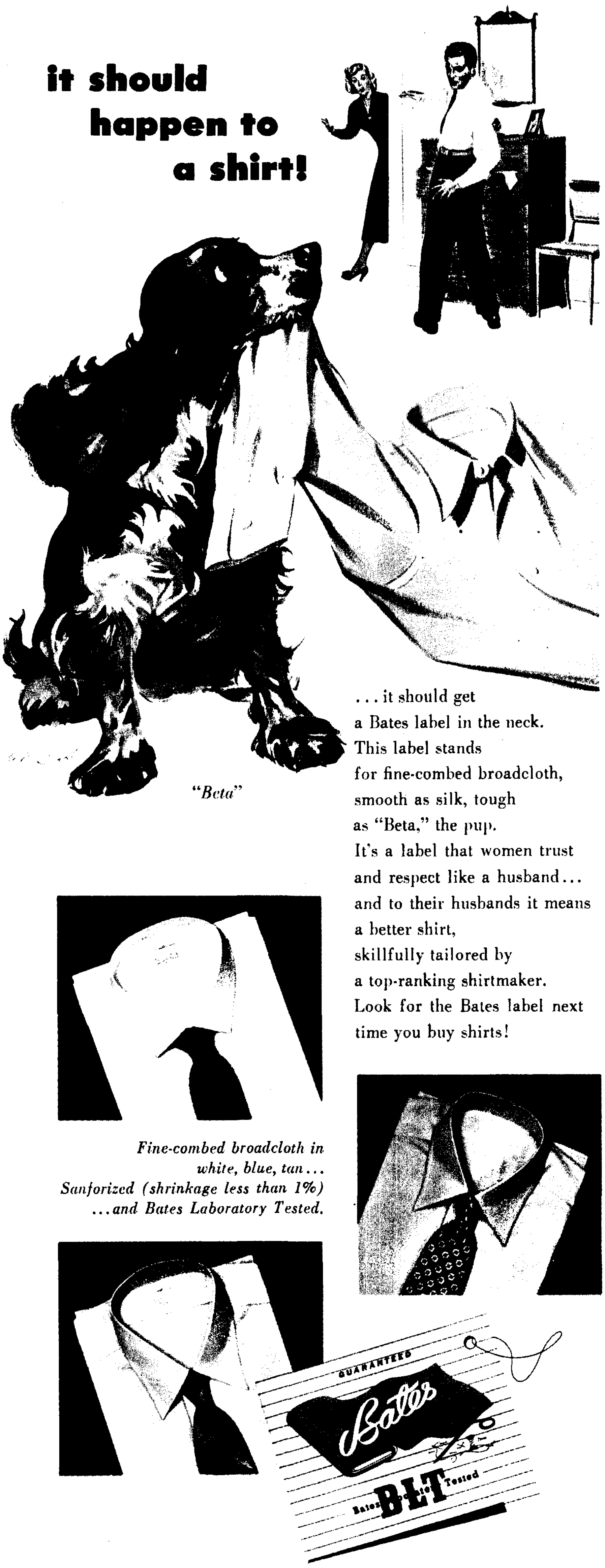

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herself into a bird. I'll bet *your* mother can't do it."

"Well, maybe she couldn't," admitted Ellie. "But if she could she wouldn't turn herself into such a perfectly atrocious bird as your mother did."

Grandma was hurt.

"Aren't I a nice-looking bird?" she asked.

"Well," said Wallace, "candor forces me to admit that you were a bit repulsive. Sort of like a flatulent widgeon. And those colors! Ugh! Let's not go into details."

"Let us just say," said Ellie maliciously, "that if a Navajo Indian could change himself into a bird he'd look like your kind of a bird."

"Well, I always have liked bright colors," said Grandma Wooten. "And if there's a little something wrong here and there, don't blame H. K. Brock. It may have been ages since she's turned anybody into a bird."

"Well," said Ellie, "even if you were a paragon of a bird, I still wouldn't like it. You've got to stop it immediately."

"Why?" asked Wallace.

"Why?" repeated Ellie, exasperated. "I'm surprised that you ask. It'll disrupt the household for one thing. Think of it, toast for breakfast and birdseed for lunch." She turned to Grandma. "Or do you eat worms?" she demanded.

Grandma shuddered.

"Let's not be indelicate," she suggested.

"Indelicate," snorted Ellie. "What's more indelicate than a grandmother turning herself into a bird, especially your kind of a bird? What will our relatives say? What will our friends say?"

"Oh, let's not interfere. Let's just let things go along and see what happens," said Wallace, who felt a sense of pride and exhilaration in his mother's remarkable accomplishment.

Grandma Wooten beamed at him. She was beginning to like him again.

"Oh, sure," said Ellie nastily. "That's because it's *your* family. *Your* family can do no wrong. But if it were *my* mother—"

Grandma Wooten, long used to this pattern of argument, didn't hear the rest. She turned herself into a bird and flapped out the window. The flight was not an entire success. Grandma's rudder control was wobbly due to her encounter with the jet plane.

DURING the next week, Grandma serenely ignored the bickering between Wallace and Ellie and lived herself the life of a feathered Riley. At first she contented herself with short hops over familiar territory. Then she started extensive cross-country flights. At one time she was lost in a pea-soup fog and momentarily wished she'd asked H. K. Brock to equip her with instruments. Then she discovered she had a built-in instinct for direction and she flew unerringly home.

Shortly after that Grandma Wooten met her Waterloo. She had discovered, on the outskirts of Boston, a cherry orchard which bore superior fruit. Whenever hungry she navigated thither and gorged herself, not considering the ethics of the matter. Calvin Sweigart, owner of the orchard, noticed depredations far beyond the usual capacity of the usual run of birds. Deciding that perhaps the damage was caused by boys, he loaded a shotgun with rock salt and began a vigil.

Finally his patience was rewarded, if you can call the shock Calvin received a reward. He almost dropped the shotgun when Grandma Wooten swooped into the tree and began eating cherries. This foul creature, he decided, was a blasphemy in the eyes of all decent, God-fearing folk and he wasn't sure that it was doing his soul any good to expose himself to it. Then his sense of property asserted itself.

He raised his shotgun, took careful aim, and shot Grandma Wooten in the tail feathers.

As Grandma Wooten took off, Calvin thought he heard the word "Shucks." From this he derived consolation. The whole thing simply hadn't happened. If *he* were that kind of bird and he could talk and he had been shot in the tail feathers, he reasoned, he would have uttered an expletive of much higher voltage than "shucks." Therefore his empiricism saved his peace of mind. . . .

Dr. MacGregor was ministering to Grandma Wooten as Wallace and Ellie watched.

"H'mmm," said the doctor. "Well, what do you know? Been a bad girl, eh?" He shook his head sadly. "What's coming over the world. No respect for elders."

"I tell you we didn't shoot her," insisted Wallace.

"You can't tell me who *did*," said Dr. MacGregor. He turned his attention back to Grandma Wooten. "Anyway," he said, "who am I to criticize? If I thought a little rock salt would keep *my* mother away from the bingo games—"

AFTER the doctor left, there was a family showdown. Even Wallace aligned himself against Grandma Wooten.

"This has gone far enough," declared Wallace. "Fun's fun but when we are accused of what that doctor thinks we did, a line must be drawn. Then there's *your* welfare to be considered. You haven't been able to sit comfortably since you became a part-time bird."

"It's the hazards of life these days," insisted Grandma. "I might cross the street and a bus'd hit me in the same place."

Considering this argument too specious to be dignified by an answer, Wallace stormed out of the house, resolved to do something about the situation. He went to the office of H. Allen Jones, eminent psychiatrist.

"Well, well," said Dr. Jones testily. "Which side do you represent? Do you want to put him in or keep him out?"

"Who?" asked Wallace.

"Your client," said Dr. Jones. "Inasmuch as I deal only in court cases obviously you have a client. And if you *have* a client you're trying to prove him either sane or insane." He waggled a pencil at Wallace, who drew himself back out of range. "Now the average psychiatrist," the doctor went on, "doesn't care which side he's on. But I'm a specialist. I only take the pro side. These days it's much easier to prove 'em nuts."

"This isn't a court case," said Wallace.

"Then I don't want it," snapped the psychiatrist. "No publicity in private cases."

"All I want you to do is reason with an old lady," pleaded Wallace.

"Nobody can reason with any female," said the psychiatrist. "Especially an old one. I'm a busy man."

"But this old lady is my mother and she insists upon being a bird," said Wallace.

"What's original about that?" demanded the psychiatrist. "Before I specialized in court cases, I had patients who thought they were anything from cupcakes to benzedrine tablets. What's remarkable about an old dame who thinks she's a bird?"

"Well, Mother," said Wallace, "is a bird."

"What's *that?*" barked the psychiatrist.

"Part times, that is—whenever she feels like it," explained Wallace. "A neighboring witch showed her how."

"Well, well," said the doctor, pleased. "So a neighboring witch showed her how? My, my, and when you came in I thought you were just a disgustingly dull, normal person. I think I'll look into your case. I owe it to my profession to do a little field work once in a while."

"But it isn't *my* case," declared Wallace. "It's Mother's."

"All right, all right," said Dr. Jones soothingly. "It's your mother. Come along, now, let's go talk to your wife."

Wallace took Dr. Jones home and introduced him to his wife and mother.

"Now, your son," said the psychiatrist to Grandma Wooten, "has a peculiar hallucination concerning you. He seems to think you had an encounter with a witch and she taught you how to be a bird."

"That's perfectly true," said Grandma Wooten.

"How do you mean that?" asked the doctor.

"Well, what Wallace says," said Grandma, "I did meet a witch and she did show me how to be a bird."

"Holy smoke!" gasped the psychiatrist. "A twin fixation!" He turned to Ellie, rubbing his hands. "When did you first start noticing anything unnatural?" he asked.

"The day Grandma Wooten flew out the window," said Ellie. "Right after she'd had that talk with H. K. Brock."

The psychiatrist stared at her, hardly hoping to believe his ears.

"And who," he asked, "is H. K. Brock?"

"The witch," said Ellie simply.

"Triplets!" exclaimed Dr. Jones. Then he grew cautious. "Are you sure you haven't talked to anyone else? Have you been approached by anyone? Is there any chance of anyone else horning in on this Walpurgis Night's clambake?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Ellie.

"He doesn't believe us," said Grandma Wooten. "Well, I've got proof."

"Proof?" asked Dr. Jones.

"Yes," said Grandma, "I was eating cherries the other day and a farmer shot me in the tail feathers. I'll show you."

"Why bother?" Wallace said. "The easiest way would be to turn yourself into a bird. That'll show him."

"I never thought of that," said Grandma and she turned herself into a bird.

"Gad!" said the psychiatrist. "She really is a bird."

"That's what we told you," snapped Ellie.

"And what a bird," said Dr. Jones. "I never saw a bird like that before."

"That's just it," said Ellie.

"I haven't lived in vain," said the psychiatrist. "I've always hoped that there might be something behind the stories my patients tell me. And here, glory be, is one who can deliver the goods."

"We didn't ask you here to admire her," stated Ellie. "We want you to cure her."

"Cure her?" gasped Dr. Jones. "What on earth for? She's fascinating as is."

"Nevertheless," said Ellie. "You must talk her out of being a bird."

"I'd hate to do a thing like that," said Dr. Jones. "Please don't ask me."

"You *must*," insisted Ellie.

He shrugged and turned to Grandma Wooten.

"You'd better cut it out," he said.

Grandma Wooten changed herself back into herself.

"I won't," she insisted.

They pleaded with her in vain for a solid hour and then Dr. H. Allen Jones came up with a trump.

"How about that witch?" he asked. "How about H. K. Brock? What if we report *her* to the authorities. Being a witch is illegal, you know."

"Oh, dear," said Grandma Wooten. "Our family burned her once. I wouldn't want it to happen again."

"There, you see?" said Wallace.

Grandma thought a while.

"But that's all nonsense," she said. "They don't burn witches any more. Boston has changed."

"That's what you think," said the psychiatrist darkly.

"Oh, dear," sighed Grandma. "She's *so* nice and I *so* admire her tulips."

THEY pressed their advantage and finally Grandma Wooten started to weaken. There remained in her, however, the strong Yankee urge to bargain.

"Could I go to prize fights?" she asked.

"Yes," said Wallace without quibbling.

"And hockey matches, and dog races and cockfights?" asked Grandma.

They said yes to that.

"And will you let me buy a yellow convertible roadster with white-wall tires?" asked Grandma Wooten.

Wallace hesitated only for a moment.

"Yes, even that," he promised.

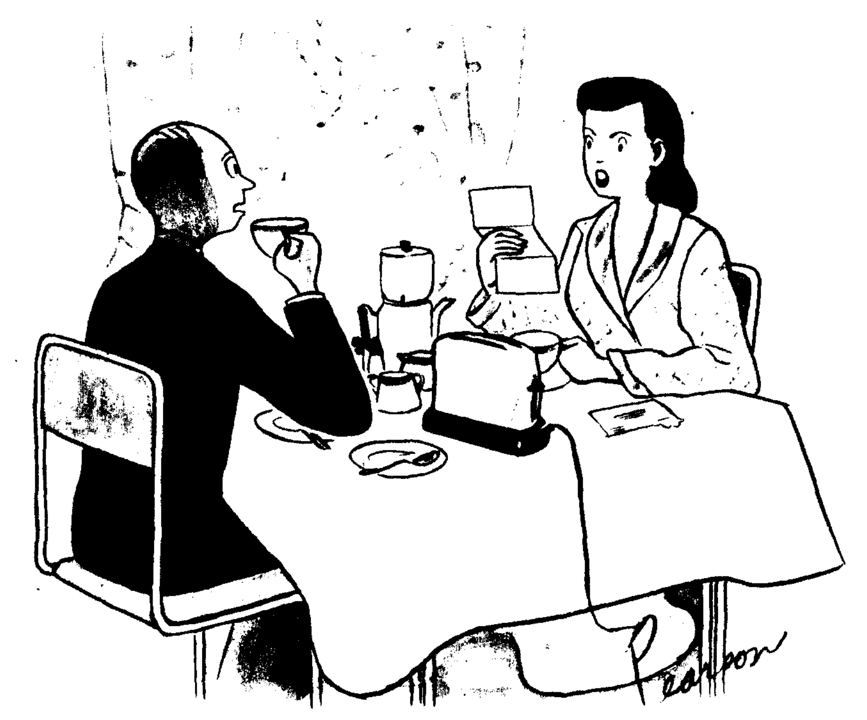
"All right, then," said Grandma. "I'm tired of having my tail feathers interfered with, anyway."

When he departed Dr. Jones refused to accept a fee.

"Don't mention it," he said. "I should pay you."

So Boston got used to the sight of Grandma Wooten driving her yellow convertible roadster at breakneck speed through the streets. They also noticed but did not get used to the fact that when another little old lady accompanied Grandma, all the traffic lights turned green, the yellow roadster slipped with uncanny ease through the most congested traffic and never once were they stopped by a speed cop.

THE END



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FALLING STAR

Continued from page 25

looking straight ahead. The blow brought back his old vow that his father should never draw tears from him, not by a blow.

"I forbid you to so much as mention the Bay Front property to me again," Matthias said quietly. "Now you may go." He held the crop at his side still.

Cal silently turned, crossed the room and opened the door. Outside in the hall he saw Eben standing; he had heard it all. Cal paused, looking at the black man whose eyes were on the carpet. "When my father dies," he said, "I'm going to shoot you through the head."

Eben said nothing. He bowed an inch, eyes turned down. Then Cal passed him and the slave re-entered the study.

Calhoun Broadwater paused long enough in the dining room to take a decanter from the sideboard. He dropped a glass into his coat pocket and left by the side door.

The stars were filling the night sky, a vast, radiant roof—cold, immortal, distant. Wind had risen, blowing from the north. Cal paused, unstoppered the decanter, and poured himself a glass of brandy. He raised it to the sky. "To the falling star—bright with the light of its own burning, soon a cinder." He swallowed until the tumbler was empty.

IN THE stable, where a lantern threw ponderous shadows on the wall, Big Sam was going over Mac with a brush. In one hand he held the brush, sweeping it over the bay's shining flank, and in his other hand he held a mouth organ between his lips, playing softly, *Buffalo gals, won't you come out tonight, Won't you come out tonight, Won't you come out tonight . . .*

"Sam," the young master said, "we've lost."

The big man stopped his brush and his music. "You mean Old Marster gwine take Mac for Eben to ride?"

Cal laughed, one short, acrid note. "No, Sam. That important matter has not as yet come up." He set the decanter down on the shelf that held the liniment, the brushes and currycombs and the neat's-foot oil. Deliberately he took it up again and poured himself another tumbler of brandy. He drained it, letting out his breath in a powerful sigh.

"Sure smell mighty good, Marse Cal," Sam said.

"Get yourself a glass."

"Ne'mind no glass, Marse Cal. Right in here." He laced his great fingers together, forming a cup, and Cal filled the opening with brandy.

"Thank'ee kindly." Sam bent his face to his hands and straightened slowly, his dark, muscular throat working. At last he took down his hands and carefully licked the palms.

"You were right, Sam. Miss Lucy and I had a disagreement. We had one indeed, Sam. And it may have been the last."

With the great tact of his kind, Sam bent again to the currycomb, his face turned from the young master's.

Cal sat down heavily on the harness chest, the decanter in one hand and the tumbler in the other. "He has commanded me not to mention the Bay Front Farm to him again. That was to have been mine at Mother's death—into the house where she was born I was to carry my bride over the threshold. Listen to me, Sam." The glass stopper of the decanter clinked and the brandy gurgled, filling the rank, comfortable air of the stable with its own fragrance. "Listen to me. And if you ever mention it to me again I'll tan your breeches. He claims it was not Mother's intention to leave me the land! He claims she did not make a will. But you know, Sam, and I know, and the whole county knows *why* she did not make a will. I recall her, sitting up in bed when I would run in the room for the short while each day they would let me be with her during her last days. I would run in and she would kiss me . . ." He poured and drank again. "She would hear my prayers and then hold her arm about me, telling me about Bay Front and what she wanted me to do with it. There was once a grape arbor which was torn down. I was to rebuild it, so it would be as it was when she was a girl there. Sam, listen to me, Sam. That's how I remember her—sitting propped up on her pillows. And when she knew she was failing, Sam. When she knew . . ."

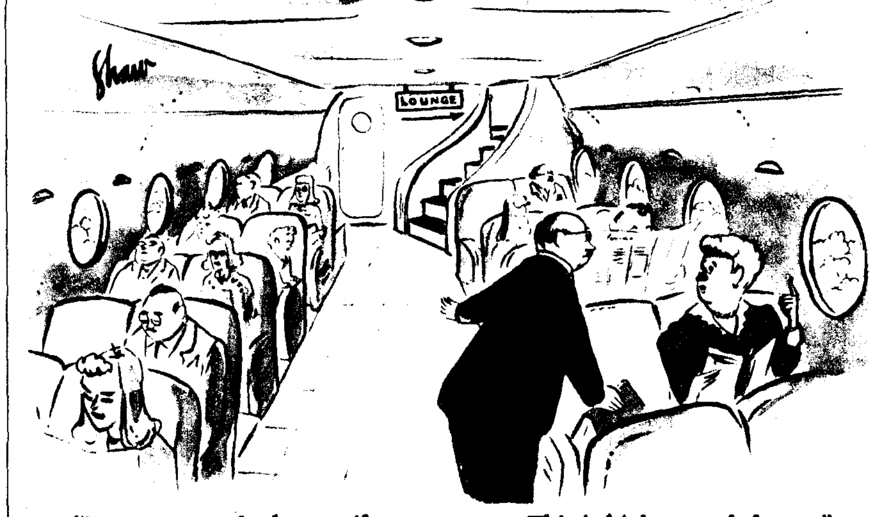
He stopped suddenly and buried his face in his hands, decanter and tumbler dropping to the soft floor. Then he struggled to his feet, sat down again quickly, got up and lurched into the stall. He stumbled and Sam caught him.

"You's all right, Marse Cal. Why don't you just sit easy till I get through with Mac and rest yourse'f?"

"Get out of my way." Cal threw one arm over the bay's neck and pressed his face to the warm, smooth curve.

Mac turned his head, gently nudging his shoulder.

"She had them move her bed over by the window," Cal went on, his voice blurred, "so she could see Judge Mumford come riding down the road from the county seat to make her will. And there she died. Watching for him. For the



"You go up to the lounge if you want to. This is high enough for me"

COLLIER'S DICK SHAW

Cal raised his sleeve to brush the quick, hot tears from his eyes. On the edge of he circle he saw two girls: Cora Wyatt, her eyes shining in the lurid light, adoring her husband. And beside her, on a ittle gray mare with delicate hoofs, a girl n a sweeping skirt of modest serge, who urned her face toward the veranda.

For a moment he could do nothing; his heart felt as though it would choke him. Then he found his voice. He brought his open hand down on the railng of the veranda with a blow like a shot. "Gentlemen, I'm with you!"

A clatter of hoofs from the stable and a new rider joined the band. Big Sam slid off Mac, holding the saddle on his shoulder. He had ridden him bareback up to the big house. "Here I is, Marse Cal. I'm saddlin', quick as I can. Lordy, Marse Cal gwine make them Yankees run!"

Young Broadwater turned and bolted into the study.

Matthias was ahead of him. "Cal—I forbid you to take part in such a ridiculous, tub-thumping display. These brainless young hotheads will destroy us all." He had picked up the riding crop and was tapping it against the edge of the desk in rhythm with the tick of the great clock. *"Our star has risen!"* he mocked. "Fools. Their star will blaze like a meteor—and end the same way—a cinder."

"Give me that riding crop, Father!"

"I forbid it. War will destroy us. Every tinker and tailor of the North will reach for a musket. The blacks will rise and join them!"

"This is the miracle I've prayed for, Father. Give me the crop."

"Nonsense, I shall—"

His eyes alight with a new and holy courage, Calhoun reached out and tore the leather shaft from the old man's hand. Matthias' lips tightened. "If you take that horse I shall charge you with theft."

"Then charge the state, Father. For as the elected colonel of this militia troop I commandeer Mac for my personal mount."

He was gone, vaulting the veranda rail.

Matthias walked slowly out, heedless of the blowing mist. The young bloods hallooed to him but in vain. He saw his son in front of the whole company stride over to where the girl, Lucy Greer, sat her mount proudly. Cal lifted her down from her saddle and embraced her. Then, turning, he stepped into Sam's great pink-palmed hand and swung into the saddle. With the cheers of the other riders rending the night, he chirruped to Mac, and the bay reared, plunged, and reared again.

"On to the county seat!" Cal shouted, pointing the riding crop like a saber. " 'Now's the day and now's the hour . . .' "

And with a thud of iron shoes shaking the earth, the company wheeled and streamed past, down the curving drive, torches smoking and waving, pistols aimed toward the lightening sky.

MATTHIAS closed the doors and stood in the silence, alone save for the tick of the clock. He picked up the letter to the banker in New York, read it over and then tore it in half and dropped it into the fire. His next move was to stride to the bell rope and pull it savagely.

Big Sam knocked and entered.

"Sam! What are you doing here? Where's Eben?"

Sam held a square of white paper in one hand. "Marse Matt—Eben say he got mighty important business. He say for me to give you this." Sam held out the note and then ducked from the room.

Hon. Matthias Broadwater
Esteemed Sir:

By the time you read this I will be, God willing, aboard the cutter and bound for the open water and freedom. I shall offer my services to the Federal Government of the United States, a citizen of which I hope soon to become.

In haste, your most humble, most respectful former servant,
Eben (Broadwater).

Matthias let the note fall upon the desk where Eben's pens and great brass inkwell stood, as if waiting for the faithful, tireless hand to resume writing. The silence of the house was close and grew closer until its emptiness seemed waiting to crush him. Alone of all his possessions the Edinburgh clock continued to speak with the steady, implacable voice of time.

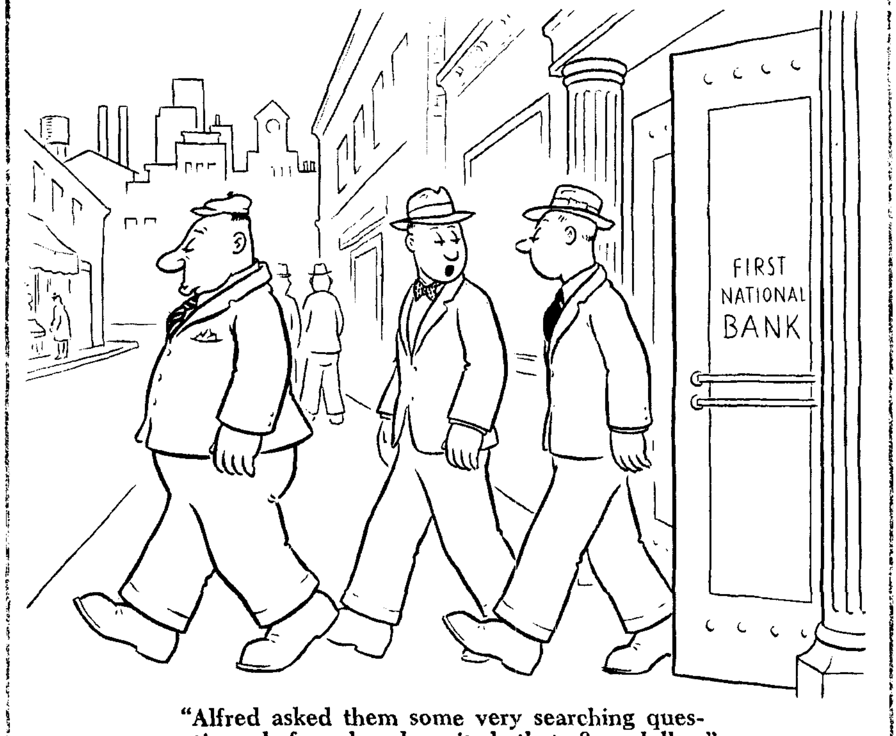
And now Matthias seized the inkwell and hurled it, smashing and splintering, into the glass door behind which the pendulum swung.

"Be still!" he screamed.

And it was still.

THE END

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



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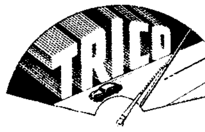

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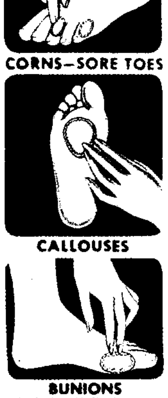

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RUSSIA'S BEST-KNOWN SECRET

Continued from page 19

government, and Georgia became the Third Socialist Soviet Republic.

Beria then went back to his native Georgia as local chief of the Secret Operations division of the Cheka, and chief of the Special Services section of the Red Army. From there out, Comrade Beria's life was one zealous cop's promotion after another. By 1931, he was chief of the Georgian GPU, chief of the Transcaucasian GPU and deputy chief of the All Soviet GPU for the Transcaucasian area.

By 1935 he had received seven decorations, including the high-ranking Order of Lenin, for his work in "smashing and routing anti-Soviet parties in Transcaucasia," and for his "true Leninist-Stalinist persistency in his intolerance toward the enemies of the people in the struggle for the general line of the Bolshevik party." Two of his decorations were the twice-won "Mark of an Honorable Chekist." His appointment to head the NKVD was an obvious natural.

Police Oppression with More Finesse

A trained cop and a disciplined Communist, Beria inherited a system that had already assumed its present shape. The flamboyant trials with their queer confessions, which had called the world's attention to the barbaric character of Stalin's secret police, became passé. What Beria did, he did with no less finality but more finesse. Police spying and oppression did not abate a whit, but it became more suave and secret.

One sample is the fact that there is, today, an MVD man in every Soviet enterprise of any size, whether factory, administrative office or museum. His position is coequal with that of the director. He may dip his fingers into any file, summon any employee for questioning, inquire into any matter that excites his curiosity. In some undertakings the director deferentially calls the MVD agent "Chief."

This infiltration has reduced directorial minds to jelly pots. In the shadow of the MVD no man dares think for himself. If a factory director gets a Moscow-drawn blueprint for an eight-by-eight-foot cement foundation on which to rest a machine, and discovers when the machine is delivered that a four-by-four-foot foundation would be more suitable, he does not dare make the change on the spot. Too many men have been sent to Siberia for things like that.

Instead he will write a letter to his immediate superior, suggesting a change. His superior, also unwilling to accept responsibility, passes the buck to his boss and the letter continues to go up and up while the production the machine might have speeded goes down and down. But in the end, at least, the correspondence is some protection against the MVD.

Obviously wasteful? Yes. But the system insures a minimum of independence at production levels and maximum adherence to plan. State planning, however, does not consist solely of boosting factory production. Planning also involves a man in an ivory tower putting his forefinger down on a map at a point where a wild river gushes through a desolate forest, miles from a village, road or railway, and saying, "Build the dam here." For this there must be labor, cheap and expendable.

In the Soviet Union there is no system of rewards that will lure labor to such places for such work. It is, instead, a land where the average wage earner's average wage of 500 rubles per month will buy no more food than can be bought for $15 at your corner supermarket. The incentive to work is so small that even in comparatively lush cities such as Moscow, "labor discipline" must be enforced by laws. A man can be taken into court and fined for being late at his job. Chronic absentees can be, and are, imprisoned. Muscovites who dare, joke that Krasnoyarsk must be the intellectual center of the world because so many Soviet intellectuals have been sent there. But Krasnoyarsk means more than a shantyville on the Trans-Siberian railway halfway to Vladivostok—it also means all vast Siberia where nobody wants to go, and millions do.

If they do not want to go, why are they there? Because over the years Beria's boys, and the boys of Yagoda, Yezhov, Dzherzhinsky and other police commissars before him, have been sending them in big and little numbers since that fateful day in 1917 when Lenin recreated—with a new name and a more concentrated purpose—the czar's hated Okhrana. As a symbol for forced labor Krasnoyarsk contains not only intellectuals, but criminals, successful farmers, enterprising little merchants, more enterprising big merchants, engineers and technicians, foreign elements snatched from Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Poland, Hungary, Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, and many other kinds of people.

Many of these have been simply kidnaped to fulfill quotas. But most of them are Soviet citizens—even now. In a state where a dissenting opinion is a penal offense the prison population proliferates at a rapid rate.

Americans have lived in freedom so long they no longer think about it. Russians, never having had it long enough to make its acquaintance, do not understand it. Americans can no more grasp Soviet state serfdom than Russians can comprehend American individuality.

From its inception the Bolshevik state was founded on the rule that there could be no middle ground for the individual. "All who are not for us are against us," Lenin began, and Stalin accelerated the application of this dictum. As far back as 1922 a whole series of laws was written to provide the police with authority to imprison or execute critics and oppositionists. These were inserted in the criminal code as a sequence of sections beginning with number 57, and today 57 is a number which automatically spells caution to a Soviet citizen.

Ten Years in Jail for Anecdote

Section 58, Subsection A, of these repressive laws is as good an example as any. Under it any person who tells any anecdote which has the effect of belittling or ridiculing the head of the state, the state itself, state policy or the dogma on which it is founded, is guilty of a crime punishable by ten years' imprisonment. Offenders are called anecdotists.

A story about an anecdotist skittered through Moscow last winter. It concerned a little man who was clutched by the MVD because a neighbor reported he had said that the Soviet Union might have been defeated but for the military aid of the Western allies. Arraigned, the little man acknowledged the accusation. But, he added, he had said that only because Stalin himself had also said so. It appeared that in one of his 1942 speeches calling for a second front, Stalin had said approximately that. But the little man was packed off to Siberia for eight years anyway. His error lay in not recognizing that the gospel of 1942 had become the heresy of 1946.

Excepting Beria, possibly no man today knows how many human beings, Soviet citizens and others, are in Soviet labor camps. Estimates run from twelve to thirty millions. Arguments about the

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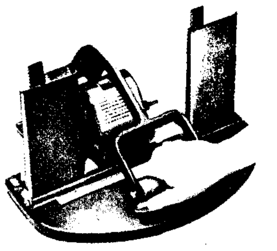

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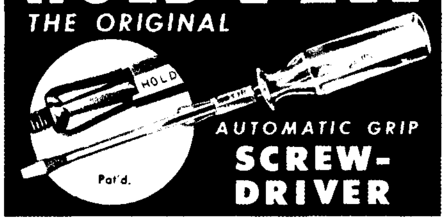

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number are futile. Even if the lowest figure is accepted, it still makes Soviet Russia the greatest slave state in history. It is no good to point to Russia's own history and say that the serfs numbered more than 12,000,000. The serfs were not this kind of slaves. Only in Roman galleys and the most brutal of Georgia chain gangs have men ever been so degraded, or human life held so cheap.

According to D. J. Dallin, a student of enterprise, resource and knowledge, the slave-labor base of the Soviet economy comprises eight to eleven per cent of the population and it receives two to three per cent of the national income. This is not alone the work of Beria, since all his predecessors had a hand in creating it. But he has fostered and furthered the system, and the enslaved one-tenth-of-a-nation he holds in the palm of his uncalloused hand has made state contributions which Soviet propagandists lyrically call "Socialist accomplishments." An abbreviated list would include:

The White Sea-Baltic canal, a water link between Leningrad and Archangel, vital supplement to a one-track railway, and necessary artery for northern timber.

The Moscow-Volga canal, linking Moscow by water with the caviar-producing Caspian. It is an important artery, in peace and war. Its system of lakes and reservoirs is being stocked with hydroelectric plants; in September, 1945, the Volgastroi MVD announced completion of a 55,000-kilowatt power station on Rybinsk reservoir, begun in 1937.

Along the Pechora River in the tundra of the Komi Autonomous Area, MVD labor is mining lignite, oil shale and developing water power. The whole Komi area is an MVD preserve, and the president of its so-called Supreme Soviet, Gennadi Vasilievich Vetoshkin, is an MVD general.

In the northern reaches of the Ural Mountains, north of Serov, formerly Nadezhdinsk, the Bogoslovski MVD is creating an industrial complex for production of aluminum, coal, iron, gold. It has built a power station, opened a two-million-tons-a-year coal cut, and is building an aluminum plant at "forced tempo." The name of Nadezhdinsk, derived from the Russian word for hope, was changed to Serov to honor MVD General Ivan Alexandrovich Serov.

South of Nadezhdinsk the Tagilstroi MVD is at work. And south of that, in Chelyabinsk, the Chelyabmettalurstroi MVD is busy. This trust has reported the completion of one blast furnace, one agglomeration plant, one steam electric power station, one rolling mill and a large repair shop.

East of the Urals, roughly along 1,200 miles of the Trans-Siberian railway, the U.S.S.R. MVD reported the construction of four hydrolysis plants, at Tavda, Kansk, Krasnoyarsk and Lobva.

Then there is the infamous Dalstroi MVD. This is a gigantic gold-mining, railroad- and highway-building and port-development trust in the far northeast, three hours by four-motored plane from Nome, Alaska.

Initiated in 1932 (six years before Beria), Dalstroi was among the first of the great police-development trusts. Its assignment was to exploit the gold and platinum riches of a vast area lying between the Kolyma and Indigirka rivers. It built its own port, now a city of 40,000 persons called Magadan on the Sea of Okhotsk. Nowadays Soviet cartographers ignore Magadan when they make maps. The Soviet Union has no desire to let the world know how desperately, or at what cost, it is digging gold.

Where the Ground Never Thaws

This area contains the world's coldest spot. The temperature in winter ranges from minus 30° Fahrenheit to minus 90°. In summer the land swarms with hungry insects who cannot be denied, and though the temperature goes up to 50, the ground never thaws more than a few feet below the surface.

In its 15 years of operation, Dalstroi has poured millions of prisoners into this area, sometimes at the rate of half a million a year. Inadequately fed, improperly clothed, shabbily housed millions have coughed, frozen and worked to death. But the men currently in charge, MVD Lieutenant General Ivan Fyodorovich Nikishov and Engineer Colonel V. A. Tsaregradski, have been swamped with honors and decorations, including the penultimate Order of Lenin, for "developing industry in the far north and insuring fulfillment of plans for the output of rare and nonferrous metals."

The gold thus obtained has steadily poured into the U.S. for the purchase of many things—locomotives, tin plate and patents. It has also bought power tubes for Moscow Radio which daily, in most of the world's languages, calls upon workers of the world to unite and strike off their chains.

Like Nikishov and Tsaregradski, an MVD slave master named Alexei Nikolaivich Komarovski also had the gold star of Lenin's Order pinned on his chest. Moscow Radio trumpeted his paean of thanks to all the world. It was: "Dear Iosif Vissarionovich [Stalin]: We wish you health and strength for many years for the good of our great homeland."

THE END

Those Men Are Here Again!

This is a year of campaign oratory. The politicians are at it once more. But this is also a year of decision for you, the voter.

So COLLIER'S next week will present the opinions of eight leading political figures on the issues nearest your hearts and purses, and the issues most likely to affect the Presidential campaign. Truman, Taft, Dewey, Stassen, Wallace, Joe Martin, Warren and Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., will state what they would do about taxes, cost of food, labor and Russia.

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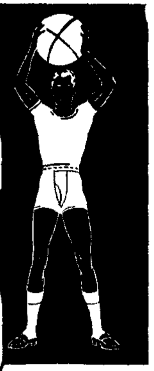

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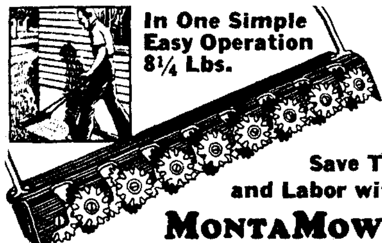

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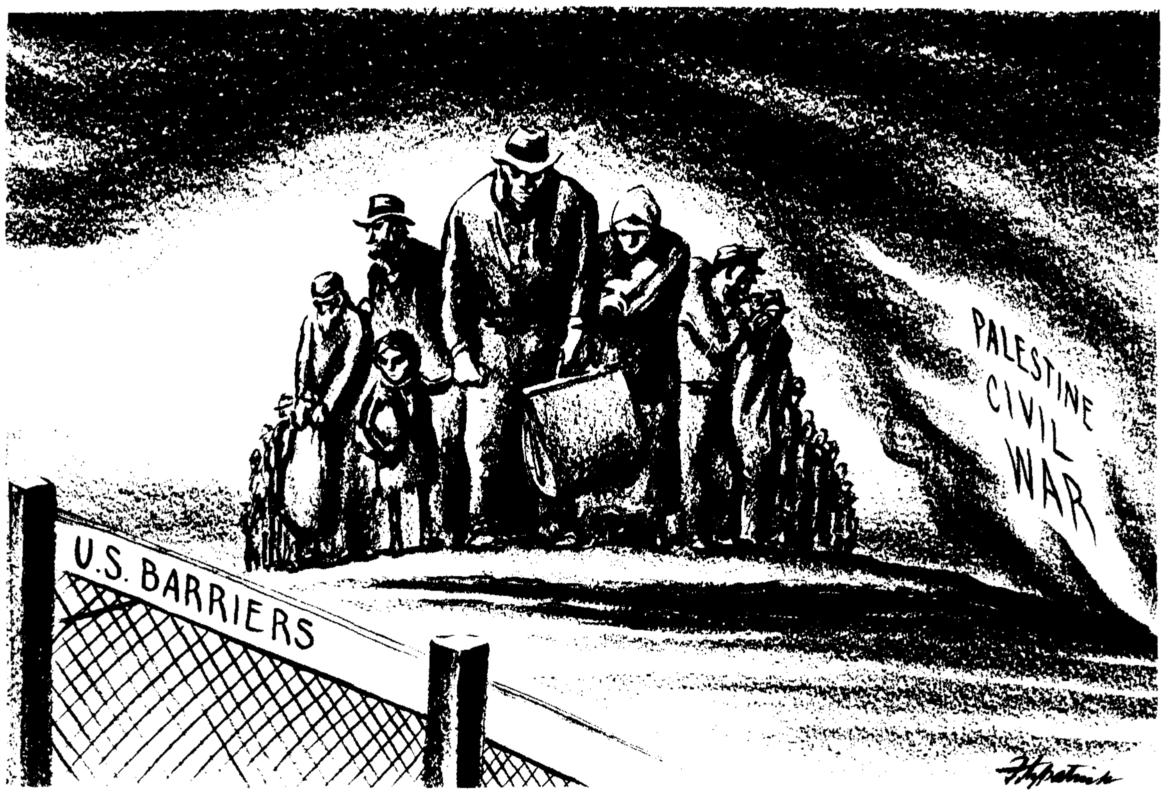

...THAT PEACE WILL COME TO PALESTINE

LESSING J. ROSENWALD'S article on Zionism and Palestine is definitely controversial. Courage of a high order was needed to write it.

Mr. Rosenwald is himself a Jew who opposed the establishment of an independent Jewish State in Palestine decreed by the U.N. this past winter. He is a son of the late Julius Rosenwald, the developer of Sears Roebuck, the mail-order house, and a generous and celebrated philanthropist. Consequently, when the son, Lessing J. Rosenwald, dissents from a policy that has widespread approval both among Jews and Christians, he takes a position particularly difficult for him, and sure to be unpopular with many of his friends and coreligionists. Nevertheless, a dissent from a majority opinion is an old American tradition and the very proof of our freedom. In fact, a minority report is often the stimulus needed to make a majority decision right.

Mr. Rosenwald is against Zionism on principle. He says in brief: "I hope this partition plan works out, but I firmly believe it will never solve the problem of the 11,000,000 Jews living in all parts of the world. . . .

"Partition may have created what will be in effect another self-imposed ghetto, the last thing the Jews themselves want. . . . The majority of the 10,000,000 Jews living outside of Palestine want to stay in the lands where they and their ancestors have lived for centuries. . . . It is also impossible to predict that even the quarter million Jewish DPs now knocking at the gates of the world will find an early and permanent answer to their need for new homes in a Zionist State. . . .

"Each Jew must make that all-important decision—whether his being a Jew means only that he is an adherent of the Jewish religion or whether he espouses the fundamentals of Zionist nationalism."

Such is the gist of Mr. Rosenwald's reasoning. Other very eminent Jewish leaders have been of similar mind. The group that wanted Palestine as a Jewish State, however, have prevailed. Palestine has been divided. Violence between Arabs and Jews has occurred and is occurring. The British are moving out.

The United Nations will certainly continue to be under pressure to police Palestine. Meantime, there are a great many Jews among the displaced persons of Europe who have no place of refuge or welcome in which to re-establish their lives.

Americans of all races and creeds have two questions to answer in connection with the displaced people of Europe and with Palestine.

First, a bill to permit as many as 100,000 displaced persons from Europe to immigrate to the United States every year for not more than four years was introduced last year by Representative William G. Stratton of Illinois. If the bill were enacted, the United States would receive those Jews and other Europeans who dare not return to their original homes because of the fear of persecution. Collier's thinks that the Stratton bill should be passed. The United States would be benefited and not hurt by the admission of people who care enough about government to be regarded as dangerous by the dictatorships.

Except where there are large groups of Jewish citizens, the question of the Zionist State in Palestine has been a remote issue for most Americans. The United States refused to take the mandate for Palestine when the question came up after the first World War. Now again decisions must be made.

The American Jewish Committee through Joseph M. Proskauer, a distinguished New York lawyer and former jurist, is asking first for a sufficiently strong United Nations force "to preserve peace and order in Palestine when the British withdraw," and second that Haganah be allowed to buy American weapons until the United Nations constabulary takes command.

To supply arms to Zionists would possibly stimulate the Arabs to some sort of action not peaceful in intent.

Whatever else is true, Americans generally do not want to promote civil war in Palestine or do anything in Palestine that might lead to another world war.

We hope that the tension between Arabs and Jews in Palestine can be relieved. We think that the energies, imagination and capital that the Jews have brought to Palestine can raise the standards of living there both for Jews and Arabs, almost inextricably mingled in a semidesert land. We hope further that the United States will give hospitality to the relatively few displaced persons whose tragic plight excites much of the emotion that has rendered the Palestine question so hard to handle.

We hope finally that the brave words and honest opinions uttered by Lessing J. Rosenwald in this week's Collier's will be given the fair hearing expected historically of a free and independent people. . . . W.L.C.

* * *

. . . IN A DAY'S PAY FOR HUNGRY KIDS: The seven letters AOA-UNAC look a bit cryptic, but they stand for something which is anything but mysterious: American Overseas Aid-United Nations Appeal for Children. The AOA-UNAC is the U.S. part of a 43-nation effort to raise large amounts of money to help feed some 200,000,000 undernourished children of many nations.

The campaign in this country began in February. Goal for the United States is $60,000,000. Everybody is asked to contribute a day's pay or its equivalent in produce. Funds will be spent as carefully and efficiently as possible, and in such ways as not to conflict with or overlap any stopgap-aid or Marshall Plan activities. The project is officially endorsed by President Truman and Secretary of State Marshall.

In plain English, the idea is to rush food and other help to children who were in no way to blame for the recent war but are taking some of that war's most brutal consequences on the chin.

Contributions of any size will be gratefully received, either at your local AOA-UNAC campaign center or at AOA-UNAC National Headquarters, 39 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

* * *

. . . IN FEDERAL CASH FOR SCHOOLS: Every year for the last 25 years or more, bills have been introduced in Congress aimed at funneling U.S. government funds into public schools all over the country. These proposals have been consistently defeated, mainly on the plea that such help from Washington would inevitably take control of the schools away from local authorities and give it to federal bureaucrats.

The latest of these measures is before the current Congress. It calls for $300,000,000 a year in federal help for schools, to be dealt around where most needed. Most of the funds would go to Southern states, which are the Union's poorest per capita and whose schools consequently are sicker than anywhere else in the nation. North Carolina, for example, would get $23,000,000, Mississippi $20,000,000, Texas $19,000,000, Louisiana $11,000,000, and so on. Northern states would be by no means neglected, though. New York would come in for $12,000,000 of the federal cash, Pennsylvania for $10,000,000, New Jersey for $4,000,000.

We think that the fear of federal overlordship of the schools is a well-founded fear, and that every feasible precaution should be taken against it if such a grant-in-aid system is adopted.

For all that, the fact remains—as reported in Collier's, by the way, from time to time—that our public-school system has some horrible holes in its make-up and some serious liver spots on its face.

Five million of our children who ought to be in school are not in school. Ten million grown-up Americans are illiterate for all practical purposes. Educational shortcomings forced rejection for the draft in the recent war of enough men to have filled 20 combat divisions. And we are now enjoying a phenomenal birth rate.

What other way out is there—what practical way out—besides generous federal grants-in-aid to the schools?

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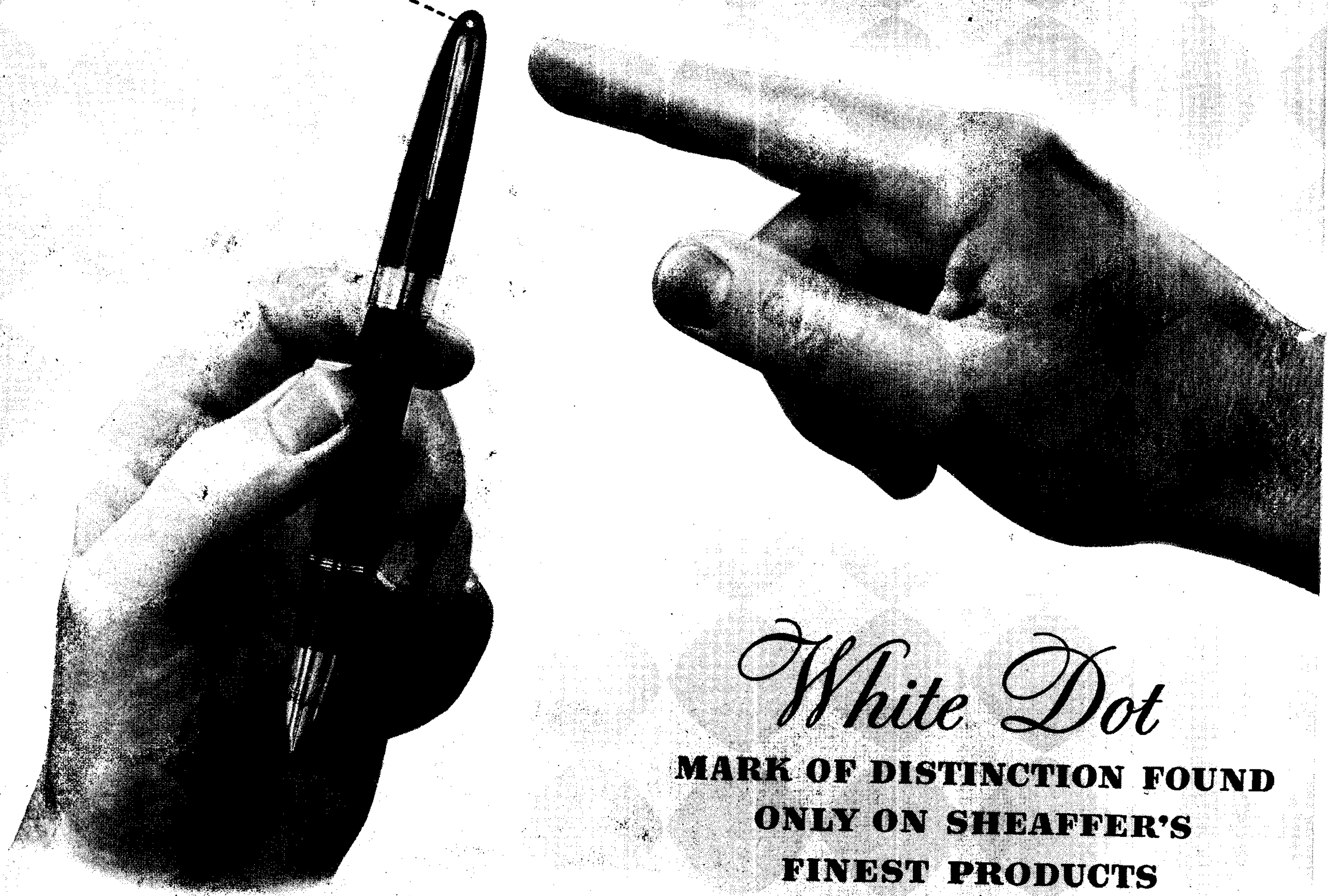

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